DRUGS: TEN YEARS TO DOOMSDAY? by Horace Sutton

Saturday Review

November 14, 1970 50¢

David Lean's Big Gamble

by Hollis Alpert

Sarah Miles, rebellious Irish heroine of the new David Lean film, "Ryan's Daughter."

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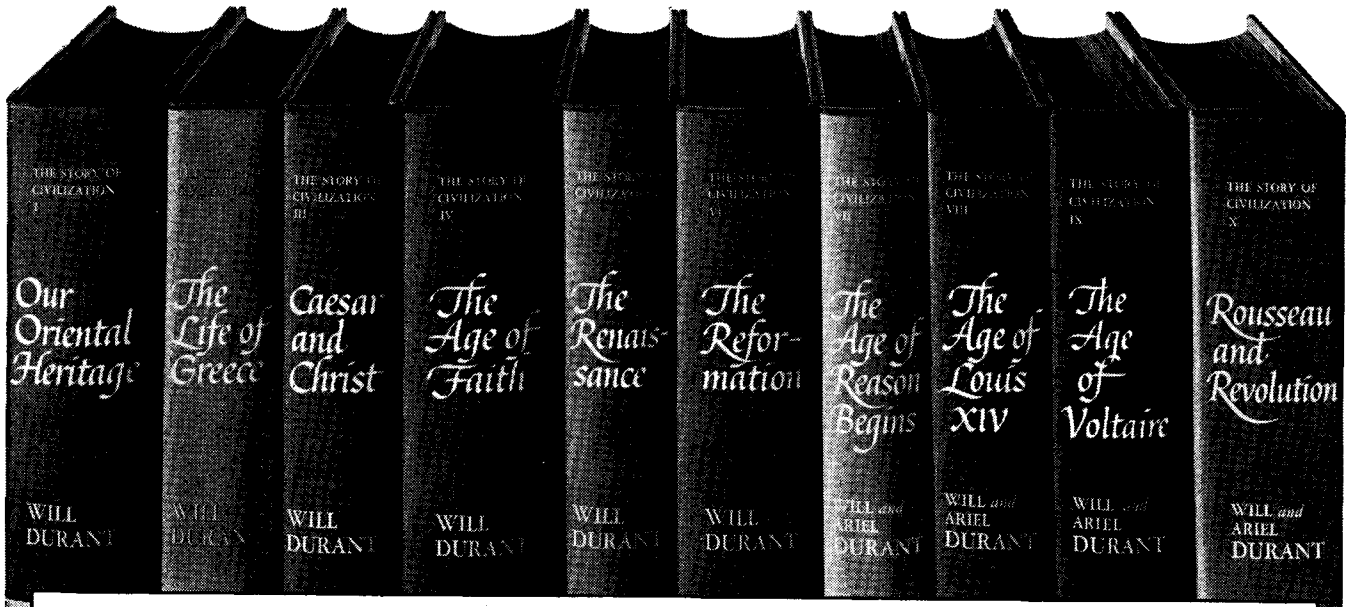

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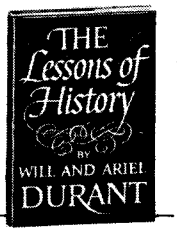

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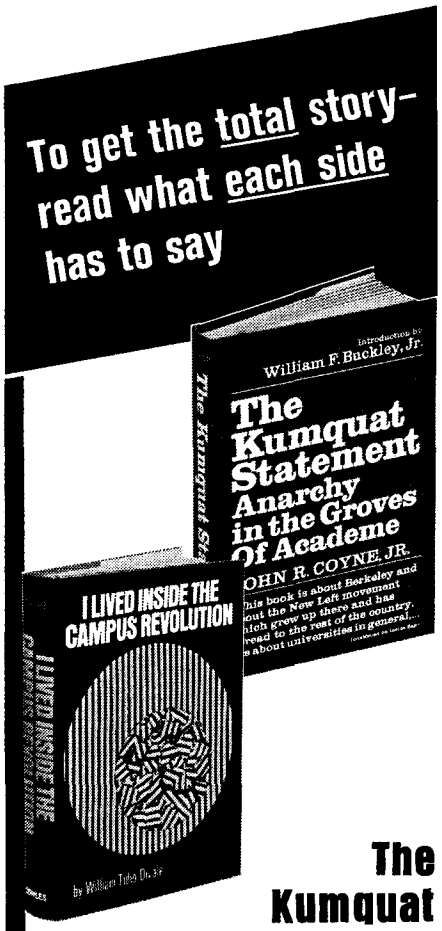
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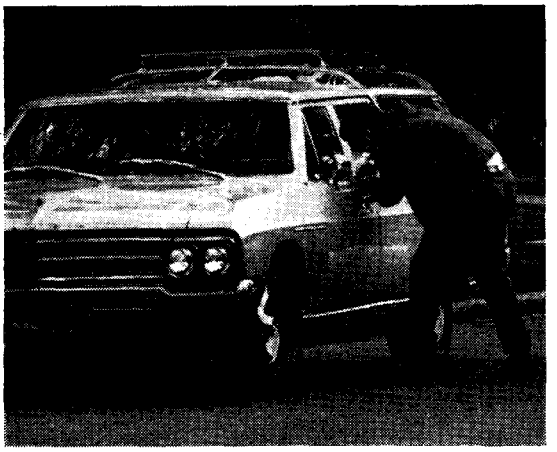
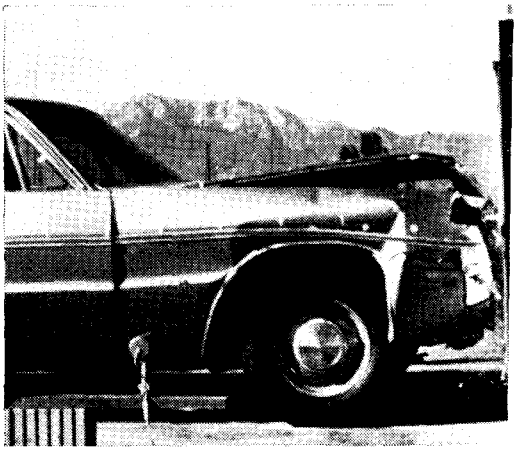


A million cars will be stolen this year.
One American sports car is so theft-prone that the number of them stolen will equal the number of them on the road. If yours isn't stolen, someone else's will be—twice.



Today's bumpers can't take bumps.
The cost to repair the damage from a 5 mph crash averages over $200. At 10 mph it's over $500. At 15 mph it's over $700. Needed: crash-absorbing bumpers. The sooner, the better. (I.I.H.S. Photo)

Whatever happened

Too many cars, too little space.

Too many crashes, too many deaths.

Too many drunks, too many thieves.

Too little concern.

Driving used to be fun. Now it's drudgery. Driving used to be a pleasure. Too often now, it's a risk.

Even owning a car is a burden.

Repair costs have skyrocketed.

Insurance rates, including ours, are higher than ever.

People are angry and frustrated.

So are we. Few understand that insurance rates are directly related to things like alcoho bumpers, and theft. That rates have to increa just to shoulder the staggering number and c of the claims these problems create.

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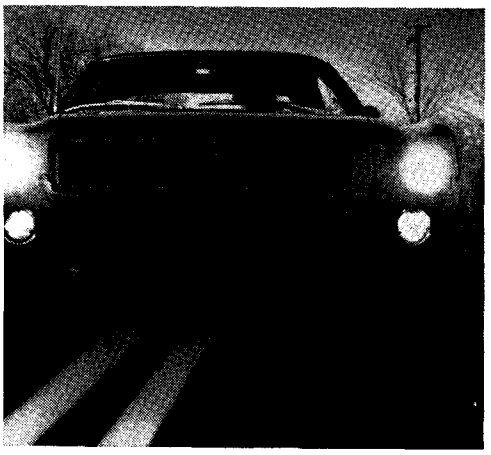
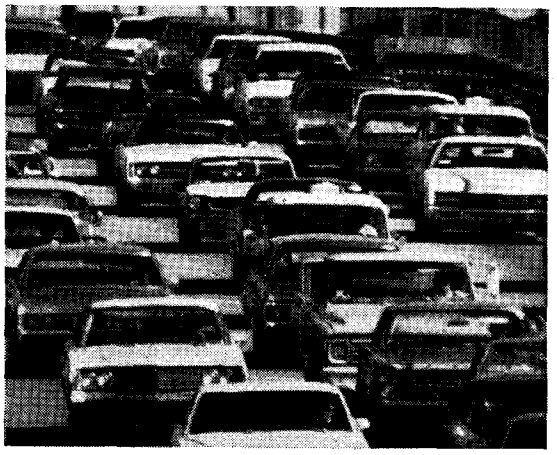


ne of every 50 drivers coming
ur way is drunk. Not drinking. Drunk.
er half the 56,000 fatalities this year will
olve drunk driving.



Auto insurance rates keep going up.
More cars, more crashes, more claims cause rates to rise. However, as these problems get solved, we can save you money by holding rates down.

o the fun of driving?

Percentages have turned on us. At times it all seems futile. Impossible to change. But it isn't.

There are things we can do to solve these problems.

Many different factors affect the health of auto transportation. They're all related to each other and to the whole.

By improving one, we improve it all. Including the cost of auto insurance.

There are specific things we're doing right now.

We're working to get drunks off the road. (17 states passed tougher laws last year.)

To make cars safer. To reduce deaths and injuries.

To cut auto theft.

To lower crash costs.

Some programs support existing efforts by other organizations. Some mean starting from scratch. All of them are vitally important to you.

Making driving better can also hold down the cost of insurance.

Solving these specific problems will save lives, and untold human suffering. It will also save billions of dollars in material damage. Allstate will apply these dollar savings to help keep insurance rates down.

Help us.

Read our messages in the weeks ahead. Each offers simple, practical things you can do.

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

A Turn of the Tide

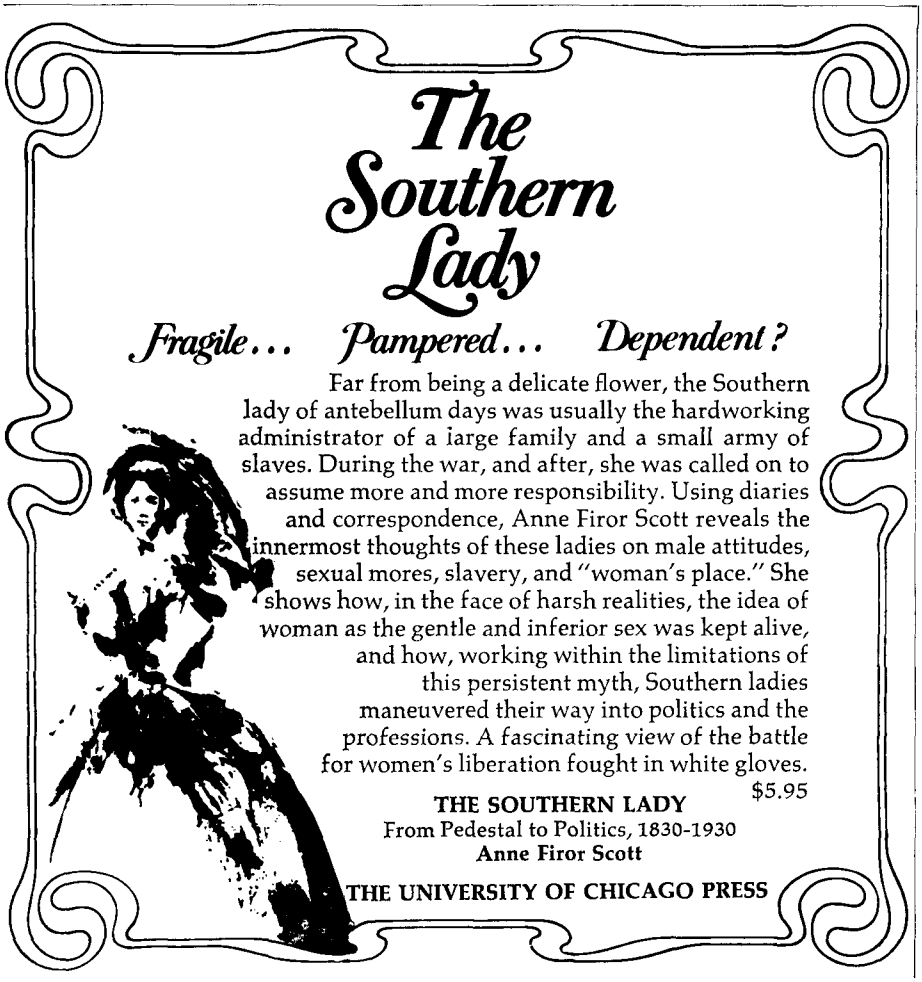
A RECENT ISSUE of *The Times Literary Supplement* was devoted almost entirely to linguistics, and it must have been discouraging reading to anyone who thought he knew something about language, especially English. When it wants to show its erudition, the *TLS* doesn't fool around. Ruth Kempson, lecturer in the Department of English at London's University College, wrote one of the few essays an average literate person could grasp, but when she took to analyzing variations of the word *good* (as in good behavior, good looks, a good pianist, a good Catholic, a good liar, etc.), then—good heavens! —I took to making a game of it and wasted a whole afternoon. The word *good*, Miss Kempson wrote, "does not express the same valuation in every case but is related to a standard relevant to each particular noun." Everybody knows that, I suppose, and the point hardly seems worth belaboring. When the lady tackled *run* (as in things run smoothly, the road runs from, a whisper runs through the crowd, guesses at his age run from, etc.), I reached for my beat-up *Webster's Unabridged Second*, noted more than a hundred definitions for *run*, and turned to a more consuming interest, which is trying to figure out how English has come to have, as Lincoln Barnett assures us in *The Treasure of Our Tongue*, a wider geographical range than any other language. Barnett claims that nearly 4,000 languages are spoken by mankind today. Another scholar, William Mackey, indicates there are thirty times more languages than countries. The two estimates don't seem to jibe, but one must accept the fact that English *has* become *the* international language. Or, at least, *American* English has.

When I took up residence here sixteen months ago, I had rather hoped to disprove the observation made by Shaw and Wilde that England and America are two countries separated by the same language. I had hoped to prove that butter muslin for cheesecloth was as obsolete as "Haw, haw, by Jove!" I have only partially succeeded, because there still are, by our standards, enough archaisms here to keep an American off balance. I'd like to bespeak a few words, for example, against bespoke shirtmakers. If the English mean custom-made, I'd like them to say so. Although it is true that today England accepts druggist, elevator, apartment, and cop as readily as chemist, lift, flat, and bobby; and although I have not had to say lorry, kiosk, hire-purchase, or rates when I meant truck, newsstand, installment-plan, and taxes, there nevertheless are some bespokes still around. A dustbin is never going to be an ash can, a screw spanner a monkey wrench, or drawing pins thumbtacks. Babysitter is beginning to be substituted for child-minder, and overpass soon may catch up with flyover; but most definitely suspenders are not going to replace braces. Never.

Long before I began visiting England —before World War II—I had read Mencken's *The American Language* and had familiarized myself with common objects he listed that had different words applied to them in the mother country. Thus, it was easy to recognize diversion for detour, stall for orchestra seat, interval for intermission, gangway for aisle, bank holiday for legal holiday, and even ironmonger for hardware dealer. I knew a telephone booth would be a call box, a mailbox a pillar box, and a sidewalk a footpath. Americans don't joke about these innocent variations any more; they simply gag over the likes of dickey seat for rumble seat or scribbling-block for scratch-pad.

The British are stubborn, as you don't need to be told. A scallion remains a spring onion, a janitor a porter, a barber a hairdresser, and a notary public a commissioner of oaths. They persist in addressing a surgeon as Mister and still consider an ignoramus anyone who doesn't know a toilet from a hole in the ground when he refers to a closet instead of a cupboard. Over here, there is still only one closet, and that's a water closet.

On the whole, however, for all the differences in pronunciation, intonation, and accent, there really is not too much of a vocabulary problem; mainly, I think, because the English have been overwhelmed by us, and are reconciled as much to loss of language pre-eminence as to liquidation of Empire. I cannot recall an American expression that the English don't comprehend instantly. American movies and television programs shown here, and the annual influx of hundreds of thousands of American tourists, have been relentless tutors. It is rare that an American novel is Anglicized. The British edition of *Time* is published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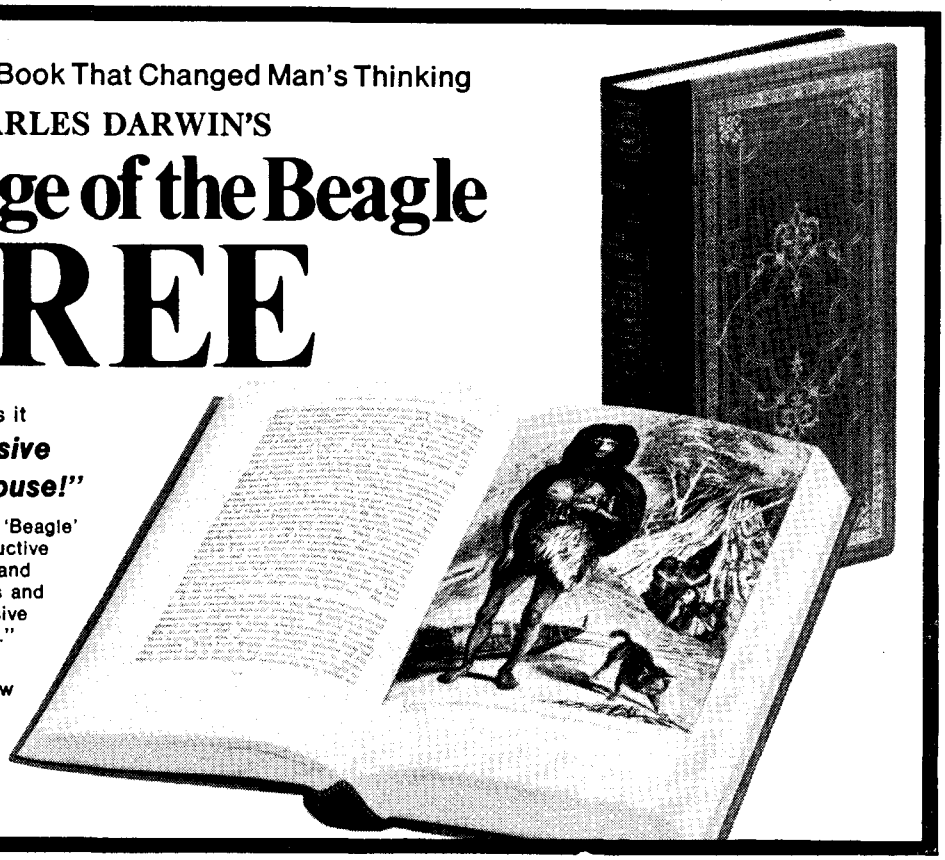

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exactly as it would be in the States: no substituting underground for subway, tin for can, or express post for special delivery. Robert Knittel, the editorial director of Collins Publishing, says that about halfway across the ocean our two languages nuzzle up to each other and fraternize enough to become what he calls mid-Atlinguish.

For me the major difference is in enunciation. Standing in a pub, riding in a bus, listening to dinner table or business office conversation, I sometimes feel I might as well be in Outer Mongolia. I get by with only half comprehension. At the theater, frequently with *no* comprehension. A few weeks ago, at a performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, the one member of the cast most of whose diction I understood clearly was Olivier—perhaps because he had perfected a Hebraic accent for his characterization of Shylock. Even so, after the final curtain I was sure Olivier had skipped the "Hath not a Jew eyes" passage. "By no means," an American friend assured me, "it was clear as could be to me, right in the beginning of Scene Three in the Third Act." Well, in my day it used to be in the beginning of Scene *One* in the Third Act. Which just goes to show.

The fact is that I have seen fifteen plays in the West End during the past year and the only one presenting no problems for me was *1776*. As you probably know, that's about a group of colonial dissidents who signed a declaration of independence and instantly, with the exception of one delegate from Georgia, began to speak unadulterated American.

In my conservative young manhood, I was anything but an admirer of the earlier-mentioned H. L. Mencken, who seemed to me even then to be a destroyer of every illusion a normal fellow might have cherished. As I remember his essays, or prejudices, they attacked every established belief—political, social, economic, philosophic, religious—and not the least of Mencken's tantrums used to be thrown in the direction of England. He derided our dependence on England for our ideas, our position in the world, our literature, our concepts of money, statesmanship, manners, and morals. If I remember correctly, he called us bootlickers, sycophants, and toadies; he believed we would end up being more British than the English. In a sense, of course, Mencken was attacking us as much as our across-the-sea cousins. Anyway, it would be interesting to have the old iconoclast around today, so he could see what has happened to one of his pet bugaboos, and especially could find his native tongue so much more influential in England than England's English is in Baltimore.

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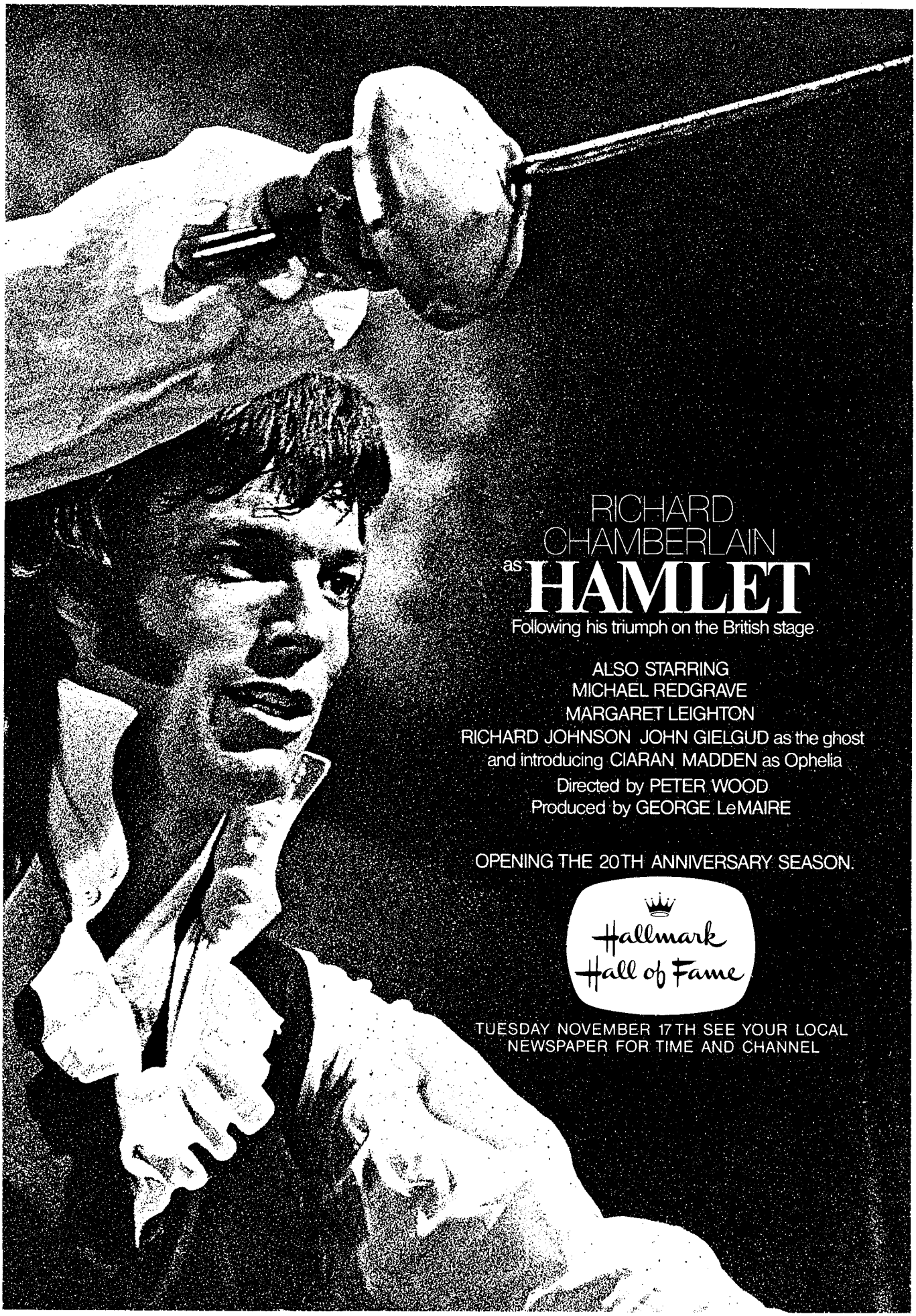

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Voting Is Ended, But the Malady Lingers On

WHEN THEY TOOK POLITICS out of the old smoke-filled backrooms and brought it out under the new pollution-filled open skies, it was a bad day for the average, befogged voter.

Once upon a slap-happier time, the big fat Democratic and Republican politicians with their big fat cigars did their intraparty squabbling, and washing of their dirty linens, in secret meetings at their respective clubhouses, until they finally presented us with their respective Man Who.

Not now. Thanks to television, the linen is washed in public and strung out on the antennas across the country. And regardless of how many enzymes are in the detergent, the Men Who of all parties seem to come out grayer than gray. And with a ring around the collar.

Due to the erosion of the laundry marks, and because you can't tell one clothespin from another, labels mean nothing. The Man Who grabs the nearest pair of long johns that will hide the nakedness of his ambivalence, and the dishabille of his dedication.

Thus it came to pass, if you'll step nimbly with me out of this metaphoric laundromat, that Long John Lindsay, Republican Mayor of New York, endorsed the Democratic Arthur Goldberg for Governor. Also Republican Vice President Spiro Agnew turned his back on Republican Charles Goodell and endorsed Conservative James Buckley for the Senate.

Politics by television, in an overlong campaign, has merely confused this member of the electorate. Politics not only makes for strange bedfellows, but now the old, strange bedfellows are being kicked out of bed to make room for some new, stranger bedfellows with whom the old down-the-line voter years ago wouldn't have been caught dead in bed.

We've come a long, long way, baby, from the old-fashioned Chautauqua, when the parties were labeled either Democratic or Republican, and the debate was on the issues.

It was back in the Thirties that Will Rogers said, "We have the best Congress money can buy." Now, with the price of television commercials for politicians, that goes for the best Senators and Governors money can buy.

Today the price of politicking has escalated. We have dinners at a thousand silver dollars a plate. (Shrimp cocktail, $2.50 extra.) Politicians in high places even jet into towns for breakfast or for lunch, exhorting the well-fed diners to think once before they vote for anyone but their Man Who.

But politicians cannot live by breakfast, lunch, and dinner alone. The television cameras pick them up around the urban communities partaking of hot dogs, pizzas, knishes, Polish ham, watermelon, chop suey, and, to complete the ethnic bouquet, Irish whisky.

And to add to the voters' confusion there was the carpetbagging of movie celebrities, which included John Wayne from Los Angeles, who came galloping into our living rooms telling us who was the good guy in the white hat for whom we should vote in New York.

So politically satiated had this viewer become that he even considered voting for Governor Drinkwater, the father of his beautiful daughter J. J., in the delightful and skillfully played half-hour situation comedy *The Governor and J. J.*, who was campaigning for his deserved re-election for another four years.

There is also Nancy, who plays the daughter of a President of the United States. I thought of voting for him because, thankfully, he never appears in the series. But I couldn't wait. John Wayne had not endorsed him, or J. J.'s father.

Six months of TV campaign oratory may have taken some of the dreariness out of what passes for TV entertainment. But what remained in the viewer's mind when he went to cast his ballot was not so much the records of the men he voted for as the charges leveled against the men he didn't. It has been said that a citizen votes against someone. With one pull of the polling booth lever, and with an acrobatic twist of two letters, "vote" easily becomes "veto."

Now that it's over, can 1972 be far behind? Is it daydreaming to hope for campaigns to run only a few weeks? On television, politicians become overexposed and overtired, and the viewers are overexhorted and overpromised. Before the TV season began, the three networks announced this would be a "promising" season. We await impatiently the coming of spring, and the reruns. It will be interesting to see how well the promises have been fulfilled.

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*Chekhov's Uncle Vanya premiered in Moscow in 1897. In 1945, London's Old Vic produced the memorable version that ranks as one of the glories of the English-speaking theater.

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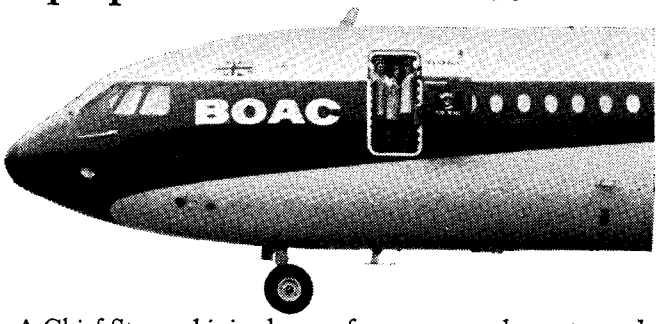

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

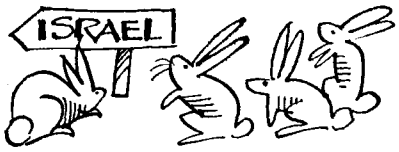
On the political front, following Mayor Lindsay's endorsement of Arthur Goldberg over Governor Rockefeller, we liked best Robert Bryce's letter to the Daily *News*:

> If Senator Goodell is the Christine Jorgensen of the Republican Party, John Lindsay must be the Myra Breckinridge.

Keep those literary references coming, folks. Elsewhere on the political scene, Suzanne Summers of Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, favored us with the following—from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

> The Lady Bird Johnson dairies are intensely personal, sometimes dramatic. Serialized in your daily and Sunday *Enquirer.*

There's nothing, we always say, like getting the stuff fresh from your daily dairy. Meanwhile, on the international scene, Mrs. B. H. Arnold of Corvallis, Oregon, located the following in the *China Post* of Taipei:



Max D. Tickton, director of the B'nai B'rith-Hillel Society at the University of Chicago, is touring Israel with a group of rabbits.

A mistake like that, we suppose, is going to make some people hopping mad. On the theater front, Joan Scherrebeck of Hollywood, California, found this Los Angeles *Times* report:

> At the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York, the season opens Nov. 4 with Brecht's "The Good Woman of Setzuan." It will be followed by Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," Arthur Miller's adaption of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," and Sophocles' "Anti-Gone."

Anti-gone but not pro-forgotten. And there was news in the sports field, too—judging from the offering of Lucy Jefferson of Boston, from the Boston *Globe*:

> Rozelle spoke of pro football's future. . . . He said that Monday night telecasts had not oversaturated America with pro football, they've broadened the audience.
>
> "The family that watchesf ootballs tays together," he said.

And a cheer for Mr. Rozelle. Iss-say, oom-bay, ah-bay. In any case, Benjamin Zelermyer of the Bronx found one of our all-time favorite typos from *The New York Times*:

> This is the second part of a three-part section of 110 pages. The news summary and index will be found on page 95. Page 90 and obituary notices will be found on pages 88 and 89.

Finally, on the book front, the news from the Frankfurt Book Fair is that "Mao" and "Porno"—i.e., the revolutionary in politics and sex—are still riding high. But correspondent Francois Bondy had one piece of good news. "One publisher hitherto committed to the spirit of Mao-plus-porno," he said, "now pins his hopes on a revival of

Tarzan." Without, we hope, any of that Mao Tarzan porno Jane stuff.

Our Page of the Week came from *O. Henry: The Legendary Life of William S. Porter* by Richard O'Connor:

"He was distinctly uneasy in the role of guest under any but the most accidental circumstances, and even then a fondness for appearing incognito often asserted itself. One night Lindsey Denison accompanied him on an extensive pub crawl, at the end of which they found themselves at the door to the Denison apartment. Denison urged him to come in.

"Who's there?" O. Henry warily asked.

"Only my wife and a couple of girls."

"And who are the girls?"

"Oh, they're the right sort," Denison assured him. "Not upstage or anything like that. Of course, they're lion hunters, especially when the lions happen

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to be authors, and they're particularly interested in your work."

"Nothing doing," snapped O. Henry, starting to walk away.

"Listen," Denison said. "There's no reason I should introduce you under your own name. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll say that you are your own old friend Arthur Williams, of Texas, of whom you've told me so much. Then I'll mention that you know O. Henry very well. In that way you may have

the chance to get the real lowdown on yourself."

That approach intrigued the author. He was introduced to the girls as Arthur Williams, and Mrs. Denison did not give the game away. The girls sat at his feet and implored him to tell them all about his friend O. Henry.

He startled the girls by denouncing O. Henry as a scoundrel who stole all his plots, lived by cadging money from all his acquaintances and even extorting funds from the shopgirls he wrote about with such sympathy.

"And to think," said one of the girls sadly, "that a man like that could write such a beautiful thing as 'An Unfinished Story.'"

"I'll tell you about that, too. He wrote that story for the sole purpose of revenging himself on a shopgirl in Wanamaker's who had turned him down."

After the girls left, he sat around with the Denisons and laughed with them over the success of the impersonation. Then, suddenly, a sober and rueful look came on his face. "In all that rigamarole," he said, "there was just one bit of truth. The real Dulcie *was* a shopgirl in Wanamaker's and she did turn Piggy down. And Piggy—I was Piggy."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1909)

JEAN DORST:
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—Larry Schiller (Pix)

Drugs: Ten Years to Doomsday?

by Horace Sutton

The waning weeks of September in New York sometimes seem reluctant to slip into fall and the days come on warm and mellow, floating a summer softness over the city that should long since have fled on the winds of fall. It was that kind of day when I first saw Neal. He came through the doors of the clinic on the Lower East Side, the faded, half-sleeve blue summer shirt unbuttoned, the tails flapping. He was young, and beneath his malaise perhaps even handsome, but he was incredibly pale, and his arms dangled loosely at his sides as if they had been pinned on his shoulders and would move only if pulled by some unseen string.

One could look at him and wonder if when winter came there would be someone to wrap him in an overcoat or whether he would be too stoned to notice that the temperature had changed. He would turn his eyes from mine as we talked and the lids would flutter as if he was trying to get himself fully awake. He picked at the scabs of an infinity of heroin fixes that had been jabbed into his arms and the patches of his chest that showed above his undershirt.

Neal is twenty and has been on heroin since that day he remembers so well, two months before his fifteenth birthday, when someone on his block took him to the Embassy Hotel on West 70th Street in Manhattan and invited him to buy a fix. "It was Henry," Neal said. "Henry was always fooling around with the goof balls, and now he had found something even better. I was curious and Henry said 'Try it,' and I did and I liked it. I bought an extra bag, and when I saw Henry again I said, 'Next time you go over I'd like to go with you.'

"You keep telling yourself you're not really hooked. What can I say? One shot and you're through. It's not something you can try. One time . . . you do burglary, the next day robbery, and the day after that you beat somebody. You have to get the price. It's not my background. I have two brothers going to college and there's nothing wrong with them. My parents are what you would call high-class people. But I've been up for robbery and for burglary and three times for possession of drugs. I've been in Lexington, and when I'm behind bars I feel safe. When I get out I know what I'm going to do."

Now Neal, on the outside, had come to the clinic to try to get on a methadone program before the need for a fix would lead him back behind bars, and before an overdose of heroin would knock him deader than Janis Joplin

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or the 770 of those between fifteen and thirty-five who died from heroin in New York last year. Heroin kills more young people in New York than anything else, the perils of the automobile, homicides, suicides, and cancer included. The very week last May that all America, and much of the Western world, mourned the shooting of four students at Kent State, seventeen youngsters, without much celebrity, died in New York from overdoses of heroin. In Philadelphia, so far this year, five times as many young people have died narcotic-related deaths as the city has lost in Vietnam.

Death due to narcotics has risen fivefold in New York, from 200 in 1960 to more than 1,000 in 1969. The rate of teen-age deaths, which in past years had amounted to 10 per cent of all those in the city, rose alarmingly to 25 per cent. For the first time there were deaths of children under fifteen. In the past most of the narcotics users had a history of antisocial behavior, and drug use was another way of "acting out." Last year healthy youngsters, driven not by their own problems but by peer pressure, became both users and mortality statistics. The New York Board of Education estimated that there are 22,000 heroin users in New York City's secondary schools. They are a formidable segment of the 150,000 Americans addicted to heroin.

Of all the drug problems afflicting the world, heroin is the most deadly and the one that most seriously affects American young people. Once addicted, the heroin user needs about $35 a day to maintain the habit. The males steal and rob. The women become shoplifters and prostitutes.

A derivative of morphine, heroin was, ironically, first devised as a substitute for morphine, to which wounded soldiers had become addicted during World War I. But it produced addicts more easily than morphine, its withdrawal symptoms proved severe, and it was harder to cure. Eighty per cent of the illicit morphine which reaches the United States comes from the poppy fields of Turkey, much of it refined in the illegal laboratories hidden around Marseilles. While trying to cope with its enormous drug problem at home, the United States is now belatedly turning every effort, exerting every pressure, using every technique that money will buy or reason will accept, to stifle the growth of the poppy at its source, shut the factories, cut the flow, spread a protective net around the land, and finally seize the bulk shipments that—all else failing—have gotten through. Catching the street-corner pusher has become small potatoes, a problem left to local law enforcement. The major effort is now, at last, international, and it is a pathway strewn with political pitfalls.

The two major problems have been to lead Turkey out of opium farming and to convince France on the ministerial level that it is the world center for laboratory conversion of morphine base into heroin.

In the late spring the hills in southwestern Turkey in the provinces of Denizli, Isparta, and Afyon (which means opium in Turkish) are bright with red, white, and brown poppies. They have been grown that way for centuries and the Turkish farmer can't see anything wrong with it. "He doesn't know about the kid in Harlem dying with a needle in his arm," says John Ingersoll, the forty-one-year-old director of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

The annual income of the Turkish farmer is less than $1,000 a year and only a fraction of that is cash. Opium is a cash crop, whether sold illicitly or otherwise. The unlawful sale might add another $100 in cash to his annual income. Besides that, he can sell the poppy seeds, use the oil for cooking, and hold back a little for home medicine. It takes ten pounds of opium to produce one pound of morphine base, which is worth $1,000 landed in Marseilles. Refined into heroin, it is worth $2,500 a pound, double that landed in New York. The wholesale New York price doubles again, but the street price per pound is $100,000. The Turkish farmer does not need a license to grow opium. If he lives in a province that is authorized to grow opium, he is free to plant as much as he likes. All he need do is make a declaration saying how much he is going to produce and where he is going to produce it. But opium is a tricky crop. The timing of the harvest is critical. The rain must come at the right time; if there is no snow to blanket the ground the seed may freeze, and when the pod is ripening a high wind could ruin the crop. The cultivation of poppies is soil-debilitating, and a farmer can use the same patch for opium only once every five years, rotating his crops with barley, wheat, or melons. The poppy requires choice land, and the crop must be watered, weeded, and worked. It is hard for him to make a profit on opium legally unless he deals off a portion of his crop to the illegal trade. India will withhold a license from a farmer who says he was unable to meet his anticipated crop, but in Turkey the opium farmer has merely to shrug and blame it on the weather. "It's pretty hard to argue with a farmer," says John Cusack, the U.S. narcotics chief in Europe, who is frequently in Turkey. "If you estimate he should turn in ten kilos of opium and he turns in only five, he can say, 'Well, it went wrong.' "

In the late 1950s, on the eve of the emergence of the drug epidemic in America, Turkey had forty-five provinces growing opium. When the United States asked Turkey to suppress the cultivation of poppies twenty-one provinces were still at it. The 178,000 farmers who were then growing opium have since been reduced to 70,000 and the provinces lowered to seven. Cusack thinks Turkey will be "knocked out" of opium production in two years.

It may not be nearly that easy. The United States, which has given Turkey thirty-two patrol cars and a STOL aircraft to help contain illegal planting, has pinned all of its hopes on Premier Suleyman Demirel. Says a U.S. official stationed in Washington, "There is no one else we know of in Turkish politics who is at all committed or who is at all cognizant of the need to reduce the diversion of opium as is Demirel." All negotiations with Turkey have been made with him personally, and it is he who makes the decisions to eliminate certain provinces from opium production. While Demirel acknowledges that 80 per cent of all the heroin smuggled into the United States originates in Turkey, he still must identify with Turkish farmers. He comes from a rural area in the province of Isparta, and the strength of his Justice Party (over which his control is said to be waning) lies in the farmer class. Isparta is an opium-producing area.

Some of Demirel's own family and some high government officials are said to be involved in the licit production of opium. When he toured these provinces during the elections of last fall he was met with signs that implored him not to make the farmers give up opium growing.

It is Demirel who by law issues the decrees each year dictating which provinces may cultivate opium. It is his Minister of Agriculture who must push the legislation now before the Turkish Parliament that will bring opium production under the form of licensing used in India. Whether Demirel's government can address itself to this program and still maintain its own life is a fragile question. After losing a vote of confidence, Demirel formed another government last spring. He is operating

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—Larry Schiller (Pix)

Bad trip—Sheep? Character weakness? Lack of personality?

now with a slim majority of nine seats, and there is a distinct possibility that his government could fall, leaving the United States with no one as committed to the control of opium as he is.

While the Nixon administration has been energetic in its pursuit of the drug problem, giving new muscle both to the Treasury Department's Customs Service and the Justice Department's Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, there are signs that Turkey's position in NATO, like that of Greece, transcends all other issues. Just as Customs mounted a stepped-up campaign to trap smugglers at the U.S. borders last spring, the White House gave its approval to a $40-million loan to Turkey with no contingencies attached. That is, Turkey received a line of credit to buy whatever nonluxury items it needed in the United States. It was not obliged, at the same time, to cut further the number of provinces producing opium. The blanket credit line did emphasize Turkey's strategic geographical position in the Near East; it also emphasized the importance of the Soviet naval buildup in the Mediterranean, the volatile situation in the Middle East, and the Kremlin's effort to force a wedge along the eastern edge of the NATO wall. Moscow has given Demirel's regime $300-million in credits to finance seven industrial projects. Two Soviet economic missions have recently visited Ankara, and the Turks have been invited to promote their attractions to Russian tourists.

Turkey's inability, or unwillingness, meanwhile, to limit further its opium production has caused Iran, which has a severe internal drug problem and which has been out of opium production for thirteen years, to go back into it, thus diversifying the sources among which smugglers may shop to bring the drug to market.

From the late 1940s to 1960 the bulk of Turkish opium was moved to clandestine laboratories in Syria, where it was converted to morphine base, or pure morphine extracted from the opium of the poppy and chemically solidified. In that form it was carried to Lebanon, where the drug smugglers had contacts with the French underworld and, acting as middlemen, had it brought to France for processing. But the Lebanese were often accused of sharp trading, and the French fell out with them. For one thing, there was an alternate route out of Turkey: the Turkish workers who were beginning to turn up as a labor force all over Europe. Turkish laboratories produced morphine base, and the Turks smuggled it directly from Izmir and Istanbul—or indirectly, by way of Germany, Austria, and Italy—into Marseilles. It arrived in the luggage of persons traveling on airlines, in vehicles with traps and secret compartments. After the Six-Day War the already diminished flow from Syria and Beirut nearly disappeared. Now almost all of Turkey's illicit production flows across Europe to Marseilles.

One of the most difficult problems for the United States has been to convince the French that they harbor the principal manufacturing center for turning morphine base into heroin.

The French have claimed that heroin is being manufactured in Belgium, in Germany, and possibly in Switzerland. The U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs says flatly, "Our intelligence doesn't support those contentions." John Ingersoll, the director, insists, "If you follow the people trail, it leads you back to France, and if you follow the movement of raw material, you see that it is going back to France. It may be going *through* Italy or *through* Germany, but its eventual destination is always southern France."

With the problem in New York approaching crisis level, drug control was finally placed in foreign policy channels when President Nixon broached the subject to President Pompidou during the French President's trip to Washington last February. Ambassador Arthur Watson is said to have continued the pressure in Paris, resulting in a meeting in Washington last July between Attorney General John Mitchell and French Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin. *Time* magazine, in its September 14 issue, suggested that American agents in France had come into the possession of French police reports showing suspicious laxity by the Pompidou government in suppressing drug manufacture in France. It intimated, moreover, that unless Marcellin could promise some action the reports would be leaked to the press. Ambassador Watson denied the whole story in a later letter to *Time*.

The French government has been eager to circularize a remarkable interview that Interior Minister Marcellin gave to *France-Soir* last summer. In it he stated that it was he who asked that the matter of French-American cooperation in the fight against drugs be put on the agenda in the talks with Mitchell. He also said he was the one—not the Americans—"who decided, after the creation of new budgets, to increase the number of police officers in the drug squad at Marseilles."

(Why, until August 1, Marseilles had tried to cope with its enormous illegal drug traffic using a force of only seven officers was not explained.) Marcellin discounted the possibility of a drug problem in France since, he said, "The vast majority of French people, young and old, are allergic to drugs. Here [in France] addicts are considered by public opinion to be ill people, even depraved, and few people are inclined to follow their example and become slaves to drugs."

Asked whether he would blame the proliferation of drugs on the generation gap and youth's disenchantment with society, Marcellin seemed to explode. "Society is a scapegoat! Hate for society causing drug use? Fine rationalization to hide character weakness. All those who are in contact with the young drug users have been struck by their lack of personality . . . they are sheep without personal motivation. This weakness of character gets to the point of overcoming even their simple instinct of preservation, which ought to keep them from destruction. . . ."

Marcellin labeled as "fantasies" the allegation of "some magazines" that American agents possess "detailed reports on Marseilles drug traffickers and supposedly these documents would compromise even men in politics."

Yet, weeks later, on the eve of the opening, early this fall, of a special session of the United Nations' Commission on Narcotic Drugs in Geneva, the London *Sunday Times* published a story that claimed that American investigations in France *had* uncovered links between French politicians and the narcotics gangs of Marseilles. Some of the information was said to have been handed to Americans by the French police, who were frustrated by the alleged political protection being given

"'At best we have ten years to prevent a social catastrophe.'"

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the major operators of the processing laboratories in the Marseilles area.

Official Washington and official Paris deny all such reports. One prime Washington source, while vigorously denying allegations of American blackmail, has suggested that "the other parts [of the London *Sunday Times* story] *could* be true." On the other hand, Washington is more likely to chalk off to French bureaucracy than to collusion the unseemly delay in effecting any action between Pompidou's February visit and Marcellin's meeting with Mitchell in July. "French police officers are reluctant to tell their bosses bad news," says a high-ranking American law enforcement official; "so the information stays at a low level and doesn't get passed upward. When the Minister of the Interior was finally convinced of what was happening in southern France, he immediately got on the move. But it was difficult to convince him of facts that didn't square with what his own people were telling him." Despite all these official disclaimers, the rumor persists on both sides of the Atlantic that a highly placed French official is collaborating with the drug syndicates. *SR* is in receipt of the name of the alleged collaborating individual, who does hold a French governmental position. The original disclosure comes from Washington, but the scent of scandal still hangs over Paris.

French drug traffic in the Thirties was run by a colorful bag of mixed émigrés, all of whom were put out of business by World War II. The U.S. had 10,000 addicts before the war, but the number then dropped to about 1,400, most of them between the ages of thirty-five and forty. (The Axis powers were so short of morphine for medical purposes during World War II that German scientists developed the synthetic methadone, now successfully being used as a nonsedative, noneuphoric, nonpainkilling, nonharmful replacement for heroin.) Corsica, only 105 miles from the southern French shore, was the first French *département* out of the war, and the Corsicans got a head start on drug running, taking the initiative from the prewar émigrés. The island's position in the Mediterranean was ideal, its history for banditry was vivid and recent, and its tradition for the vendetta still lives. There are more Corsicans in Marseilles than any other French city, and the drug dealers pick villas in areas where heavy Corsican minorities are located. Says one American law enforcement officer in France: "They are people who mind their own business. They know something is going on and they keep their mouth shut and turn their eyes away."

Whatever collusion may or may not exist, the French, as Marcellin has said, have increased their international law enforcement control specialists three- or fourfold. The force numbers about a hundred. They have trained 300 local police in narcotics control and beefed up control in cities where it was either lax or nonexistent. Nice, a city of 325,000 only 120 miles from Marseilles, had no narcotics officers until a few months ago. Now it has seven. Marseilles, the epicenter of world heroin manufacture, which had tried to cover its territory with seven, now has twenty-five. Although the Americans have narcotics agents in cities in Europe and the Far East, the French sent their first agent to New York this fall.

As recently as last May the French magazine *Paris Match* carried a lurid spread of pictures displaying the dreadful drug scene in New York, which is the capital of drug addiction in the United States, perhaps the world. It showed addicts, needles, and the dead in the morgue. What the article failed to mention was the fact that most of the heroin had come from France. Some of the French motivation to move against the drug traffickers derives from the fact that France, at least in some quarters, is recognizing the beginnings of its own internal drug problem, not merely in marijuana and hashish but in lethal, addicting heroin. Still, with all its added controls and its promises, France continues to permit foreign travelers, especially those with American passports, to walk through the "nothing to declare" gate without any inspection at all.

In America Customs procedures have changed radically. Myles Ambrose, the forty-four-year-old rough-and-tumble former prosecutor who is now head of the Bureau of Customs, says, "A year and a half ago the principal activity of the bureau, in addition to collecting revenues, was to make sure that nobody got held up going through Customs at Kennedy Airport. Inspectors were acting as a facilitation service for the airline industry. That's not their statutory responsibility and it is no way to stop drugs from coming in." Although Customs is still eager to bag a watch smuggler, and though it will impose customs duty on those who exceed the $100 duty-free limit, "Nothing," says Ambrose, "nothing is more important than drugs."

For one thing, the Bureau of Customs has ended its internecine war with U.S. narcotics agents, a feud that festered for twenty years. For another, with a supplemental Congressional appropriation of $8.75-million, it has hired 915 people, half of them investigators. It has eight new aircraft, which it won't describe—helicopters and pur-

(*Continued on page* 59)

Drug Glossary

Acidhead	Frequent user of LSD
Bag	Packet of drugs
Bang	Injection of drugs
Barbs	Barbiturates
Bennies	Benzedrine, an amphetamine
Bindle	Packet of narcotics
Blast	Strong effect from a drug
Blue angels	Amytal, a barbiturate
Blue velvet	Paregoric and Pyribenzamine mixed and injected
Bombita	Amphetamine injection, sometimes taken with heroin
Buttons	*Sections of the peyote cactus*
Cap	Capsule
Chipping	Taking narcotics occasionally
Cokie	*Cocaine addict*
Cold turkey	Sudden withdrawal of narcotics (from the goose flesh, which resembles the skin of a cold plucked turkey)
Coming down	Recovering from a trip
Crystal	Methedrine, an amphetamine
Cubehead	Frequent user of LSD
Cut	Dilute drugs by adding milk, sugar, or other narcotics
Deck	Packet of narcotics
Dexies	Dexedrine, an amphetamine
Dirty	Possessing drugs
Dollies	Dolophine (also known as methadone)
Downers	Sedatives, alcohol, tranquilizers, and narcotics
Dynamite	High-grade heroin
Flash	Initial feeling after injecting
Flip	Become psychotic
Floating	Under the influence of drugs
Freakout	*Bad experience*
Gage	Marijuana
Goof balls	Sleeping pills
Hash	Hashish, the resin of Cannabis
Hay	Marijuana
Hearts	Dexedrine tablets
Hophead	*Narcotics addict*
Horse	Heroin
Joint	Marijuana cigarette
Jolly beans	Pep pills
Junkie	Narcotics addict
Kick the habit	Stop using narcotics (from the withdrawal leg muscle twitches)
Layout	Equipment for injecting drug
Lemonade	Poor heroin
Maintaining	Keeping at a certain level of drug effect
Manicure	Remove the dirt, seeds, and stems from marijuana
Mesc	Mescaline, the alkaloid in peyote
Meth	Methamphetamine (also known as Methedrine, Desoxyn)
Narco	Narcotics detective
Nickel bag	$5 packet of drugs
O. D.	Overdose of narcotics
On the nod	Sleepy from narcotics
Pop	Inject drugs
Pothead	Heavy marijuana user
Purple hearts	Dexamyl, a combination of Dexedrine and Amytal (from the shape and color)
Quill	A matchbook cover for sniffing Methedrine, cocaine, or heroin
Rainbows	Tuinal (Amytal and Seconal), barbiturate combination in blue and red capsule
Red devils	Seconal, a barbiturate
Roach	Marijuana butt
Satch cotton	*Cotton used to strain drugs before injection*
Scag	Heroin
Skin popping	Injecting drugs under the skin
Smack	Heroin
Snorting	Inhaling drugs
Snow	Cocaine
Speed	Methedrine, an amphetamine
Speedball	An injection of a stimulant and a depressant, originally heroin and cocaine
Speedfreak	*Habitual user of speed*
Stick	Marijuana cigarette
Tracks	Scars along veins after many injections
Turps	Elixir of terpin hydrate with codeine, a cough syrup
Twenty-five	LSD (from its original designation, LSD-25)
Works	Equipment for injecting drugs
Yellow jacket	*Nembutal, a barbiturate*

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Saturday Review

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The Workman Can Master His Tools

The following guest editorial is by Alastair Maitland, a British diplomat stationed in the United States.

Can humankind survive the iron embrace of technology?

No two countries are arguing this question more animatedly than are the United States and Great Britain. In last year's Reith Lectures, on the BBC, the prominent British ecologist Frank Fraser Darling warned of dangers posed by the all-enveloping and pervasive technological exponential.

Dr. Darling's apocalyptic view is perhaps the prevailing mood in Britain. It is to some extent shared, for instance, by the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science, which sees particular danger in the increasing isolation of the individual citizen and of social groups from effective control over "expert" decision-makers. The society blames the scientific community itself for failing to recognize and analyze sufficiently the social predicaments that science and technology have created. In the last analysis, many of the Society's members seem to take the view, which is also held by many in the United States, that the conflict between human economics and the ecology of the planet is so great—and the dynamic of the industrial state is so pervasive and powerful—that it is impossible to imagine a suitable industrial ecology under prevailing economic theory.

But I should be misleading the reader seriously if I were to give an impression that the world as we view it in Britain today is entirely dominated by the pale horsemen of the new apocalypse. I wouldn't go so far as to say that we have yet heard the voice of a new Condorcet. But we have major thinkers who express a guarded optimism, and who have helped to inject more realism into a debate that has tended to depict technology, the erstwhile liberator, as the new enslaver.

Perhaps the leading British spokesman for this point of view is Sir Peter Medawar, who, in his Presidential Address last September to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, compared our condition today with the intellectual and spiritual turmoil that disturbed the first half of the seventeenth century. He saw both epochs as being marked, not by any characteristic system of beliefs, but by a characteristic syndrome of *unfixed* beliefs; by a feeling of irresolution, incompleteness, and despondency, a sense of doubt about the inadequacy of man, amounting to what a future historian might describe as a "failure of nerve."

We are, he said, too ready to wring our hands over the miscarriages of technology, while taking its benefactions for granted. We are perversely willing to suppose that the despoliation sometimes produced by technology is an inevitable and irremediable process, a trampling down of nature by the big machine. But, of course, he said, it is nothing of the kind: The deterioration of the environment produced by technology is a technological problem for which technology has found, is finding, and will continue to find, solutions. And while he acknowledged that there is a sense in which science and technology can be arraigned for devising new instruments of warfare, he said there is another and more important sense in which it is the height of folly to blame the weapon for the crime.

In the management of our affairs, he concluded, we have too often been bad workmen, and, like all bad workmen, we blame our tools.

Much the same kind of message was conveyed by Dr. Philip Handler, President of the American National Academy of Sciences, in his own Presidential Address last August. Like Sir Peter Medawar, he deplored the fact that the current excessively emotional world-wide awakening to the undesirable side effects of certain aspects of our technological civilization should have led to a diminution in public support for scientific endeavor—a sort of anti-science neo-Ludditism, if you like. He also deplored the fact that, in general, there had been, in our whole approach to technology, an insufficiently objective and informed assessment of the trade-off of risk versus benefit.

It was not man as a technologist, he said, but man the social creature who was inadequate.

Dr. Handler saw the problem as a global one, to which the solution must also be global. And he reminded us that, if Malthusianism in its original and more narrow sense had now virtually been invalidated by modern food technology, the ultimate Malthusian limit lay ahead, in the shape of the finiteness of the capacity of the biosphere as a whole.

This is what Frank Fraser Darling was referring to when he spoke of the "unity of ecology." To some, who see that unity in more nightmarish terms, it is a sort of global claustrophobia. To others—at least in the Western world—it is a prospect of transience and of permanent discontinuity (à la Toffler) from which escape is imperative.

My own view is one of qualified optimism. The qualification is, however, a serious—indeed a basic—one. The fundamental issue, to my mind, turns on the prospects for a more universal, and more explicit and practical, recognition of the inescapability of our commitment to the social contract, in however primitive a form.

—ALASTAIR MAITLAND.

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Letters to the Editor

Comes the Fourth Revolution . . .

ISAAC ASIMOV's article "The Fourth Revolution" [*SR*, Oct. 24] is undoubtedly an excellent portrayal of things to come in the new communications world, barring unforeseeable events. Where I cannot agree with Mr. Asimov is in his statement that there is no time to invent a global language for handling international communications in "the global village."

Sometime during 1971 an international congress of Esperanto will take place in Seattle, where Asimov might watch some 4,000 participants from every corner of the world getting together and conversing with each other fluently in one language—Esperanto—a global language.

I do not think English or any other of the living languages would be suitable as a global communications language, i.e., an auxiliary language one can use besides one's mother tongue. All these languages are far too hard to learn to a satisfactory degree of fluency in speaking and understanding. They are irregular in construction, and full of idiomatic peculiarities and turns of phrases and words that can be acquired only through a long stay in the language's native habitat. Even with such a stay, it is difficult to match the native in his mother tongue in, for instance, an open debate on TV or radio.

Asimov's claim that English is almost a universal language now does not hold up under close examination. As a tourist language along the tourist trails, yes, for this does not require much of a vocabulary and is concerned mostly with repetitive and simple daily occurrences and needs. However, when it comes to sustaining a conversation (and by this I mean a two-sided one), let alone holding forth on TV or radio, the number of people who really know English is very small. An indispensable requisite of a global language is that both sides of a dialogue have potential equality in the means of communication. All else leads to inequality, frustration, and misunderstandings.

Last, but not least, is the fact that every generation of "foreigners" has to learn English from scratch again and spend years in learning it just to acquire a limited understanding—time that English-speaking people can spend more profitably. Esperanto would have to be learned by all and thus would put everyone on the same level. It can be learned in a short time, is extremely flexible and adaptable, and is easily pronounceable by most ethnic groups. And, above all, it is completely regular so that, with one word learned, the student automatically acquires all its derivatives.

HANS BAENNINGER,
Upper Montclair, N.J.

RE: Isaac Asimov's enthusiasm for "children . . . learning at home, under individualized conditions, with an electronic tutor geared to their own needs and paced to the beat of their own drummer." I would refer him to a fine short story called "The Fun They Had," a gloomy look at joyless children held in thrall by computers "adjusted to the mind of each boy and girl" they teach. I use it in my classes as an eloquent warning against mechanized rote-learning.

The story, it seems, was written by one Isaac Asimov.

ARTHUR DAIGON,
University of Connecticut,
Storrs, Conn.

Alianza Motivations

RE: "Beginning Anew in Latin America" by Senator Edward M. Kennedy [*SR*, Oct. 17]. As a Latin American, I wish to congratulate Senator Kennedy for pointing out the fallacies and future possibilities of the Alliance for Progress. I think the Senator's intentions are good, and I hope more North Americans share his views. However, there are a few points on which I should like to comment.

The original idea of the Alliance for Progress might have been, as Kennedy says, "In recognition of . . . deprivations . . . ," but it was accepted and put in effect mainly because the United States saw itself threatened by events in Cuba and by the rising nationalism and awareness of the Latin American people. It is impossible to believe that the United States does anything without expecting sizable profits.

The Alliance for Progress failed because it was an alliance with our governments and not with our people. The alliance was originally meant to be between your people and ours to help us achieve social, economic, and political development. Instead, the alliance turned out to be a joint business venture between unrepresentative Latin American governments and many unscrupulous U.S. entrepreneurs.

The Latin American masses are becoming aware of the power that North American investors and the armed forces wield in our countries. We are tired of false promises and good intentions; we are tired of conditioned aid that drowns us in debts; we are tired of being promised democracy and being given military dictatorships; we are tired of being promised development and seeing our wealth siphoned away; we are tired of hunger, misery, and repression.

The opportunities for the United States to become more of a friend and less of a fiend are few and rapidly disappearing. Unless, as Kennedy stated, a new spirit, a new purpose, is given to U.S. policies toward Latin America, North Americans will soon find out that among us they will have no friends, that Latin America has become their worst enemy.

HORACIO ICAZA A.,
Brown University,
Providence, R.I.

"You got your nerve making me risk a death of cold for only eight dollars and thirty-six cents."

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Thank You, Ladies

Thanks to the ladies garment workers:
Thanks for the hem, thanks for the pleat,
Thanks for keeping the collar neat.
Thanks for washable, wrinkle-free
Miracle fabrics in my coat.
Thanks, Inspector 73,
For your small but reassuring note.
Thanks to the ladies garment workers:
Thanks for the stitches in my cuff;
Thanks for the pins in my new shirt,
Thanks for the pins in my new shirt,
Thanks for the pins in my new shirt.
Ladies, ladies . . . enough, enough.

—Alan Van Dine.

A Small Solution

I HAVE A SOLUTION for the overpopulation problem. Unlike the Pill, it has no side effects. Unlike abortion, it does not offend anyone with religious scruples. Unlike war, it requires no bloodshed. It is painless, humane, and eminently sensible.

Let people multiply. Let them have as many children as they wish. Let children grow up to enjoy the pleasures of this world. I have only one caution: Don't let them grow up too much. Transistorize them.

If through the use of transistors we can spectacularly reduce the size of radios, watches, hearing aids, and even complex rocket mechanisms and computers, why can't we do the same with people? Surely, this is not beyond the ability of our geneticists, perhaps joining their skills with those of transplant surgeons and electrical engineers.

I am not concerned with how they do it. That is their problem. All I know is that there must be some way to stop the trend toward sons taller than their fathers, and daughters taller than their mothers. This must be reversed. Ideally, we should not wait for a generation-after-generation reduction in size. We should do it all at once. That is where the scientists and their transistors come in.

I am not sure how small people should be. Swift's Lilliputians, fully grown, were about six inches tall, which seems a reasonable height. When you similarly reduce the size of houses, cars, airplanes, airports, office buildings, golf courses, and eventually cemeteries, roughly on a scale of one inch equals one foot, you see what happens. We could have twelve times our present population with no more crowding than today. But if things should still seem too tight, we could reduce people to one inch or a half inch or a quarter inch or whatever. Of course, animals and insects would have to be reduced proportionately, because no one wants to see quarter-inch people in a world inhabited by one-inch spiders and monstrous four-inch worms.

If we reduced people to that quarter-inch size, still other adjustments would be required. Curbs would have to be lowered. Cracks in sidewalks would have to be filled in—or bridges built over these chasms. The watch on the wrist of a quarter-inch person would require exquisite workmanship. Imagine the compactness of a compact car, either Detroit-made or an import. And try to figure out the length of what is now a 100-millimeter cigarette.

Transistorized people would save us from the disaster toward which ecologists say we are heading. One tree would provide the wood for thousands of wee houses and the newsprint for millions upon millions of copies of infinitesimal newspapers. One ear of corn would feed many a hungry family. A drop of oil would lubricate no telling how many inch-long automobiles. Best of all, the exhaust from these tiny cars, even using leaded gasoline, would soon dissipate in the great blue yonder, now bluer and yonderer than at any time since the invention of the internal combustion engine. Try as they might, these little people would be unable to pollute our planet's great rivers, lakes, and oceans.

Just think of it: a clean world, and plenty of room for everybody. Scientists, what are you waiting for?

—Richard Armour.

Terms of Reference

THE PASSING of Joseph Wood Krutch sent me to his life story, published in 1962. In it, he relates that when he was a member of the Graduate Club in New York, he became acquainted with a businessman who had been studying *Tom Jones*, and had compiled his own index to it. One entry read: "Bitch, Tom called son of a."

This reminded me of one of the most fascinating indexes to appear in print—which, presumably, the *Tom Jones* one didn't. It was the index appended to the late Bill Corum's autobiography, *Off and Running*, and a remarkable compilation it was.

For example, upon looking through the Cs I came across: "Considine's, not Bob's." Naturally, before turning to page 67 in order to satisfy my curiosity, I pondered this denial for several moments. Did Bob Considine, who merited page references in the line immediately above, object at times to the use of his Christian name? By no means. The reference, when verified, turned out to be a list of restaurants, of which an entirely different Mr. Considine's was one.

There was another good specimen under the letter A. This one read: "Aqueduct, to as a cash customer." What it meant was that the author, no doubt accustomed to flourishing a press pass, on this occasion couldn't watch the race without paying.

I also enjoyed "Crillon Hotel, an oasis" and "Capone, Mrs. Al, bejeweled" and "Caruso, Enrico, not heard" and "Brockmeyer's Alley, safe short cut" and "Beau Brummell, modern." That last one refers to no one more Regency than Damon Runyon, who, you feel, would have spelled the sartorial name correctly. "Montana, mayhem (financial)" directs us to the Dempsey-Gibbons fight of 1923, and "Front page!" has nothing to do with Hecht and MacArthur.

But more intriguing still are those very special associations that will never be found in an index for the simple reason that the author has taken care to exclude them from his book. A good example would be the recent biography of Houdini. It wouldn't be much of an exaggeration to say that one of the episodes in his life for which Houdini has been best remembered is that occasion when he invited a member of the audience to look into his mouth—after some swallowing act or other—and tell the house what he could see. "Pyorrhea," announced this helpful patron, and the audience was fit to be tied. (If not the way Houdini so often was.)

As everyone knows, it was Groucho Marx who had walked onto the stage. But no mention of Marx, Groucho appears in the index.

We can't blame Houdini for this, since he wasn't the author. But when W. C. Handy published his autobiography, *Father of the Blues*, a British trumpeter no sooner laid hands on it than he turned to the index to confirm that the name of Jelly Roll Morton would be glaringly and positively absent. He was right—it was.

Those were the days when a feud really was a feud. It's hard to believe now that Bill Buckley's life story would omit any mention of Gore Vidal—or vice versa.

—Frank Littler.

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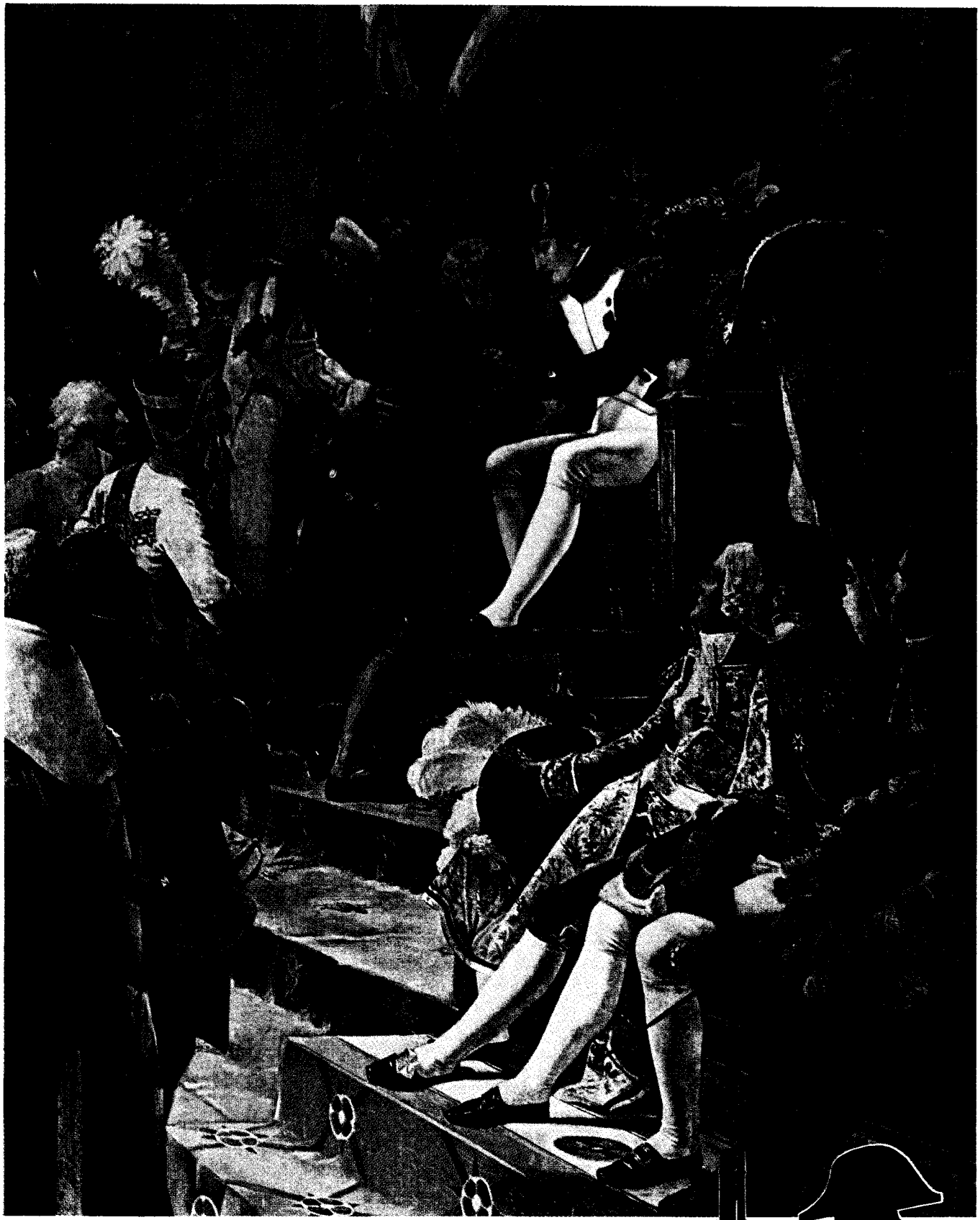

Première distribution des croix de la Légion D'Honneur. Detail from the painting by Jean-Baptiste Debret (1768-1848). On July 14, 1804, officers and soldiers of the Guard, magistrates, artists and other dignitaries came to the throne of Napoleon to receive the cross of the newly-formed Legion of Honor.

COURVOISIER

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The Brandy of Napoleon

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Dining terrace at "The Ruin" night club, Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.

Tia Maria. Jamaica's ha[illegible]ng liqueur

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y. 63 PROOF.

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Background to a Tragedy

by RICHARD HALLORAN

AN EYE FOR THE DRAGON: Southeast Asia Observed 1954-1970, by Dennis Bloodworth *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 414 pp., $8.95);* **THE ROAD FROM WAR: Vietnam 1965-1970, by Robert Shaplen** *(Harper & Row, 368 pp., $7.95);* **THE LOST CRUSADE: America in Vietnam, by Chester L. Cooper** *(Dodd, Mead, 559 pp., $12);* **AT WAR WITH ASIA, by Noam Chomsky** *(Pantheon, 313 pp., $7.95; paperback $1.95);* **VIETNAM AND THE SILENT MAJORITY: The Dove's Guide, by Milton J. Rosenberg, Sidney Verba, and Philip E. Converse** *(Harper & Row, 162 pp., paperback, $1.25)*

I remember writing, as a graduate student in 1956, a research paper on the Cao Dai, one of the Vietnamese religious-political sects, and having a devil of a time finding books on Vietnam in English. Plenty had been written in French, of course, during the colonial and post-World War II days. But in English there was Ellen J. Hammer's *The Struggle for Indochina* (1954) and not much else in the University of Michigan library, one of the best in the country.

Since then, the literature on Vietnam in English has been building up, though perhaps not so quickly nor so extensively as might have been expected, given the manpower, money, mental energy, and emotion that Americans have invested in that land over the last fifteen years. I asked a colleague, Neil Sheehan, a former United Press correspondent who should have won the Pulitzer Prize for his reporting from Vietnam in the mid-1960s, why there hadn't been more truly informative books about Vietnam. Neil's reply was to the point: "It's simple. People just don't want to read about it."

Because the news media, especially television, have saturated the nation with their day-to-day coverage of Vietnam, the majority of the reading public is weary of the whole thing. As a consequence, Americans remain largely ignorant of the country's history, its colonial legacy, its political and social order, and just plain what-makes-the-Vietnamese-tick. This has added to the frustrations of the United States. All too often U.S. political leaders have formulated policies and criticisms as if the Vietnamese were Westerners rather than Asians.

Despite the apathy, a small band of writers has put together a reasonably respectable shelf of books on Vietnam, probably more out of professional conviction than anything else. The pioneer of the present-day literature was undoubtedly the late Bernard B. Fall, a scholar with the instincts and passion for legwork of a war correspondent. A number of capable journalists followed his lead in turning out some of the better books on Vietnam. Other volumes have come from those who served the United States government there and wrote to analyze, defend, or criticize American policies.

The view from the banks of the Potomac has been reported both by journalists and by those who influenced policy decisions. More can be expected from the latter as time passes and they feel the urge to render their mea culpas or justifications for their decisions. The critics have weighed in more with articles than with books. But the scholars have contributed relatively little to the literature, which is probably a reflection of the distaste for the war in the academic community.

Now comes a new batch of books for that still comparatively short shelf. Dennis Bloodworth's *An Eye for the Dragon* is a collection of superb essays that range across the face of Southeast Asia and put Vietnam into a truly

RICHARD HALLORAN of *The New York Times* Washington Bureau reported from Asia for five years.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

25 **"An Eye for the Dragon: Southeast Asia Observed 1954-1970,"** by Dennis Bloodworth; **"The Road from War: Vietnam 1965-1970,"** by Robert Shaplen; **"The Lost Crusade: America in Vietnam,"** by Chester L. Cooper; **"At War with Asia,"** by Noam Chomsky; **"Vietnam and the Silent Majority: The Dove's Guide,"** by Milton J. Rosenberg, Sidney Verba, and Philip E. Converse

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31 **"William Carlos Williams: An American Artist,"** by James E. Breslin; **"A Voyage to Pagany,"** by William Carlos Williams; **"The Williams-Siegel Documentary,"** edited by Martha Baird and Ellen Reiss

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Asian perspective. Robert Shaplen's *The Road from War* is a thoughtful work for the Vietnam buff, if there is such a person. *The Lost Crusade,* by Chester L. Cooper, is solid history interlaced with the observations of an official who influenced policy. Noam Chomsky's *At War with Asia* is a dreary polemic that does little to illuminate. Finally, *Vietnam and the Silent Majority* is a clearly written handbook on rational debate by three social scientists.

Dennis Bloodworth has been a correspondent based in Singapore for *The Observer* of London since 1954. He writes as if he were on a winged racehorse, dashing across the subcontinent to evoke the sights and sounds and smells of city and village, of jungle and rice field, delving into the humor and hate, the affection and avarice, the lives and deaths of a dozen peoples. His book is a moving kaleidoscope, a montage of jumbled impressions, but it comes out cohesive and whole, and when you put it down you cannot help but understand something of that part of the world for which Bloodworth has a remarkable affinity. He says, "my target is not the Asian specialist but a far more important person in the West—the man who does not know Asia at all." He hits dead center. The layman could do no better than to start his reading on Southeast Asia and Vietnam with this book.

Bloodworth is especially deft at delivering striking truths in vivid, succinct terms. Consider: "West and East do not speak the same language, even when it is English." Or, writing of various Western colonial régimes: "The British have a brighter record, but they stand accused of educating nations of dusky clerks into whose minds has been crammed an indigestible porridge of alien fact and fiction such as the dates of Wellington's victories and 'Oh, to be in England now that April's there.'"

Again: "The Americans may have attracted numerous rice-democrats who came to pray so that they could stay to scoff, but the mainspring of Asian ambition was something the East had already learned from the West—nationalism." Still another: "For the educated Southeast Asian of the late Fifties democracy often appeared a delusion and communism the reflex of despair. He was therefore tempted to turn back to his own past to find the key to his own future—a third system that was not listed among the official solutions." And: "Asians are nevertheless fettered by their own traditions, and these may have nothing in common with the moral and egalitarian principles of Jesus, Jefferson, and Karl Marx." Summing up a basic theme: "Nothing is more futile than to try to impose the West's standards upon the East, for the Asian has his own knife-sharp sense of what is fitting."

On Vietnam, Bloodworth quotes from an official record:

> The Viets were extremely difficult to defeat. They did not come out to fight, but hid in their familiar mountains and used the jungle like a weapon. In consequence, neither side could win. The security forces became increasingly fatigued, and the transport problem involved in supporting half a million men with food and arms progressively worsened. The Viets would raid suddenly, rob, and get away fast, so that just as our army obtained its supplies from the home base, the Viets obtained theirs from our army. Permanent garrisons were established, but the administration only effectively controlled the towns, the plains, and the roads.

Then Bloodworth himself adds: "This is not a chilling glimpse at the history books of 1980 but a fair translation of the official account of the first invasion of 'Vietnam' by Imperial China. It does not describe the frustrations of the twentieth century A.D. but of the third century before Christ."

Bloodworth also has some pointers for the writers and the readers of news dispatches from Asia—or anywhere else. He writes:

> It is the righteous who are to be distrusted. Ambassadors are professional liars, and no one can be more preposterously dishonest than a second-rate politician, unless it is a second-rate academic. . . . The correspondent who is always talking to well-polished premiers or clean and lightly oiled four-star generals is simply blinding his editor with giants.

That should be copied down on page one of every correspondent's notebook.

Like Dennis Bloodworth, Robert Shaplen is a genuine Asia hand. He first arrived on the Asian mainland in 1945, and has been there as a correspondent for *The New Yorker* since 1962. Where Bloodworth strives for a wide context, Shaplen plunges into the mire of an unhappy, stricken Vietnam in painstakingly detailed narrative and pensive analysis. His writing evinces an urbane, serious, and literate mind.

The Road from War is an edited collection of articles originally written for *The New Yorker,* and is meant to be, in Shaplen's words, "history as it unfolded." It is deeply personal history. "I have considered my chief function to be one of interpretive reportage, but, subjectively, frustration, like hope, is a double-edged sword, and no man can observe a tragedy such as Vietnam without becoming part of it and suffering its anguish."

Anguish is the theme that runs through the book. "Escalation has many forms," Shaplen writes from Saigon in June 1967. One senses it not only in the ever-growing numbers of men and machines all over Vietnam but in sadder, more personal ways, too. On the sidewalks of the city today, roaming all day and often until the midnight curfew, one can see small girls and boys of eight or nine carrying their infant brothers or sisters on their backs because their mothers have to work in order to make ends meet for families that hardly ever meet any more themselves."

In a postscript Shaplen foresees situations similar to Vietnam in the future, not only in Asia but elsewhere.

> We must, for our own salvation, discover more about the significance of time and timing, about when to move swiftly or slowly, about when to use

(*Continued on page 76*)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE BARE BODKIN

Lois B. Davis of Macon, Ga., calls the roll of ladies who died by their own fair hands, and asks you to identify each by her station, circumstances, or occupation, and to name their biographers. Answers on page 52.

1. Christine Mannon ( )	A. queen	a. Dos Passos
2. Chrysis ( )	B. society girl	b. Ibsen
3. Eveline Hutchins ( )	C. hero's wife	c. Louys
4. Goneril ( )	D. lady with a past	d. O'Neill
5. Hedvig Ekdal ( )	E. actress	e. Pinero
6. Jocasta ( )	F. courtesan	f. Racine
7. Lily Bart ( )	G. general's wife	g. Shakespeare
8. Paula Ray ( )	H. interior decorator	h. Sophocles
9. Phèdre ( )	I. young daughter	i. Wharton
10. Sybil Vane ( )	J. duchess	j. Wilde

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

What Is Greatness?

I AM GRATEFUL FOR your reviewer's detailed consideration of my book of short stories, *The Wheel of Love* [*SR*, Oct. 24], but I am somewhat perplexed at his final judgment: the book "lacks what every great work of fiction has—the sense of a deep involvement with life." This is the second time that a reviewer for your magazine has written a decidedly negative review of a book of mine because, in his opinion, it fails to achieve "greatness."

What is this "greatness"? Who has set out to be "great"—to be an equal of Stendhal, Flaubert, Dostoevsky? Is every book that fails to reach such heights deserving of flippancy and scorn? Where are the "great" reviewers of our day? Frankly, I have never heard of Robert Emmet Long, "assistant professor of English" at Queens College, and I resent his stating blandly that I am not "really interested in people." It happens that I am deeply interested in people and in writing about them. And I am certainly baffled at the critical reception I am receiving, especially from *SR*.

JOYCE CAROL OATES,
Windsor, Ont.

MR. LONG'S REVIEW of *Wheel of Love and Other Stories* is intelligent and well-balanced until he says, "Miss Oates is not really interested in people, only in mental states. . . . *The Wheel of Love* . . . lacks . . . the sense of a deep involvement with life."

I could not agree less. People *are* mental states, and Miss Oates is obsessed with people as she is obsessed, it seems to me, with life, with the total human being.

After spending a summer reading and trying to absorb all of her fiction, I have come to the realization that Joyce Carol Oates, through her fiction, is trying to come to terms with her own mind, her own past, her own mental state. I find this "battle" and this quest not foreign to reality, but closely allied to it, and the beauty of Miss Oates's fiction is that she verbalizes this universal dilemma so well. I think that her works are filled with violence because she is. At least the picture I have of Miss Oates is that of a shy and frightened human being who never expressed anger and fear. It is because of this that I believe she invents stories that help her both live out and understand these feelings.

I think Miss Oates is not only involved with people, she likes them. I feel that she is also afraid of them. All of these things make her very human and make her fiction very real.

ANNE W. CHEATHAM,
Charlotte, N.C.

"Territorial Imperative"?

MELVIN TUMIN'S REVIEW of *The Social Contract*, by Robert Ardrey [*SR*, Oct. 24], is revealing about the professor but tells us little about the book. He seems to be jealously guarding a turf he feels is his own and resents anyone impinging on it.

This reminded me of how overrated the average scientist is. Actually, the vast bulk of them are about as entitled to awed respect as an equal number of dentists. Beyond the half-dozen really greats who come along in a century the drop to the very next layer is a quantum jump. By far the great bulk of the researchers are engaged in piddling efforts doomed to come to naught.

But let the most intelligent layman express any sort of opinion on their subjects and they rise up in a solid phalanx to defame him and support the "conventional wisdom." The whole act is an example of the "Territorial Imperative."

HAROLD E. WHEELER,
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

PROFESSOR TUMIN'S REVIEW is a devastating indictment of his own scholarship. In fact, it is so thoroughly ruthless that I can't help wondering how much emotional prejudice against the ideas in the book stems from Mr. Tumin's feeling that these ideas challenged his own cherished beliefs.

In a time when we are facing a crisis of questioning concerning national policy, Mr. Ardrey's book serves to remind us of the broader background of social development as opposed to the immediate individual and group demands on that policy. There is a need for positive action. There is a need for priorities. Unless we are to move from visceral reaction, we must have a rationale for selection or choices. While Mr. Ardrey's inquiries do not provide a blueprint, at least they remind us of broader considerations affecting societal survival. I hope there will be more comment in this area.

MARGARET P. VARDA,
Madison, Wis.

Final Round

I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER something has got into Benjamin DeMott, or whether he is always that way. This letter is to serve notice that he cannot be obtuse at my expense. I trust you will not begrudge me the space necessary to document my innocence of a very grave charge leveled against me in your pages, and then restated in your pages a few weeks later.

1. DeMott said about me in his review [*SR*, Aug. 8]: "The writer's pet minority causes are grotesque: He insists, for instance, that the backers of apartheid in South Africa are victims of persecution, harassed by 'bigots' who have refused all effort to understand what they are trying to do.' " He proceeds to quote a passage from *Quotations from Chairman Bill* in which I say *one thing*: that the people in South Africa that I ran into who believe in apartheid believe in it sincerely. As much can be said about many Communists.

2. I write a letter, and you publish it [BOOK FORUM, Aug. 29], wherein I say: "How strange, not to say irresponsible, that Benjamin DeMott should lead off his review of my books by setting up 'apartheid' as one of my 'pet minority causes.' The passage from which he constructs this charge does not refer to the issues of apartheid, but to the bona fides of the people who were administering that doctrine at the time I visited with them. The passage is from an article I wrote in 1963, which condemned apartheid; about which I have not written since. So much for that 'pet cause.' "

3. Astonishingly, DeMott now reacts [BOOK FORUM, Sept. 5] by totally ignoring one aspect of my complaint (that apartheid is one of my "pet" causes); and by going on to reaffirm his original charge. He writes: "I never imagined any words of mine could nudge Mr. Buckley out of the blank uncaringness about cruelty and oppression that sometimes masquerades as 'unsentimentality' in his pages. But I did assume he was above smearing reviewers for quoting him exactly."

Now if Mr. DeMott is incapable of dis-

(*Continued on page 77*)

"Hell's bells, Cassidy—you're the worst troubleshooter we've ever had!"

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ROBERT E. SHERWOOD: Reluctant Moralist

by Walter J. Meserve

Pegasus, 231 pp., $6.95

THE ORDEAL OF A PLAYWRIGHT: Robert E. Sherwood and the Challenge of War

by John Mason Brown

Harper & Row, 320 pp., $10

Reviewed by Norris Houghton

■ Fifteen years ago this week, on November 14, 1955, Robert Emmet Sherwood died. What a wholly appropriate moment, therefore, to look back, before mists of forgetfulness begin to gather, at that gaunt crag of a man who loomed so high—both literally and figuratively—on the American theatrical horizon for more than a decade and on the broader American scene for another decade and a half thereafter.

I attended my first Broadway theater the season his first play opened there: the year, 1927; the play, *The Road to Rome*. I remember it well, and I recall with warmth and gratitude the pieces that flowed from his pen in the succeeding seasons—*The Queen's Husband, Reunion in Vienna* (I missed *Waterloo Bridge* and *This Is New York*), *The Petrified Forest, Idiot's Delight, Tovarich, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, There Shall Be No Night*; then, after the momentous hiatus, *The Rugged Path*. They epitomized the best American theater at its most typical: humorous, urbane, not a little sentimental, thoughtful but not profound, sharp-eyed and warmhearted, angry in the cause of righteousness, hopeful "of man's unconquerable aspiration to dignity and freedom and purity in the sight of God," as he phrased it in *There Shall Be No Night*.

Part of the joy in recollecting these Sherwood plays derives from the memory of the performances his richly conceived characters evoked from Jane Cowl and Philip Merivale, from Roland Young, from the Lunts, from Leslie Howard and Humphrey Bogart, Marta Abba, Raymond Massey, Spencer Tracy. What solid craftsmanship went into our theater in those years! And no better craftsman was at work then than Robert Sherwood.

It is not a little nonplussing, therefore, to read Walter J. Meserve's *Robert E. Sherwood: Reluctant Moralist* and find that Sherwood could do little right. Rarely has a biographer so insistently sought to disenchant the reader with his subject as has Professor Meserve. It begins at the beginning: Of *The Road to Rome*, Meserve reports that "the wit and humor were generally criticized for heavy-handedness. . . . The plot of the play also has definite weaknesses." He concludes that it "can scarcely be considered important in American drama."

Waterloo Bridge he finds "has almost no intrigue, little action, and poor characterization. . . . Sherwood also failed to put much humor in his play and did not provide effective sentiment." *The Virtuous Knight* elicits the judgment that "Although the bare plot sounds as if the novel might contain some penetrating comments, it does not."

The ideas in *The Petrified Forest* strike Meserve as "certainly garbled." Sherwood, he asserts, "lacks a penetrating and unified approach and, as he obliquely admitted, had to resort to a hokey and romantic conclusion." And, reporting on the critical reception of *Idiot's Delight*, he informs us that the consensus was "it lacked a unified spirit, was intellectually confused, and evidently too subtle in its theme." Of *There Shall Be No Night* Meserve reports that "neither then nor now have critics called it good drama. . . . Anyone reading the play from a reasonable perspective of time realizes that it really is not much of a play."

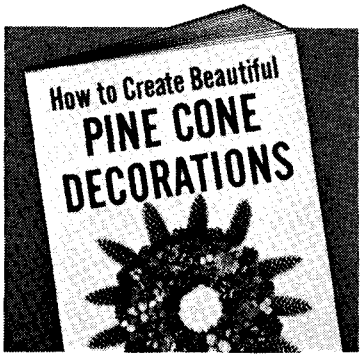
So much for the works of Robert Sherwood, "reluctant moralist." What of the work of Walter Meserve, his reluctant biographer? It is certainly a painstaking job. His volume, recounts the salient facts of his subject's life both in the theater and in public affairs. It contains brief summaries of the plots of all the plays. It acknowledges that, despite the reservations cited above and although "he was not an experimenter in form or structure" nor "a dramatist of searching ideas or deep insight," Sherwood "simply knew how to write a play." (Well, that's something.)

"You cease living your own life when you start writing someone else's," wrote John Mason Brown in the introductory pages of his *The World of Robert E. Sherwood*, the antecedent volume to *The Ordeal of a Playwright*. "Your mind and heart have a new tenant," he discovered. The trouble with Walter Meserve's book arises from the fact that his mind and heart were apparently unable (or unwilling) to accept Sherwood as "a new tenant." He insists on standing outside his subject—for better objectivity, he doubtless felt—and the result is a humorless study of a great humorist, a dispassionate appraisal of a passionate man. Its principal virtue is that it brings together in manageable space most of the facts we need to know about Robert Sherwood, for what they may be worth.

John Mason Brown, on the other hand, opened his mind and heart to his subject with such generous prodigality that he was destined never to come to its end. "If ever a man and his subject were born for each other, these two were," wrote Archibald MacLeish after the appearance of *The World of Robert E. Sherwood* in 1965. I can only echo his observation in the context of this second volume. Both were men of wit and spirit. Both loved the theater but saw the world beyond its portals. It is that concern which is the subject of *The Ordeal of a Playwright*.

The "ordeal" Sherwood underwent was Brown's also. As the dramatist felt the urgency for America and himself to act in the face of totalitarianism's menace, so, we know, did the critic. Sherwood acted by joining William Allen White's Defend America Committee, by turning out *There Shall Be No Night*, by joining the Roosevelt administration; Brown acted by abandoning his first-night seats and his lecture engagements and joining the navy. It was an "ordeal" for both men, for both loathed war and loved the world they were giving up for the sake of what they recognized as a higher responsibility. "There is no right place in which to hear that war has come," writes Brown. "Not for the thinking or for the feeling, not for the remembering or the foreseeing."

Most of the one hundred pages that



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John Brown had completed before his death for this volume, which also usefully includes the text of *There Shall Be No Night*, are concerned with Sherwood's conversion from a man of peace to a man of war. It does so principally by recounting in detail the writing and production of that play. One wishes that Brown had had time to tell us more about the war years; surely he intended to amplify this critical and fascinating period of Sherwood's life. The only major incident he records is the playwright's last luncheon with FDR at the White House in April 1945, and the events surrounding the death of the President.

It is unnecessary to remind readers of *SR*, to which John Mason Brown was a major contributor for so many years, of his matchless felicity as a phrasemaker. But it is gratifying to report, on the evidence of this slender volume, that his power remained undiminished to the end. As one puts down *The Ordeal of a Playwright*, one hears his lilting Kentucky cadences in one's mind's ear and knows that it will never be altogether stilled.

Norris Houghton, co-founder of the Phoenix Theatre in Manhattan, is at present dean of theater arts at the State University of New York's new college at Purchase.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: An American Artist

by James E. Breslin

Oxford University Press, 246 pp., $6.95

A VOYAGE TO PAGANY

by William Carlos Williams

New Directions, 267 pp., $7.95; paperback, $2.95 (Reissue)

THE WILLIAMS-SIEGEL DOCUMENTARY

edited by Martha Baird and Ellen Reiss

Definition Press, 208 pp., $5.95; paperback, $2.95

Reviewed by William Heyen

■ Professor James E. Breslin meant his study of William Carlos Williams to be read, and it should be. I've seldom come across criticism so balanced, unpretentious, honest. Breslin has read virtually everything on and by Williams, and his book is quietly learned and filled with fresh insights, presented clearly and enthusiastically. Williams means a great deal to him. To read this fine book is to read a critic who is involved: he senses, with Williams, that the issues are damn serious, a matter of the survival of self and of poetry. If I have deep reservations about Williams's preferences and prejudices, I am never in doubt that in Breslin the poet has found a most able and persuasive spokesman.

Breslin's approach to Williams is primarily generic. After chapters on Williams's early development and on his revolt against traditional ways of rendering experience, Breslin moves, in turn, to: 1) *Spring and All* (1923) as a new and important lyric form in which the poet celebrates chaos, fluidity, matter in motion, while repudiating the romantic ego and idealistic philosophy that bulwarked it. 2) *In the American Grain* (1925), Williams's eccentric historical study, in which the poet recreates the past through archetypal character rather than through action, and finds our frustration and violence to be rooted in the imposition of a ready-made culture on inhabitants of a new world who would have done better to submit, as did Daniel Boone, to primitive forces, natural rhythms. 3) "The Fiction of a Doctor," both short and long, which is uneven but illustrates Williams's lifelong concern with the struggle for form as a fictional subject, and his abiding interest in social and historical forces in conflict with

(*Continued on page* 39)

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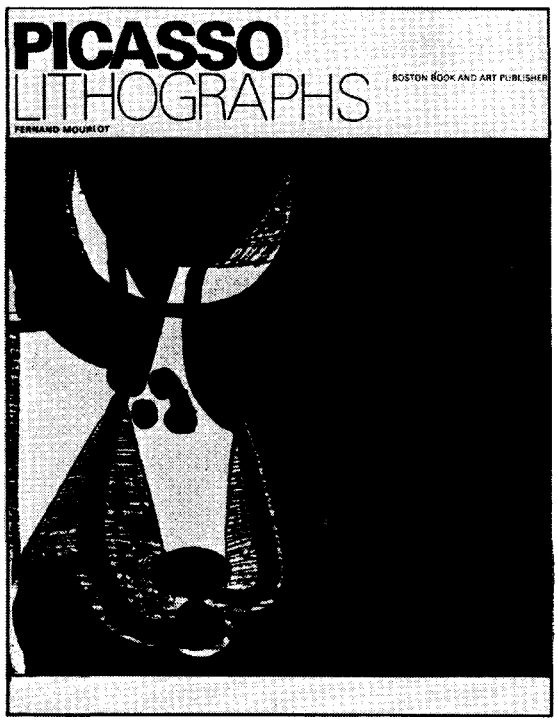

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Choosing and Using Picture Books

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

One of the two most frequent questions asked by *SR* correspondents is how to choose a book for very small children. (The other goes something like this: "I am a practice teacher. Would you please send me everything you have about children's books that will help me in my work?") With the coming of the Christmas season and the addition of inexperienced clerks to book departments, it seems a good time to make some comment, possibly biased.

First, I am not opposed to an early start of a home library of children's classics. But the parents of a new baby who choose or are given volumes of Potter and Milne are missing some great books their infant will be ready for much sooner than for those perennial delights.

Choose a simple book for the very young child. He's happy to sit on your lap and listen to your voice reading almost anything; but if it can add to his vocabulary because the pictures and the sounds are identifiable, so much the better. The old nursery rhymes may not enthrall you, but he'll enjoy the rhyme and the rhythm. Children love to pore over a book that has been read to them often and to "read" it themselves. If there is a minimum of print, it is that much easier for them to remember and that much more encouraging as a first reading experience.

Visually sophisticated books are often stunning, and they appeal to adults; but clear colors and simple composition are better choices for the very young. Household objects, vehicles, animals, children engaged in familiar pursuits are preferable to busy pages, abstractions, pop art, or grotesque illustrations, no matter how intriguing you find them.

You can stimulate your child's interest in books by referring to them and quoting from them. Children delight in making connections between their own experiences and those of fictional friends. Unless you are a gravel-voiced monotone, sing the nursery rhymes. Play with sounds; the child will imitate you. And if a book bores the child, forget it. On the other hand, if a book that's a great favorite of his bores you, gnash your teeth while you are alone but read the book as enticingly as you can.

There are now some excellent paperbacks for young children, and a great variety of good (simple) alphabet and color books. If you don't feel you can tell stories, find some way to expose your child to a storyteller. It is a pleasure in itself and it enhances a predilection for print.

The child of three or four is ready for humor and action. He can appreciate a funny story that is realistic, or the comedy in nonsense and exaggeration. He's ready to get ready to read now. Encourage it! Talk about letter sounds, invent nonsense rhymes with him. If he asks questions about letters and words, answer, but don't insist on his learning them.

Examine very carefully the books you buy or borrow from the library. You know better than anyone else your own child's ability and the stage of development he has reached. He may be a devoted watcher of *Sesame Street*, but find that the books based on the program are confusing. If he's one of the rare children who don't like fantasy, don't force it on him. Read poetry to him.

Almost ready for school? Get out the

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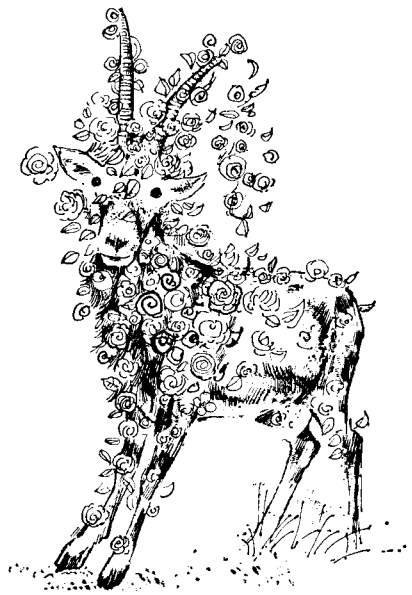
saved Milne and Potter, read the *Just So Stories* aloud, but by all means give him, too, some of the wonderful books now being published for beginning readers. He'll soon be reading them himself, and you'll have contributed to a deep pleasure he'll have all his life.

For the Youngest

Shapes and Things. *By Tana Hoban. Macmillan. 32 pp.* $4.95. This has no words, tells no story; yet it is a book through which a small child may wish to browse, alone or with a friend to share the pleasure of recognizing simple things by their shapes. The technique used is the photogram, in which an object is placed directly on photographic paper under specified conditions and then processed. The objects, white on black, are almost wholly in silhouette, although there are hints of shadow. Some of the pages are almost blunt: a single apple. Some are arranged in patterns on a theme: tools, sewing things, kitchen utensils. Very attractive, useful for discussion, good for stirring perceptual acuteness. Ages 2-5.

I Wonder What's Under. *By Doris Herold Lund. Illustrated by Janet McCaffery. Parents' Magazine Press. 42 pp.* $3.95. Once you get accustomed to the fact that the double-page spreads are to be viewed sideways, the adroit fictional exploration of concepts of depth and placement is intriguing, bolstered by a pleasant story in light, humorous style. A father and son (son stalling at bedtime, father patiently accepting the ploy) discuss what is under the bed, under the rug under the bed, under the floor that is the ceiling of the room below, etc. Finally, satisfied that his universe is in order, the boy nestles down to sleep. Children enjoy the satisfaction of placing themselves in their environment, and both stories and pictures afford such enjoyment. Ages 3-6.

The Fisherman Who Needed a Knife. *By Marie Winn. Illustrated by John E. Johnson. Simon & Schuster. 40 pp.* $3.50. Perky little drawings illustrate a useful little book that introduces to small children the reason why we use money instead of exchanging goods. Once upon a time everybody exchanged what they had for what they wanted, but the fisherman who needed a knife was stopped by the fact that the man who made knives didn't want a fish. The knife-maker did want a new hat; the hat-maker wanted to trade for a nice, crusty loaf of bread, and so on. The fisherman traded and traded until he got his knife, and the two men discussed the happy possibility of a common medium of exchange, and decided upon small pieces of metal. Eureka! A few suggestions to adults, on activities to reinforce the concept of money, are appended. Ages 4-7.



—From "A Book of Magical Beasts"

Elizabeth Gets Well. *By Alfons Weber. Illustrated by Jacqueline Blass. Crowell. 31 pp.* $4.50. First published in Switzerland in 1969, the story of Elizabeth's hospital stay was written by a pediatrician to assuage the fears of small patients. The illustrations are gay and attractive, with most of the scenes set in a small pediatrics ward. Elizabeth feels unwell at school, and her illness is diagnosed as appendicitis. She is given a shot when she gets to the hospital and is sleepily aware that she is being taken into the operating room. In a light and easy style the story describes her convalescence, incorporating details of hospital routine. Since there are other children in the ward, the book has a bit more variety than most hospital stories. Ages 4-7.

Mira! Mira! *By Dawn C. Thomas. Illustrated by Harold L. James. Lippincott, 42 pp.* $3.50. Clean, realistic line drawings illustrate a short but satisfying story about a small Puerto Rican's first day in New York. Ramon and Momma are met at the airport by Uncle Garcia and his family, who are proud of their car and their apartment in a tall building. Ramon thrills to everything. He feels a bit timorous about the fast-moving elevator, yet he dares to get on alone. The other children have gone out to play, and Ramon, seeing snow for the first time, cannot wait for the clothes Momma has gone to buy. The scene of joyful acquaintance with snow is charming, the story nicely told. There are many other good but somber books about Puerto Rican adjustment to New York; it's nice to have one that's full of pleasure and excitement. Ages 5-8.

The Beaver Pond. *By Alvin Tresselt. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. 36 pp.* $4.50. Beautiful pictures in full color, bright and delicate, show the abundance of wildlife in the pond from the first invasion of the industrious beavers who have dammed a small stream, through the changing colors of the season, to the abandonment of the dam years later. The colony grows and prospers, the beavers raise their families and fight enemies, and the friendly animals flourish in a balanced ecology. Written with quiet dignity, this is unobtrusively informative and lovely to look at. Ages 5-8.

Hi, Cat! *Written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Macmillan. 36 pp.* $4.50. Peter, the beguiling solo performer of Keats's Caldecott-winning *A Snowy Day*, is old enough now to step back and give the stage to his younger friend Archie. On his way to meet Peter, Archie passes a stray cat, and says, casually, "Hi, cat!" Dressed in a paper bag, Archie is clowning away for the benefit of Peter and other friends when the cat scrambles into his costume. The bag bursts, Peter's dog gives enthusiastic chase, the cat disappears. That night, while Archie tells his mother that the cat liked him, the cat, visible to the reader but not to Archie, sits expectantly on the doorstep. The modest action has the appeal of everyday things, an urban background, and a clownish humor, which are given vitality by the colorful collage-and-paint pictures of bright brown faces. Ages 5-8.

A Firefly Named Torchy. *Written and illustrated by Bernard Waber. Houghton Mifflin. 46 pp.* $4.95. "Eat your dinner and some day you will grow up as big and as bright as your father," Torchy's mother told him. So he did. Or maybe he overdid, because Torchy's light was so glaring that it woke all the nocturnal creatures, who scolded him and demanded: "TURN OFF THAT LIGHT!" Poor Torchy just couldn't produce a normal twinkle, and he moped about until the night he discovered the lights of the big city, a setting against which he could swoop and shine in happy

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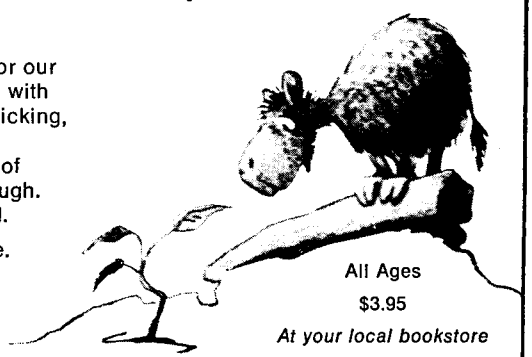

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oblivion—or maybe it was conformity. This daft little tale has a modicum of message and a maximum of fun. The pert writing is outshone by the brilliant arabesques of color and movement in the illustrations. Ages 5-9.

The Flight of the Snow Goose. *By Berniece Freschet. Illustrated by Jo Polseno. Crown.* 42 *pp.* $3.50. Softly drawn pictures, dramatic in black and white, illustrate a straightforward, simply written account of the life cycle of the wild snow goose. The gander and his mate journey from their winter home in California to Alaska each spring. They nest and mate; their five downy offspring quickly learn the lessons of self-preservation, always guarded and defended by the parent geese. Incorporated into the story of their fall migration are the threats posed by pollution, the hunters, predators, and the weather, and the sanctuary provided by a wildlife refuge. Ages 7-9.

Shrimp's Soccer Goal. *By Beman Lord. Illustrated by Harold Berson. Walck.* 63 *pp.* $3.75. Shrimp, who loved football, had looked forward to having Mr. Allen as a home-room teacher, because Mr. Allen always had a football team. Disaster! Instead of Mr. Allen, the new teacher was Miss Taylor. But she had become a soccer fan while living in Brazil, and, when she discovered that nobody knew the game, explained it with enthusiasm. This led to the formation of a team and to scheduled games, which resulted in class rapport and twenty-eight staunch soccer fans. The description of soccer is smoothly incorporated, the balance of game sequences and other interests is sensible, and the prowess of the new team believably moderate. Lively drawings add to the attraction of a good sports story. Ages 7-9.

Robins Fly North, Robins Fly South. *Written and illustrated by John Kaufmann. Crowell.* 48 *pp.* $3.75. Sharp, clear, delicately detailed pictures of robins fill these pages with movement. The text focuses on the thesis that the movements of robins are guided by the sun's position at different times of the day. Migration, while discussed in detail, is treated as part of the robin's life-cycle and its relationship to the environment, all in the simplest of terms and straightforward style. Ages 7-9.

For the Middle Group

The First Child. *Written and illustrated by Rosemary Wells. Hawthorn.* 32 *pp.* $4.25. Father's feet hurt. "Father," the First Child said, "if you let me wander in the great ocean, maybe I can find you a pedicure." His mother said he was much too young, but she finally agreed. So he floated off, learned to swim, and became the First Fish. Then, on the advice of a tree fern, he went on dry land and became the First Turtle, and so, by further stages, the First Boy. Since he is now a thinking creature, he finds a solution to First Father's problem. (Soak feet in sea.) The ludicrous idea of First Father, an amoeba, needing a pedicure is a clue to the daftness of this heretical theory of evolution. The appropriate fauna and flora of the era drift

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through the pages, and the whole thing is a happy, far-out spoof. Ages 8-10.

A House Full of Mice. *By Ruth Link. Illustrated by Marianne Dombret. Atheneum.* 106 *pp.* $3.95. How do you deal with a population explosion when the population consists of visiting mice? Jimmy was even more entranced than his older brother Walt by their friend's pair of mice, and was delighted when the owner went on a trip and agreed to let Walt take care of them. Walt became bored, but Jimmy doted on the mice. And their babies. And their next litter of babies. Obviously something would have to be done. The situation is amusing, and Jimmy's style of reporting is captivatingly natural, especially in the family scenes, which often have a dash of astringent humor. Truly childlike and not a bit childish. Ages 8-10.

My Animals and Me. *By Nan Hayden Agle. Photographs by Emily Hayden. Seabury.* 119 *pp.* $4.95. The old family photographs that illustrate these reminiscences of a childhood on a Maryland farm just before World War I may not have a nostalgic appeal for the young, but the many pictures of animals should delight them, and the author's writing has none of the cloying cuteness that mars so many books of childhood memories written for children. The tone is affectionate but brisk, the anecdotes interesting but not overdramatized, and the whole is enlivened by period details. Ages 8-10.

Mindy's Mysterious Miniature. *By Jane Louise Curry. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* 157 *pp.* $4.50. Mindy had come across the dollhouse herself at an auction, dirt-encrusted but still furnished with objects in perfect scale. Oddly enough, a neighbor, Mrs. Bright, said it was a faithful replica of her old home, which had disappeared mysteriously in 1915. Still more odd was the passionate interest evinced by peculiar Mr. Putt. All these strange facts are explained when Mindy and Mrs. Bright suddenly find that they have shrunk to the size of the house, which had been magically miniaturized by the evil Putt and added to a collection of similar houses. He doesn't know the two are there, nor does he know that the inhabitants of the other houses still exist. In this secret colony of wee people Mindy and her friend struggle to get back to real life and full size. In this fresh fantasy suspense is relieved by humor and by the rather quaint old characters of the Lilliputian community. Ages 8-11.

Trucks. *By Herbert S. Zim and James R. Skelly. Illustrated by Stan Biernacki. Morrow.* 64 *pp.* $3.75. A bonanza for motor-minded boys, *Trucks* provides well-organized material in a clearly written prose, and the illustrations are meticulously drawn and labeled. The book describes different kinds of trucks, their manufacture and use, fuels, safety measures, terminal assignments, and mechanical upkeep. It also discusses driver training, the truck driver's life, and the Teamsters Union. Ages 9-11.

—From "The Fisherman Who Needed a Knife"

A Book of Magical Beasts. *Edited by Ruth Manning-Sanders. Illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Nelson.* 244 *pp.* $4.95. Although some old favorites ("The Tinder Box," Jabberwocky") are included, this is a far from humdrum anthology. The sources are wide, the choices discriminating, the prefatory notes enjoyable. In addition, the black-and-white drawings are delightful and the print large and readable. Among the poems, short stories, and excerpts are an entertaining variant of "The Bremen Town Musicians," one of the Border ballads, many European folk and fairy tales, and E. Nesbit's hilarious "The Last of the Dragons." Ages 9-11.

Ride the Ice Down! U.S. and Canadian Icebreakers in Arctic Seas. *By Terry Shannon and Charles Payzant. Illustrated with photographs. Golden Gate.* 80 *pp.* $4.50. The Coast Guards of Canada and the United States cooperate in the unending task of keeping the ice-filled waters of the Arctic seas open to navigation. Some icebergs are nearly a mile long, and some tower higher than a thirty-story building. It was the *Titanic*'s disastrous collision with one that led to the formation of the International Ice Patrol. Here the authors follow the voyage of the *SS Manhattan* in 1969 through the Northwest Passage. The book is filled with dramatic incidents, historic achievements, and fascinating information about the terrors and techniques of clearing seas of "frozen battleships." Ages 9-12.

Boris. *By Jaap ter Haar. Translated from the Dutch by Martha Mearns. Illustrated by Rien Poortvliet. Delacorte.* 152 *pp.* $4.50. Published in 1966 in Holland, where it was cited as the Book of the Year, *Boris* was written by a Dutch historian who served in the World War II underground. Its protagonist is a boy of twelve who is living through the German siege of Leningrad in 1942. Desperate for food for himself and his sick mother, Boris goes with an older friend, Nadia, to forage for potatoes in a forbidden area. They are picked up by German soldiers, who compassionately feed them, and—showing a white flag—take them back to the Russian lines, risking their own lives. Boris, who has shared the hatred for Germans, now realizes that in war the common man is the victim everywhere. The theme is forgiveness, but the

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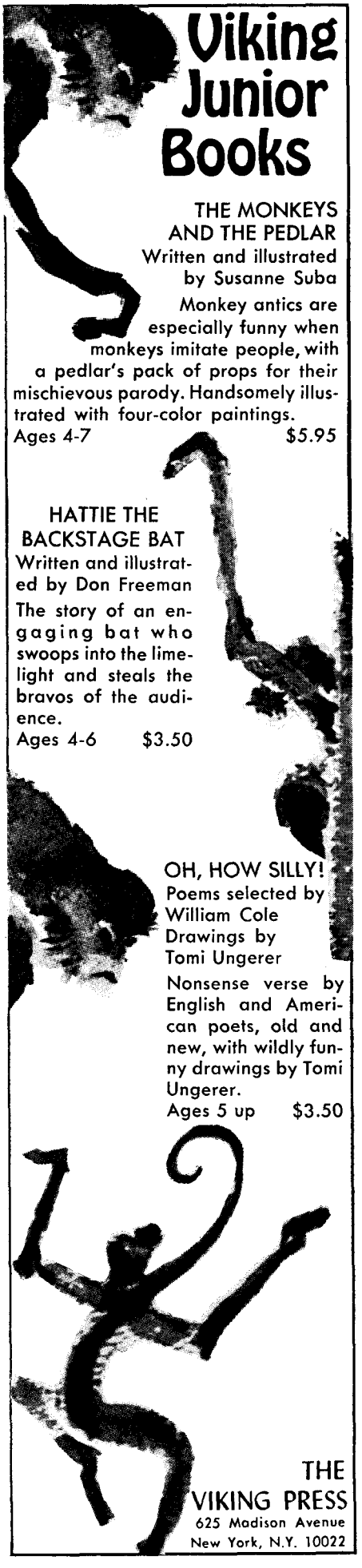
book vividly pictures the suffering and courage of a besieged people. Ages 10-12.

Leo the Lioness. *By Constance C. Greene. Viking.* 118 *pp.* $3.95. "I myself do not have a figure. I probably never will," Tibb mourns. Thirteen can be a very bad age, especially when your sister is fifteen, attractive to boys, and the owner of a bikini. Tibb consoles herself by remembering that she is a Leo, which she firmly believes is the best sign in the zodiac. Leos are strong and steadfast and practically everything good. The year brings disappointments: the babysitter whom she still reveres marries out of necessity, Tibb's best friend becomes boy-crazy, and the moods of her sister are a real burden. There's no strong story line, but the casual vitality of the writing and the homeliness of Tibb's adolescent problems, leavened by humor, are captivating, and the family relationships are perceptively drawn. Ages 10-12.

The Landmark History of the American People: From Appomattox to the Moon. *By Daniel J. Boorstin. Illustrated with prints and photographs. Random House.* 193 *pp.* $4.95. The Go-Getters, Daniel Boorstin calls them, the energetic men who changed everyday life in the century after the Civil War: outdoor men and miners, inventors and businessmen, cattlemen and engineers, all the enthusiastic and vigorous Americans who transformed America and shaped the American way of life. Like the first volume in the series (*From Plymouth to Appomattox*, reviewed in *SR*, Mar. 22, 1969) this eschews the traditional method of historical presentation and focuses briefly and briskly on cultural phenomena, regional patterns, and causative factors, while not ignoring major historical events and outstanding people. Ages 10-13.

Call Me Bandicoot. *Written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Harper & Row.* 63 *pp.* $3.95. Crossing on the Staten Island ferry, the nameless narrator has met a sly-looking boy with a gift of gab and an equal gift for grab: each segment of the tall, tall story of Ermine Bandicoot, junior entrepreneur, has to be paid for with food. At the end of the trip the audience of one, aware that he has been conned, follows young Bandicoot . . . but the ending is too good to tell. William Pène du Bois paints with consummate artistry and humor, writes with panache, and clearly enjoys the absurd but believable characters he creates. Ages 10-14.

(George). *Written and illustrated by E. L. Konigsburg. Atheneum.* 152 *pp.* $4.95. When he was small, Benjamin Carr had told his mother about George, who lived inside him and spoke to him. After his brother Howard was born, Mrs. Carr expected Ben to stop talking about George, so he did—except, years later, to Howard. Howard believed in George because he could hear him, too. Worried about his divorced mother's suitor, afraid he would be sent to live with his father, Ben began to quarrel with George. The evidence of schizoid personality became obvious enough to require psychiatric



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treatment, and the book closes with a jump to the future and Ben's cure. This sympathetic story avoids morbidity or melodrama by means of the context: a natural, easy home situation; the cheerful, slightly comic suitor; lively dialogue and skillful writing. Ages 10-14.

For Older Boys and Girls

The Devil's Children. *By Peter Dickinson. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 188 *pp.* $4.95. Although this is the third story in a fanciful trilogy, it precedes the first two chronologically. *The Weathermonger* and *Heartsease* were tales of adventure in an England that had reverted to the bigotry of medieval times; *The Devil's Children* is a story of the beginning of those times, the Changes. Left by her parents in a deserted London, Nicky Gore is taken in by a band of Sikhs. They have not shared in the mass reaction of repugnance to any kind of machine, and Nicky is useful to them in the way that a canary is useful to miners. She can warn them of danger. They settle in the English countryside, where their neighbors call them "the devil's children"; but when the Sikhs' skill and intelligence foil marauders, a truce is effected. The whole concept is imaginative, the details consistent, and the characters solidly drawn, and the book is fast-paced, well written, and subtle in its message of brotherhood. Ages 11-13.

Barefoot in the Grass: The Story of Grandma Moses. *By William H. Armstrong. Illustrated with reproductions of the paintings of Grandma Moses. Doubleday.* 96 *pp.* $4.95. William Armstrong won the 1970 Newbery Medal for a strong, evocative story about a black sharecropper's family. *Barefoot in the Grass* is a disappointingly florid and folksy biography, filled with such phrases as "None of the drive of his forebears had been lost to the blood of . . ." and "So from Eagle Bridge, New York, the waves encircled the earth with gentle wonder, beauty, and a feeling of peace." It is also peppered with quotation marks used, jarringly, where they seem quite unnecessary: Grandma decides to go to a restaurant "and have a good meal.' " The book does give some interesting details about rural life a century ago, but the style and adulatory tone vitiate their worth. Ages 11-13.

Poetry Is. *By Ted Hughes. Doubleday.* 102 *pp.* $3.95; paperback, $1.95. It is utterly satisfying to read a book whose last page induces regret that there is no more. In an illuminating and elegant series of subject-oriented chapters, based on a BBC series for young people, Ted Hughes uses his own and other people's poetry to analyze the qualities of writing that capture and clarify and expand emotions and impressions. Written, the preface states, "to spur my audience . . . to more purposeful efforts in their own writing," the book is suitable for older readers as well as for the young writers for whom it was intended. Ages 11 up.

Sing Down the Moon. *By Scott O'Dell. Houghton Mifflin.* 137 *pp.* $3.75. When she begins her tale Bright Morning is fourteen, content in the peaceful way of the Navaho, confident of the future. But the patterned life of the community is destroyed when the white man comes, in 1864, to drive the Indians away. "The sky was gray and the air smelled of bitter wind," she says, when the Long Knives forced them to start the long march to Fort Sumner. "Like sheep before the shepherd, we went without a sound." As in O'Dell's Newbery Award-winning *Island of the Blue Dolphins,* there is a poetic sonority of style, a sense of identification, and a note of indomitable courage and stoicism that is touching and impressive. Ages 11-14.

High Meadow: The Ecology of a Mountain Meadow. *By Eleanor B. Heady and Harold F. Heady. Illustrated by Harold F. Heady. Norton/Grosset & Dunlap.* 126 *pp.* $4.50. After a first chapter that pictures the evolution of the meadow from a glacial basin formed in the Ice Age, *High Meadow* rambles peacefully and perceptively through the seasons of the year. The emphasis is always on interaction: the cycle of predators that keeps each group in balance, the destructiveness of men and the adaptation of nature, the trees that feed and house but that would encroach on the meadow if they were not used. Woven through the description of flora and fauna are discussions of the hydrologic cycle, the chain of life, survival of the fittest, adaptation and protection, and the food web. Ages 11-14.

Ravensgill. *By William Mayne. Dutton.* 174 *pp.* $4.25. Judith and Mick are aware that there is some mystery in the family past, something their grandmother doesn't want talked about. Judith is curious, Mick brusquely insistent that they let it be. It has something to do with another household over the Yorkshire hills, where Bob White, Mick's rival in school sports, lives with his eccentric grandmother. Bob ponders and ferrets, and eventually discovers that his grandmother had been accused, forty years before, of harboring her father's murderer. The unraveling of the plot is magnificently adroit, the characters and their intricate relationships created with deftness, while over the whole there is a brooding sense of destiny. Great style, great story. Ages 12-15.

Our Threatened Wildlife: An Ecological Study. *By Bill Perry. Illustrated with photographs and diagrams. Coward-McCann.* 123 *pp.* $4.29. This is far more than the usual sad record of man's callousness in bringing about the extinction of other species. It explains what happens when the balance of nature is disturbed; describes the efforts of governmental agencies and conservation groups in providing national parks, wildlife refuges, national forests, and bird sanctuaries, and discusses the research in wildlife manage-

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ment that is disproving many fondly held theories of predator control. Lucidly and objectively written, the book comprises an impressive survey. Ages 12-15.

A Mighty Hard Road: The Woody Guthrie Story. *By Henrietta Yurchenco assisted by Marjorie Guthrie. Illustrated with photographs. McGraw-Hill.* 159 *pp.* $4.95. Born in an oil town and raised in the shantytowns of the South and Southwest, Woody Guthrie rode the rails and tramped the roads of an America shattered by dust storms and Depression. He loved the land, identifying with its needy and underprivileged, and no amount of success or fame ever changed the simplicity and directness of his personality, the honesty of his approach. It is this integrity that permeates the book, as it brought Woody Guthrie renown and love, the devotion of fans, and the admiring emulation of so many of the folk musicians who followed after him. A moving story for anyone, and a joy for the Guthrie fan. A discography is included. Ages 12-15.

Ceremony of Innocence. *By James Forman. Hawthorn.* 249 *pp.* $4.95. Hans Scholl and his sister Sophie are, as the book begins, being taken away by the Gestapo. Students at Munich University, they have been operating an underground press urging resistance to the Third Reich. As Hans awaits trial, the events of the past flash back, alternating with conversations in which an old friend who is now in the SS pleads with Hans to recant. Both he and Sophie refuse, preferring death with honor. Somber and powerful, the book gives a grim picture of the Nazi régime. It is based on fact: the square before the University of Munich is now called Schollplatz. Ages 12 up.

—From "High Meadow: The Ecology of a Mountain Meadow"

Little Calf. *By Victor B. Scheffer. Adapted from "The Year of the Whale." Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Scribners.* 140 *pp.* $5.95. In describing the first year of a sperm whale, Victor Scheffer also discusses other creatures and phenomena of the deep, teaching without a hint of pedagogy. Little Calf slowly learns the gigantic lessons of self-preservation, while below him the massive older whales dive for food and about him the other ocean

(*Continued on page* 77)

William Carlos Williams

Continued from page 31

man's passional self. 4) *Paterson I-IV* (1946-1951), as a "pre-epic" in which the poet, struggling with the antitheses of given structure and raw experience reiterates the idea that failure and disintegration are necessary to creation. 5) *Paterson V* (1958) and the last poems, which suggest to Breslin that some of the doctor's long wars are by this time over and that, consolidating what he has learned and won, Williams is ready to move out to a new sense of unity and harmony.

I can only suggest here the range of material Breslin deals with and the way in which, to help educate an audience for Williams, he cuts through the bogus critical assumptions that still cluster around and plague Williams's work. For example, Randall Jarrell is right, of course, when he charges *Paterson* with embodying an "Organization of Irrelevance," and declares that "Such organization is *ex post facto* organization: if something is somewhere, one can always find Some Good Reason for its being there, but if it had not been there would one reader have guessed where it should 'really' have gone?" But Jarrell is also dead wrong, and irrelevant himself. He misses the whole point, dismisses the poet's *own* set of assumptions.

There is a sense in which, to read Williams at all, we have to blow our minds clear of the chaff of conventional notions of unity. And this is just a beginning. We have to dismiss our old demands of what a poem must be and do, dismiss our traditional sense of logic, our usual expectations, our ideas of truth and language and meaning in poetry.

Each of Breslin's chapters hammers down the same nail: first, last, and always Williams stood for a poetry of "field" through which ran no path that could serve as a traditional unifying idea or principle. Williams wanted to place no jar in the wilderness. There was no room for the unnatural, and any idea or symbol brought from the poet's conscious mind to the page had its origins in the dead past. A poet of the lower mind, he wanted no directing critical consciousness to inform his work. He wanted to leave himself open to natural origins, as did Whitman before him. He wanted his poems to be objects, mobiles with multiple surfaces, constructs of words that for the sensitive reader would echo and reecho as they made themselves ever new again. There was to be no authorial intrusion on raw material.

Breslin describes "that Kora-like force we have seen animating all of Williams's major work." For Williams, a descent into hell, a sloughing-off of the old consciousness, was necessary. Spring could come only when man welcomed mystery, went on the long journey to the interior, opened himself to a primitive life-force. The asphodel grew in hell as well as along the Passaic. And man, to find beauty in what was traditionally considered ugly, had to strip himself clean.

The descent has many ramifications, to be sure. To Williams, a poem was a renewal. He never stood pat, but intentionally blew up the platforms he had created as he went on, sawed off the limbs that supported him, left his audience behind again and again. He was only interested in new beginnings.

A Voyage to Pagany, first published in a very small edition in 1928 and now reissued by New Directions, represents one of Williams's new beginnings, and grew out of Ezra Pound's challenge to the Rutherford stay-at-home to spend some time in Europe, to get in touch with what Pound called Europe's "live tradition." In 1922 he wrote to Williams: "I think you ought to take a year off or a six months' vacation in Europe. I think you are afraid to take it, for fear of destroying some illusions which you think necessary to your illusions."

Williams was game, spent the first half of 1924 traveling in the Old World, and later recounted his experiences and impressions in *Pagany*, his first novel. Williams's protagonist, a Dr. Evans, a thinly disguised version of the poet himself, is a man burning to write. Encounters with European culture finally drive him deeper into his own sense of self and reaffirm his deepest instincts about art. "Art," he finds, "is a country by itself," and we can complete the life and intellectual commitments of Evans with Williams, who would spend almost all his remaining years on American soil within a half-mile of where he was born.

In his fine introduction to *Pagany* Harry Levin describes Williams's novel as "a spontaneous flow of autobiographical reality." The roughness of Williams's manner, his impatience with niceties, his lyricism, his coming to grips with tradition——these qualities and concerns make it apparent that Williams sensed, rightly, that this work "was important to me in my education as a writer."

Breslin, considering *Pagany* more for its artistic than its historical or cultural importance, objects to "an intense and often oppressive seriousness" in the book, and to its lack of round characterization, its "bombast" and "rapt soliloquy." If Levin and I have enjoyed the novel more than he has, Breslin is no doubt correct in consider-

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ing it one of Williams's weakest pieces of fiction. But reading *Pagany* I again stand back in awe. As a writer and man Williams is a hero, one of the most amazing men who have drawn breath on this continent. His energy and the force of his imagination are incredible, and even when he is weakest, he is well worth reading.

Certainly, throughout his study, Breslin calls what he sees and points out what he believes are lesser achievements by the poet he so much admires. But, theoretically, he stands solidly in Williams's corner, aligns himself with the kind of revolt, freedom, openness, strident dislike for the conventional, that Williams represents. In *Paterson, Book III* Williams's man-city commands: "write carelessly so that nothing that is not green will survive." It is easy to be too general about this, but it is the same old debate—conscious control vs. spontaneity, the use of the past vs. sole reliance on the unfolding present, the "academic" poet vs. the "beat," and even Whitman vs. Emily Dickinson.

Nor, does it seem, has it ever been enough to say that we do not need to make a choice, that two poetries with different sets of assumptions and intentions can coexist. Richard Wilbur has said that he is glad Allen Ginsberg is on the scene. William Buckley has called Ginsberg's "Wales Visitation" "very beautiful." But such magnanimous gestures, Williams would say, do not face up to the seriousness of the issue. He would say that there is a choice to be made, and that if we are going to survive, imaginatively or even physically, we'd better fall in behind him. I believe this is nonsense. But it is such engaging nonsense.

It is fortunate for us that Williams's prejudices drove him to poems. His lifelong obsession with T. S. Eliot was the motivation behind some of his finest work. Professional jealousy, no doubt, is involved, but more important is Williams's genuine conviction that

the English (Williams insisted on this designation) poet's world meant spiritual death. In *I Wanted to Write a Poem* (1958), Williams says of Eliot: "I knew he would influence all subsequent American poets and take them out of my sphere. I had envisaged a new form of poetic composition, a form for the future. It was a shock to me that he was so tremendously successful."

One of the things Williams was arguing was perhaps best stated by Hart Crane: "Unless poetry can absorb the machine, *i.e., acclimatize* it as naturally and casually as trees, cattle, galleons, castles, and all other human associations of the past, then poetry has failed of its full contemporary function." Williams, in fact, often called a poem a "machine." He saw Eliot as recoiling in revulsion from the very things that *were* the modern world, from the very things that would have to be the sources of the modern world's beauty. He saw Eliot's reliance on the past as escapism.

As Breslin defines Williams's third world: "Whitman had opened Williams to the myth of plenitude; Eliot had confronted him with the myth of sterility. Together, they prompted Williams to identify his own informing myth—the discovery of plenty lodged, as it must be in the contemporary landscape, amid barrenness."

In Part III ("The Fire Sermon") of *The Waste Land* Eliot's carbuncular clerk makes automatic love to a typist in her dreary walk-up flat. Eliot's feeling is the same as his typist's: "Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over." Meaningful, creative love is dead in Eliot's early world, and his disgust is as apparent here as it is in the pub scene that ends Part II, "A Game of Chess."

Dr. Williams shook his head at Eliot's despair and searched out the creative seed. Eliot, he argued, wasn't looking deep enough, hadn't immersed himself in the soil, the feminine principle. Eliot, like Paterson, had read too many books, spent too much time in the library. In both his poetry and fiction, keeping his hands immersed in the earth and having faith in its capacity for renewal, and tallying the beauty, the grandeur of the spirits of his downtrodden patients, Williams affirmed. Eliot's "violet hour, . . ./when the human engine waits/Like a taxi, . . ." was the hour to begin again. And to hell with Tiresias-Eliot, that false prophet who foresuffered and foretold the wasted land, whose attachment to bad memories could even ruin April.

Probably, in the end, it is for the best that Williams forgets that poetry is a fiction, true only to our imaginative lives; that no poet is going to save the world or make it, in reality, into something that it isn't. Williams's spleen is creative. Eliot, and what Eliot represented to him, drove the good doctor to distraction and his individual voice.

The Williams-Siegel Documentary, though it wishes to be much more, is, in the end, only a curious footnote to Williams's career. This is its odd story:

In October 1951 Martha Baird sent some poems by her husband, Eli Siegel, poet, critic, and prophet of Aesthetic Realism, to Dr. Williams. After receiving the poems he replied. Indeed he did. Williams's letter to Martha Baird about the virtually unknown Siegel was overwhelming in its praise. The letter, reprinted in the *Documentary* and currently, we are told, in a bank vault, must have been hard even for Siegel himself to believe. Williams says he is "thrilled." He says that Siegel "belongs in the very first rank of our living artists," that he "has outstripped the world of his time in several very important respects." Williams says that one of Siegel's poems, "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana," "out of a thousand others written in the past quarter-century, secures our place in the cultural world." That Siegel's work has been so monumentally ignored, says Williams, is a mark of the failure of criticism in our age. On Williams goes, for more than a thousand words.

Thereafter the Williams-Siegel story, told in the *Documentary* through letters, journal entries, the transcript of a tape recording, and recollections, is filled with nuance and shadow as Siegel, his wife, his wife's father, and Ellen Reiss try to understand why the good doctor turned away from Siegel after writing that lightning bolt of a letter. In January 1952 Williams visits

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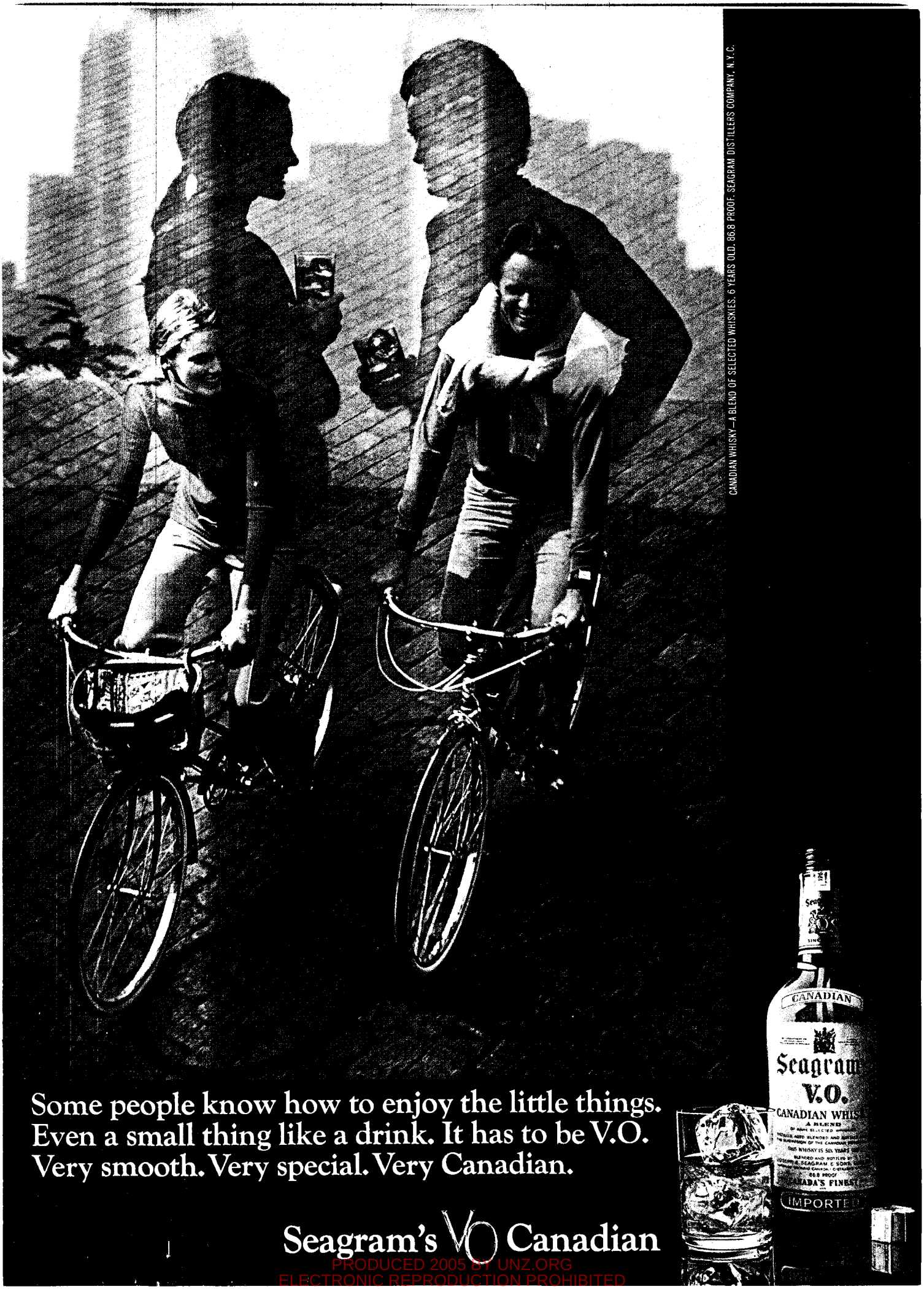
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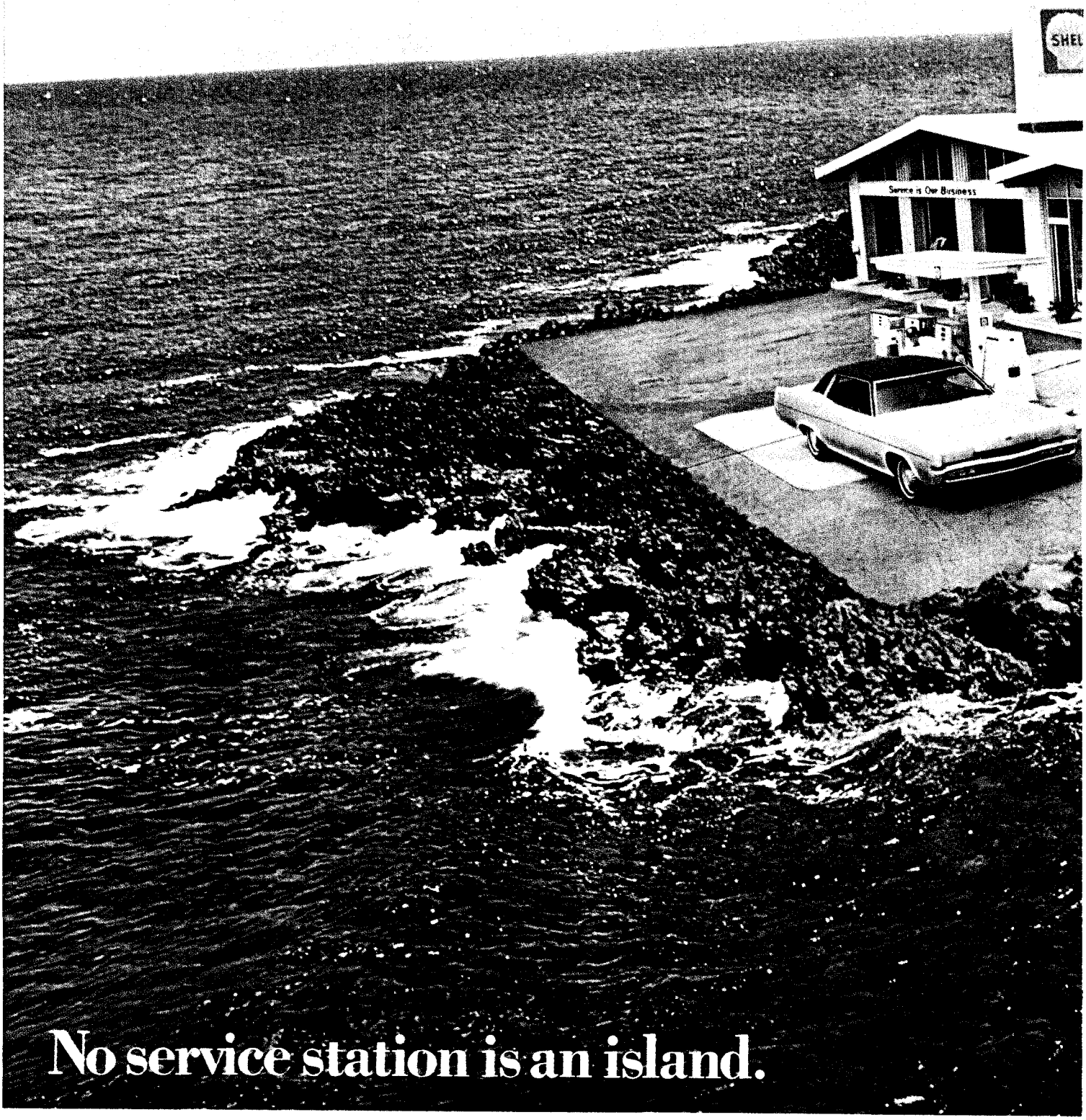

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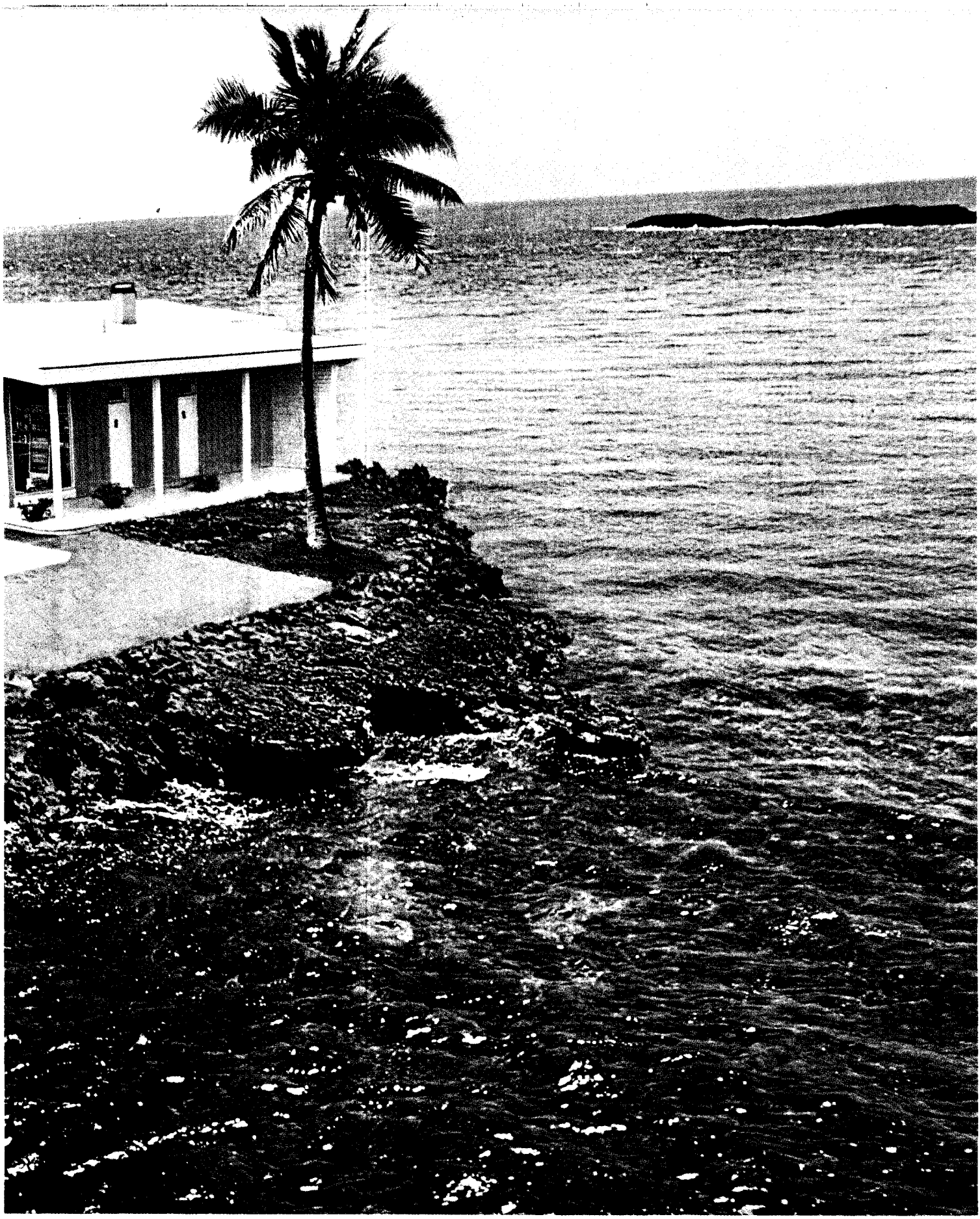

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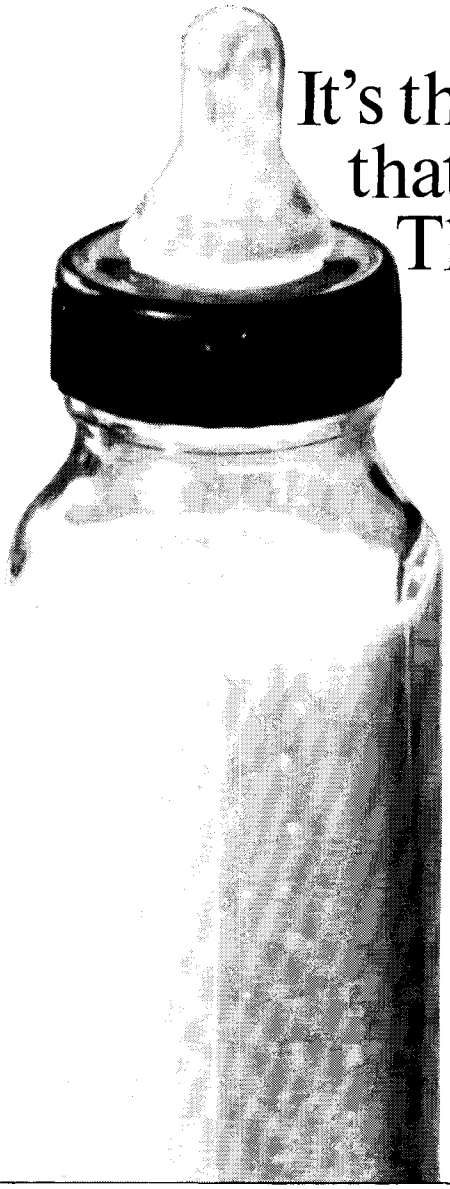

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the Siegels in New York City and all have a fine time, though already Williams seems a bit forgetful about Siegel's poems. In March Siegel lectures on Williams to his class, Williams attending. At this time he says to Siegel: "I am astonished. I value your words." And later: "It's as if everything I've ever done has been for you." At the end of March Williams arranges a reading for Siegel, along with four other new poets, at the Museum of Modern Art. Martha Baird feels that Williams's introduction of her husband is "conservative" and confesses disappointment in her journal.

Now ensues what Ellen Reiss calls "the most significant silence in literary history," with Williams reluctant to push Siegel's career and probably having second thoughts about the letter, and increasing frustration on the part of the Siegels in their attempts to prove to the world that everything Williams says in the letter is true. But the *Documentary* (trust the tale and not the teller, said D. H. Lawrence) speaks better than its editors know: its pages show the gradual development of paranoia. Those abandoned by Williams begin to think a conspiracy has been organized against them. Also, perhaps, there are delusions of grandeur, as when Martha Baird writes to Williams and suggests that he pulled away because he could not bear the Siegel greatness: "So when I say that ES, as he is, so humble and so great, is more than most egos can stand, I am speaking from a great deal of experience." Ellen Reiss writes: "Eli Siegel is a human being, our contemporary, with as vast an amount of knowledge as any person in the history of the world." She also calls him, incidentally, "the greatest critic there has ever been."

Why did Williams draw away? Did the Siegels frighten the reserved doctor and in so doing snatch defeat from the jaws of victory? Does it matter? Should this book have been published? Does it do any more than attempt to breathe life into an issue long since dead?

Well, there are other questions and other little ins and outs to the story. During the course of the *Documentary* Siegel reveals himself as a man of both genius and fudge, as James Russell Lowell said of Poe. The reader will want to fix the proportions himself, and will want to decide whether or not there is less in the *Documentary* than meets the eye.

William Heyen teaches English at the State University of New York at Brockport. His first volume of poems, "Depth of Field," was published earlier this year.

THE POSSESSION OF JOEL DELANEY

by Ramona Stewart

Little, Brown, 246 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Paul Kresh

■ Horror and humor make uneasy literary playmates. Ghosts batten best on darkness, not on the sane glare of laughter. Yet these two elements are constantly seeking each other out, usually in stories that fail either to tickle our funnybones or to frighten us sufficiently. There are no jokes in *The Turn of the Screw*. But Kingsley Amis successfully combined ghosts with guffaws in *The Green Man*, and in *The Possession of Joel Delaney* Ramona Stewart, looking at horror through the twinkling eyes of humor, manages to make the reader's hair stand on end even as he smiles. The secret is in her cool, clean, uncluttered style, and in her way with a tale.

Miss Stewart, whose early books are family stories set in the West, began with *The Surprise Party Complex* to make her theme the predicament of the outcast—the dropout from conventional society trying to find and build a life in a subworld reminiscent of E. E. Cummings's "hell of a good universe next door." That book, and, to a lesser degree, *Professor Descending* and *A Confidence in Magic*, were small-scale idyls wherein the lonely and the unwelcome made landscapes of alienation habitable. Then, in *Casey*, Miss Stewart was inundated by her own research into life in New York a hundred years ago, and her characters dwindled to specks on the overblown canvas of her journalistically reconstructed setting.

In *The Possession of Joel Delaney* she is back once more on the human scale. The story deals with witchcraft, but the research this time is held in firm check; it's the characters who matter. The story is related by Norah Benson, a sheltered middle-class housewife and part-time lady novelist who is trying to recover from the shock of divorce in the cushioning environment of a Manhattan upper East Side converted carriage house, sending her children to a good private school, and coping with no problem more eerie than the barking fits of her sheepdog, The Baron. Yet Norah is no cutout; if she's sane, normal, and comfortable, she's also quirky, alive, perceptive, and amusing—until her brother Joel is late for dinner one night after a bout with LSD in his East Village pad.

The events that follow plunge the civilized Norah and her placid family into a maelstrom of disasters that

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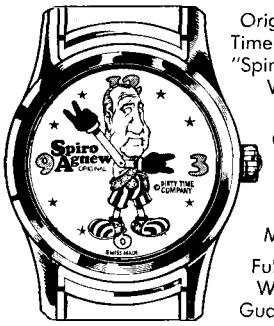

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swirl from the disruption of their household and the loss of their pretty Puerto Rican maid to the murder of a senator's jet-set daughter. Norah finds herself in unpleasant encounters with the police, with curt attendants at Bellevue Hospital, with a glamour-lady psychiatrist, with Puerto Rican practitioners of witchcraft at a blood-freezing séance. The action swings uptown and down, to the *botánicas* and *brujerías* of El Barrio in Spanish Harlem to a conventional yet twisty enough playout in a fogbound summerhouse on Fire Island. And the story proves to be, once more, about the plight of an outcast—this time a Puerto Rican boy named Tonio. Is he a murderer? A ghost? A psychiatric condition? Thereby hangs the tale.

The author knows her New York, her witchcraft, her Norah, her Tonio so well that *The Possession of Joel Delaney,* its events filtered through the kind, keen eyes of its charming heroine, turns out to be not only the most entertaining story of the supernatural since *Rosemary's Baby* but, with its wit and wider range, in some ways even better. Miss Stewart can create more terror with one sheathed switchknife than most of her competitors who come armed with whole arsenals of deadly weapons—and she can make you laugh besides, even while your spine crawls.

Paul Kresh is vice president of Spoken Arts, Inc., and author of "The Power of the Unknown Citizen." He is currently working on a novel.

FLIGHT

by Edmund Fuller

Random House, 245 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ With only a little more than a month to go until graduation, Greg Warren, aged nineteen, suddenly leaves his American school and takes off for Italy. His uncle, Samuel Tilden, a teacher at Greg's school, goes after him, wanting to help the boy and seeking answers for himself.

In cheaper hands, this would have been a "generation-gap" novel. But, because Edmund Fuller is a thinking man willing to tackle questions that have no easy answers, he has eschewed the fictional sensationalism so readily available to the writer who is after a fast buck. Though Greg has tried pot, though he takes a girl along when he flees and his attempt at escape ends when he nearly kills himself with tincture of opium, these materials are never used to titillate the reader. Instead, they are offered as part of a phenomenon of our time, with one decent, confused young man representing many; with one older man—surely the author, thinly disguised as teacher-narrator — representing a generation that is trying to help and understand.

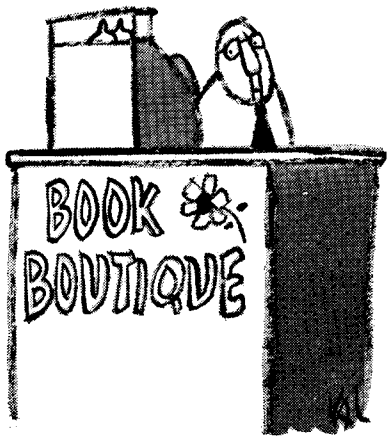
Unfortunately, *Flight* is a thin novel. Too often, it sounds like a television panel assembled by David Susskind, during which a problem is posed only to be examined until nothing is left but shreds.

When the book is not engaged in discussion between interested but baffled parties, it spends too much time serving as a showcase for the author's knowledge of Italy. Possibly the trouble is that Mr. Fuller has tackled his story from Sam Tilden's point of view, and Sam is not where the action is. Sam is the thinker, the man with the questions. The emotional turmoil lies within Greg, and Sam remains on the outside. Mr. Fuller's choice of viewpoint too often traps him into sounding like a well-traveled showoff.

One example should suffice. Greg is in the hospital, his life still in doubt. Sam, leaving the Venetian police station after being questioned, is accompanied by an American cleric, John Embry, who teaches in Venice. Mr. Fuller writes: "We left his office, walked downstairs, and emerged onto the *fondamenta,* all of us depressed. The bright noon sun sparkled on the canal waters. John Embry, as if to distract us, said, 'You probably don't know it, but you're standing in the midst of a scene you can see in a famous painting in the Galleria Accademia. It's Gentile Bellini's *Miraculous Recovery of the Cross at Ponte San Lorenzo.*'"

There are too many such paragraphs in Mr. Fuller's well-meant novel. *Flight* has a difficult time soaring, burdened as it is all the way with a debating society and a tour guide as excess baggage.

Haskel Frankel, a fiction critic, writes SR's Criminal Record column.



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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Weber's "Euryanthe"; Copland at the Philharmonic

PHILHARMONIC HALL had a pair of happy happenings on two days of the same recent week, a phenomenon of a rarity to make mention obligatory. One was the first New York performance of Weber's *Euryanthe* in a couple of wars, the other the appearance of Aaron Copland as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra to mark his approaching seventieth birthday. Midway in a program of his own works he was pronounced unique by being admitted to the company of Stravinsky, Hindemith, Liszt, and Wagner as an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society—the first American composer to be so sanctified in its history.

Euryanthe is not a *Freischütz*, perhaps not even an *Oberon* (to limit the comparison to Weber's own greatest works). But it is the closest thing to a *Freischütz* ever written by any composer other than Weber. It abounds in comely tunes, lively choruses, strong contrasts of camaraderie and confrontation, vile deeds of treachery, and staunch acts of love. It is, in short, a true product of its exposure to the warmth and fantasy of the romantic age, to which Weber contributed more than a little that was an inimitable part of its survival, especially that aspect of it which had to do with chivalry and the occult sciences.

As is the case with *Freischütz* and *Oberon*, if you know the famous, frequently performed overture, you know the music of *Euryanthe*—or very nearly all the best of it. As with his two other celebrated scores, there comes the inevitable moment when somebody must "sing the overture"—which is to say, give voice to a rushing, octave-spanning, blood-tingling tune that makes easy work for the violinists and clarinetists of today, not so easy work for the vocalists. Now and then, as in the tenor aria of Act III, Weber showed that he could vocalize an instrumental line, even as he could instrumentate a vocal line. But the adaptation he made in one fine melody to make it easier for the tenor to sing ("Seligkeit, dich fass' ich kaum") was not always extended to the advantage of the comfort as well as the convenience of the best singers Thomas Scherman could find.

To a degree, conditions controlled the range of choice: Few sopranos or tenors have the roles of Euryanthe or Adolar (her love) in their repertories, and the best qualified singers are the least likely to learn them for a single performance. All those who participated were to some extent disadvantaged by the order of vocal skill required for their roles, not because they were so monstrously difficult, but because every role draws on the full range of resources through its registers. A singer who has a full range of such resources in working order, combined with the kind of command demanded by Weber, is likely to be doing other things than waiting for an invitation to sing *Euryanthe* in concert form.

The best-equipped, fortunately, was Teresa Kubiak, the Euryanthe. She is a Polish soprano first heard last winter in a revival of Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, and she once again came close to distinction in a difficult task. She did reach distinction when Weber was writing for the lyric soprano voice. But there is also the part of the time when Euryanthe must be a fuller-voiced, verging on Wagnerian soprano (as she became, soon enough, through Elsa in *Lohengrin* and Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*), and this is where Miss Kubiak lapsed from her prior standard. She is the kind of performer who is willing to give all she has to make the best of her inability to do better, which contributed to dramatic point if not to vocal delight. As her untrustworthy serving maid Eglatine, who knows where all the secrets of the household are concealed and is not averse to giving them away in her own self-interest, Frances Bible showed a power rarely associated with her, but it, too, was achieved by force rather than by freely produced tones.

None of the men was more than acceptable, if that can be shaded with the compassion that attaches to willful sacrifice of self in a good cause. William Lewis, last heard at the Metropolitan in 1959 and soon to be heard there again, was in much the same situation as Miss Kubiak: successful when the demands of the role were within his (slender) means, hard pressed otherwise. Neither J. B. Davis as the King nor Mark Howard as the trouble-making Lysiart did more than battle hard against unequal odds.

As a whole, Scherman's version of *Euryanthe* was kin to many other

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works he has performed for the first—and most likely last—time here. A good workmanlike blueprint but not much more. With *Euryanthe* illuminated by some of Weber's most colorful instrumentation, it came out like a black and white rendering of a Goya . . . more line than hue, more mass than detail. As a starter, performing the impassioned and technically demanding overture with an orchestra limited to a pair of string basses is an act of courage rather than consideration. Save for some abbreviations (Acts II and III particularly), the audience that filled most of the hall could say that it had, indeed, heard Scherman's *Euryanthe*, liked it, and had been encouraged to hope that someday it might hear all of Weber's.

Copland's cup ran over with wine of his own choice, a well-selected range of bottlings from his own vineyards, dated 1925 *(Music for the Theatre)*, 1933 *(Short Symphony)*, 1944 *(Appalachian Spring)*, 1967 *(Inscape)*, and 1937 *(El Salón Mexico)*. Among these, the peak year would, by acclamation as well as breeding, have to be recognized as 1944, when all the factors were conducive to the best that bears his name. In musical terms, the *Music for the Theatre* sounded long for its content on this occasion, which may have been a factor of his own direction. A conductor-composer runs such risks. The substantial *Short Symphony* was well displayed, the *Inscape* not yet at its prime.

Even as one contemporary was enjoying the rewards of his labors, another was presenting further evidences of them with the first performance in Carnegie Hall of Krzysztof Penderecki's *Cosmogony*, by Zubin Mehta and the visiting Los Angeles Philharmonic. A creation on behalf of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the United Nations (and first presented in the Assembly Hall on the previous Saturday), *Cosmogony* contemplates Man's relationship to the infinity of Space, blending words of Copernicus and Galileo with the more recent evocations of awe by John Glenn and Yuri Gagarin. The plan is good, the intentions impressive, the means employed by Penderecki mostly sonic, from a bow drawn across the edge of a cymbal to the expelled breath of the Rutgers University Chorus. As such it had its interests, but no cumulative impression that would invite a second hearing. The associated performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony was fervent and somewhat unfocused, with the solo quartet not as good as that of the preceding week's hearing at the United Nations, where basso Hans Sotin was outstanding among a solo quartet that included Martina Arroyo, soprano; Irina Arkhipova, mezzo; and Helge Brilioth, tenor.

Guatemala: World Neighbors' President and Founder, Dr. John L. Peters, congratulates Pedro (center) on his fine chickens. This is part of the Chimaltenango Project, in an area containing 645,000 persons, much of which is open only to foot travel or horseback most of the year.

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David Butwin

Kultur on the Ohio

FOUND: A city that trusts its cops, brags about its fire department, hasn't given up on its downtown area, and still loves its baseball team. I speak of Cincinnati, perhaps no longer the Queen City of the West but by all means still "a place that commends itself favourably and pleasantly to a stranger," as Dickens found it in 1842.

This 1970 stranger chose to enter Cincinnati at the city's lowest ebb in modern times, on the afternoon of October 15, just moments after the beloved Big Red Machine had sputtered to a halt in far-off Baltimore and lost the World Series in five games. The Greater Cincinnati Airport was hung with red-white-and-blue World Series bunting, but it might as well have been black crepe for all the long, sad faces I passed. I don't know how Troy looked the day the Greeks jumped out of the wooden horse or, for that matter, how Mudville stood up to Casey's final whiff, but Cincy on the chill ides of this October was no place for a joke. I tried one on a waitress in the airport coffee shop—and almost had to pay for it with a scalded right hand.

I do not exaggerate: Downtown Cincinnati was a gloomy and defeated place that night. The bars weren't empty, but the patrons drank quietly and talked of every subject except baseball, as though the very mention would unleash bulging tear ducts. The only burgher who broached the unspeakable with me was a lady behind a hotel newsstand. "What did them Baltimores have?" she pleaded, and I couldn't begin to explain. Gradually, the sorrow got to me, too, and I tried to drown it in Fountain Square, whose spouting figures somehow compel even the hurried passerby to stop and gaze and reflect.

Its waters were singing happier songs the next morning, and although a Cincinnati friend maintained, "There's true sadness in this town," a new day had dawned. A deep, blue autumn sky had replaced the overhanging grayness of yesterday, and the brisk air held nothing for baseball. Indeed, the new Riverfront Stadium, a soaring silver wafer beside the Ohio, was at that moment undergoing conversion to a football palace to accommodate the professional Bengals through the darkening months ahead.

That this shining stadium has been anchored on the river at the edge of downtown Cincinnati and not deposited somewhere in the distant exurbs proves that someone still cares about saving an urban core. Far from being abandoned and forgotten, the compact downtown district sports a remodeled main square built around the aforementioned, century-old fountain; gleaming new towers the likes of the Formica Building, on whose second floor was recently opened the Contemporary Arts Center, a gallery of rotating exhibits; a traffic sign and directional system done in modernistic graphics; and the planned Riverfront Park, whose greenery and strolling space will replace acres of junk yards and warehouses. Downtown movie theaters, restaurants, and department stores actually play to paying customers day and night. There are even enough go-go houses to keep skin fans from fleeing across the river to the once-alluring Sodoms and Gomorrahs of neighboring Kentucky. "This is one of the few cities I know that's not dead—or dangerous—at midnight," Dick Haupt, director of the Cincinnati Historical Society, declared, in what I can vouch was not a hometown decision.

Downtown Cincinnati, and the new Riverfront Stadium beside the Ohio: "Someone still cares about saving an urban core."

Cincinnati, only a short gallop from the bluegrass country of Kentucky, is reputed to have a Southern cast, a lax and languid mood not characteristic of a Midwestern industrial city. For this I prepared myself, and yet there seemed nothing slow or Southern about the pace of life. All the mod-ish flairs, including midis, were abundantly in evidence; people moved.

I found it strange to hear young, hip Cincinnatians volunteering praise for the local police, neatly dressed worthies in white shirts, black ties, and navy-blue coats. A strict code of conduct prohibits the police from smoking on duty. "I've never met one I didn't respect," a friend of Cincy's finest said. "We've had a few riots, but never a shot fired. Police scandal is virtually unknown." The city government is held to be equally untainted. Corruption reigned toward the end of the nineteenth century, but in the 1920s a city-manager system was established that has led Cincinnati to a reputation as the best-governed city in the country. "This is a clean city," a businessman told me. "There's nobody you can buy. Sometimes I think what this town needs is a little graft and corruption just to shake things up." Taft is still a name to be reckoned with in Cincinnati life and politics. Charles Taft, son of President William Howard Taft and a brother of the late Senator, has been the bellwether of the City Council for a quarter of a century.

Newer American cities trot out their culture these days like so many stud horses, but Cincinnati can reach back to unveil institutions and events that were alive and humming a century ago. Much of the local *Kultur* is credited to the influx of German immigrants who brought their musical passion to this Little Rhineland in the 1850s, not to mention their mechanical talents, which they turned to making Cincin-

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nati the leading machine-tool producer in the country. For almost a hundred years the May Festival has brought together on two successive spring weekends a huge chorus of 600 to 800 voices and a full symphony orchestra to raise the roof of the Music Hall, a red-brick Victorian monolith on the edge of downtown.

The hall is home to the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, considered well up in America's second echelon. For the 1970 season, the hall has added an interior face lifting and a new conductor, Thomas Schippers. There isn't a bad seat in the house, and if one is willing to risk an attack of vertigo, one can stow away in the upper gallery for just $2 (up a dollar from last year).

The Taft Museum, a Federal period manse once the home of a President, has Vermeers, Rembrandts, and Gainsboroughs among a rich assemblage that also includes a Chinese porcelain collection. Up in Eden Park, the Cincinnati Art Museum brims with a vast storehouse that leans toward Egyptian and Oriental. Just across a grassy hummock or two stands the newly built Playhouse in the Park, whose resident theater company is doing ambitious things under its director, Word Baker.

Cincinnati reportedly shares with Rome the distinction of being built on seven hills, but few burghers can name them all. In fact, there are at least twelve hills, but in the center of downtown one is hardly aware of the nearby elevation. Up there you are reminded of an inland San Francisco, though instead of looking down on a bay, you see the winding Ohio and the verdant banks of Kentucky. Everyone seems to have a favorite plot of greenery or stand of trees. A friend conducted me up a winding, wooded road lined with gaslight lamps to a green knoll topped by a white-pillared shrine, the Temple of Love. I thought we were going to meditate before this pristine, bell-shaped gem, but he fell into an involved (and, of course, friendly) discussion with a cop on patrol.

Cincinnati's Summer Opera has played to the peacocks for the last time, and next year it will move from the little green grandstand at the zoo to the more commodious (but never as colorful) surroundings of the Music Hall. The zoo, perhaps another German legacy, is one of the country's oldest and, though not as impressively laid out as, say, San Diego's, one of the best. I judge a zoo not by its number of exotic animals or how natural their digs but by what sort of show they put on for us paying freaks. Never have I seen a more alert and active menagerie than on that crisp and shining Saturday afternoon two days after the Reds had fallen.

ONCE A RAIL AND RIVER HUB, Cincinnati has turned to the more expedient modes of highway and airplane travel in recent decades. The paddle-wheeler *Delta Queen* took its last trip down the Ohio in early October, forced out of business because its wooden structure failed to meet river-going specifications. There are riverboats leaving the Public Landing at the foot of Broadway on shorter excursions, and if one wants to stay put and still see the water flowing by, there are three riverboat restaurants tied up on the Ohio.

Cincinnati's Union Terminal, a massive piece of concrete architecture completed early in the Depression, once moved more than a hundred trains a day; at last count, just nine. There are daily connections with New York, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, and a few points south. The terminal's huge mosaic murals depicting man striving in all fields of endeavor probably draw more visitors than the trains do.

Cincinnati has thus been turned into something of an air hub, American Airlines and Delta offering a wide choice of flights in and out. Piedmont Airlines flies up from Appalachia on frequent milk runs, using a Japanese-made jet-prop YS-11, a plucky and reliable craft flown by only one other commercial airline, Air Afrique.

King Tut, a lowland gorilla, sat on a ladder with one paw dangling on the rung above and his potbelly hanging out unashamedly, like a fat politician calling the shots in a smoke-filled room. Two Malayan sun bears, broad-beamed and bowlegged, reared up and threatened to do battle after one had stepped on the other's toe. A maned wolf pranced and preened in his cage like (my friend offered) "a gay coyote." A prairie dog burrowed down toward an underground winter hideout, kicking up mounds of dirt before an appreciative audience. The zoo is one of Cincinnati's most successfully promoted institutions. All over town, cars bear bumper stickers declaring I'VE SEEN SAM AND SAMANTHA, the zoo's infant gorilla twins.

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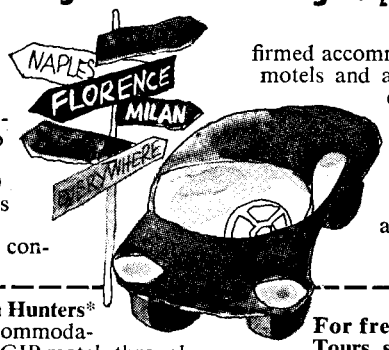

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and New Orleans as the nation's premiere food towns, but here is a surprise nod to Cincinnati. One might expect Little Rhineland to be oozing with sauerbraten and knockwurst—and there are plenty of dark-beamed *Braukeller* restaurants—but Cincy's most highly touted food is French. The Maisonette, Pigalle's, and the Gourmet (at the top of the Terrace Hilton) have walls full of citations. For whatever it's worth, each has won the *Holiday* Award yearly for almost two decades, and each rates five stars from the Mobil Travel Guide.

At the Maisonette, I fell under the spell of a notably international staff led by Pierre Adrian, the chef; Arthur, the German dining room captain; a Greek busboy; and a waitress in French ruffles from Cynthiana, Kentucky. Arthur insisted on ordering for me the same meal he'd served Craig Claiborne. Duly flattered, I accepted and then lit into the *pâté maison*, bibb lettuce salad, and the *médaillons de veau Pierre*, M. Adrian's escalopes of veal bathed in a *sauce suprême* laced with avocado and cheese. The meal's only less than palatable swallow was from my water glass. Cincinnatians may deny it, but to me their drinking water tastes like a mouthful of YMCA pool.

Cincinnati's young don't regard the city as particularly permissive or free-wheeling, but they are making a go of it up on Mt. Adams, one of the town's better-known peaks. Old brick houses with their blackened chimney pots are being converted into livable 1970 pads, and more affluent residents are moving back to the hill to plant $75,000 architectural curiosities in the few hollow spaces. There are assorted head shops, arts and crafts dens, and smoky bistros on St. Gregory Street, a steep and winding road that may remind one—with a cock of the eye and a prod of the imagination—of Hampstead Heath.

We settled on a Friday night into the cellar of Mahogany Hall, where an Arkansas traveler named Bud Bell led his trio on a throbbing foray into bluegrass, pentecostal chants, and 1920s jazz all at once. By the time Bell and Charlie Wiseman and John Young had finished alternately assaulting and caressing the various instruments arrayed about them, the audience in the packed little lair lay back exhausted like a Sunday gathering in a Holy Roller tent. It was just the right therapy for forlorn baseball fans.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Gd, *Mourning Becomes Electra*; 2Fc, *Aphrodite*; 3Ha, *U. S. A.*; 4Jg, *King Lear*; 5Ib, *Wild Duck*; 6Ah, *Oedipus Rex*; 7Bi, *House of Mirth*; 8De, *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*; 9Cf; 10 Ej, *Dorian Gray*.

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Hollis Alpert

David Lean's Big Gamble

WHEN THE PREMIERE of *Dr. Zhivago* took place nearly five years ago in New York, the film's director, David Lean, was profoundly shocked to learn from the reviews that it was a bore, the biggest disappointment of 1965, and certain to be a major disaster for MGM, the company that put up the $12-million it took to make. Later, when the even worse English reviews came along, Lean was to learn from Kenneth Tynan that his film was like "an orchestra without a conductor." Another critic wrote virtually an obituary notice, saying: "When a director dies, he becomes a photographer." As the notices grew increasingly catastrophic, with the Germans the most virulent, Lean seriously considered giving up film-making. However, 1965's major disaster became in 1966 MGM's pot of gold, and at last report the takings on *Zhivago* had reached $82-million, the third highest in film history. So, Lean has come back, this time with the even more expensive *Ryan's Daughter*.

His case is curious indeed, for he is, at the same time, one of the world's most highly regarded directors, and one of its least. Millions have fond memories of such films as *Blithe Spirit, Brief Encounter, Great Expectations, Hobson's Choice, Summertime, The Bridge on the River Kwai* (largest audience in TV history), and *Lawrence of Arabia*. Academy Awards have been showered on his films, and yet, in all the current flood of film books there is almost no mention of Lean. When he is commented upon, it is invariably adversely. As an example, in Andrew Sarris's recent *Confessions of a Cultist* we read: "All I can say is that if Edgar G. Ulmer were given three years and $12-million, he'd come out with twenty pictures, quite a few of them more interesting than *Dr. Zhivago*." Edgar *who? Seven* pictures per year? The intent was obviously not to praise Ulmer, but to smash down Lean, and with him his hardworking, craftsmanlike, and very expensive ways.

Lean has managed to survive his criticism, as well as other vicissitudes, and make another film. His screenwriter is again Robert Bolt (who did the scripts for *Lawrence* and *Zhivago*), but this time it is an "original." It is also blatantly and premeditatedly a "love story," one that deals principally with the maturing process of a spirited and passionate Irish girl, whose name is Rosy Ryan. The setting is a remote Irish village on the seacoast of western Ireland. The time is 1916, the time of the Irish rising and occupation by the British. If one is *auteur* inclined (no one has bothered to be on behalf of Lean), certain themes common to the director's work can be seen. One involves the interplay of a personal story against an important moment of history. Another is the transitory but scarring nature of passionate emotional involvements. A third is a favorite of Lean's, the hero who is romantic, or dedicated, or broken, but almost always enigmatic.

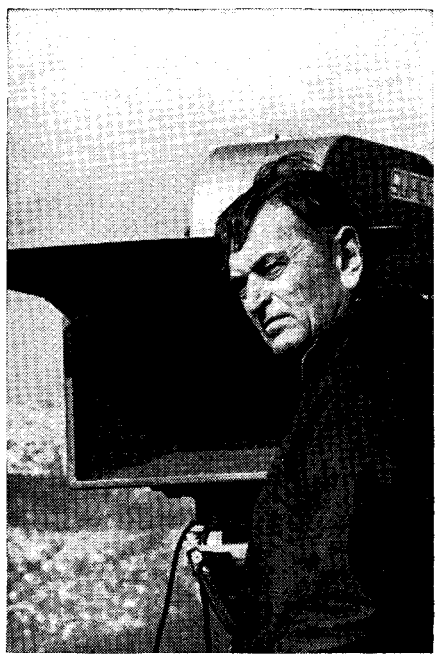
As usual, Lean doesn't bother much about filling us in on historical details. We know the Irish are rebellious, that their sympathies in the war are pro-German, that British soldiers are barracked in the little village of Kirrary, and that a young Major Randolph Dorian, lamed in action on the Western Front, arrives to command the garrison. But that's the background of what is to be Rosy's tempestuous love story. For, having married the village schoolteacher, she promptly and wordlessly falls in love with the war-haunted young major, regarded as enemy by the villagers.

We should pause here to consider the plight of the film industry and specifically of MGM as Lean labored away at the filming of his story. Having cleaned up on *Zhivago*, MGM fell on hard times. Proxy battles were fought by various groups, each intent on taking over the management of the company. Lean started filming his picture in February of 1969 and completed it a year and a half later. During that time, there were three completely different administrations running MGM; each was faced with the responsibility of providing Lean with the money he needed. The amount eventually grew to $13.6-million. It is hardly a secret that MGM was sorely tempted to abandon *Ryan's Daughter* midway—and several million dollars—into its production. The same company did abandon Fred Zinnemann and his *Man's Fate*. But Lean persisted and prevailed.

Meanwhile, a mood of severe economy hit the film industry. "Big" pictures were dying, musicals were dying, and predominantly youthful audiences were crowding in to see unorthodox films like *M*A*S*H, Easy Rider*, and *Getting Straight*, twenty of which could perhaps have been made for the price of *Ryan's Daughter*. Lean, clearly a traditionalist, has gambled that the large audience he makes pictures for is still there, and the methods that have worked so well before, in a popular sense, will work again. He has provided a story that is relatively old-fashioned in that it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The audience will not be confused by quick cuts, crazy zooms, or a sound track bearing no relation to what is happening on the screen. All is made clear, sometimes too clear. Should the actors fail to convey their emotions to the audience, the music, again composed by Maurice Jarre, will make it syrupy, thunderously clear. Lean is by now prepared to duck the possible critical brickbats, but, having given audiences what he thinks they require, the big question is whether or not they will turn out. Awaiting the answer even more anxiously than Lean are the executives at MGM and, with them, those at other major film companies.

The success or failure of the film is probably going to rest on the frail shoulders of Sarah Miles, who, after an impressive debut in *The Servant*, has muddled along since. As Rosy, she has one of the biggest opportunities ever given to an actress, and she has met her challenge exceedingly well. As a girl determined to have the man she wants, first the middle-aged schoolteacher (Robert Mitchum) and then the convalescent British officer (Christopher Jones), she must show inexperience, sexual frustration, consuming desire, and sexual fulfillment, after which she runs a gamut of guilt, degradation,

(*Continued on page* 78)



David Lean at work—"he thinks in terms of affecting the audience."

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Black West

PUBLIC TELEVISION'S most significant contribution to the new season is "The Black Frontier," a series of four programs (sixty minutes each) dedicated to the reassessment of the black man's role in the history of the American West. Carefully researched, filmed partly on location in Texas, Kansas, Wyoming, and Nebraska, with emphasis on historical accuracy of scene, event, and tone, the series, if shown and studied widely, could do much to restore the cultural visibility of thousands of blacks who shared the triumphs and defeats of westward expansion.

Supplementing the programs is a valuable 100-page book that condenses the research preceding the filming of the series. It is published by University of Nebraska Television, KUON-TV, 1600 R Street, Lincoln, Nebraska. A project team from the university's TV station created the programs and the book under a Ford Foundation grant.

New Americans, the first program of the series, previews the subject matter of the remaining three productions—*Cowherders*, *Buffalo Soldiers*, and *Exodusters*. Not unfamiliar with the proposition that minority ethnic groups shared in the migrations that swept the Great Plains, I was surprised to learn how many blacks participated in the celebrated experience. Of the hard-bitten army of trail riders who took the $5 cow to the $50 market, 8,000 (25 per cent) were black cowboys, wranglers, and bronc busters. Of "The Regular Army—O," which pushed the Indian tribes off the plains and onto reservations, 5,000 (20 per cent) were blacks belonging to four outfits created specially by Congress.

They built the forts and guarded the wagon trains, same as John Wayne—and Hollywood had better take note. There's a marvelous first waiting for some enterprising producer: the burning wagon train, the trapped settlers, the circling Comanches, when suddenly—dashing across the plains, bugles blaring, standards flying in the wind, sabers flashing—come the fierce, black-skinned Buffalo Soldiers of the Tenth Cavalry, so named, perhaps, because the Indians thought that their hair resembled manes of the prairie buffalo.

The song "My Little Old Sod Shanty in the West" will henceforth have to stretch its ethnic overtones to include the "Exodusters," the Southern blacks who sought in the new West an escape from the misery of the Old South. There were, it seems, hundreds of thousands of black refugees from the "free" white society that followed the Civil War who settled in "soddies" and struggled to build all-black communities in a treeless land of fleas, rattlers, rain, heat, and buffalo grass.

There were no black marshals or sheriffs among the homeseekers who came with the railroads (law and order was exclusively the white man's prerogative); but there were black bankers, businessmen, hotel operators, cattle ranchers, politicians—even black rustlers. The four programs can give only a flavor of the broad range of outstanding men and women whose black skins, in a section of the land populated largely by Southerners, did not prevent them from surmounting obstacles, with great courage and tenacity, and eventually achieving a notable measure of success and esteem, even among their white neighbors.

A particularly touching episode in *New Americans* offered the reminiscences of Mrs. Robert Anderson, a former schoolteacher, who helped her husband write *From Slavery to Affluence*, the autobiography of a man who was born a slave in Kentucky in 1843 and who died in 1930, a successful and well-traveled businessman. Mrs. Anderson's warm description of her husband's endearing qualities, which won her affection and love ("He got the best of me") and gave him enjoyment and satisfaction in life, suggested the personal humanity behind the people mentioned in the program, who could be sketched only in the abstract.

The blacks who settled the West all came from what sociologists today call "the culture of poverty," which presumably breeds individuals with low self-esteem and *mañana*-oriented lifestyles. If that is true, then one wonders from where the men and women of "The Black Frontier" drew the inner strengths to help them survive and achieve in a socially hostile as well as physically challenging environment. A section in the first program devoted to black scouts and trappers who preceded the great migrations deepens a viewer's admiration for the qualities of these "loners."

The new black frontier is the economic one. This notable series, by shoring up role models of the past, is helping both black and white to shape one world of race for the future.

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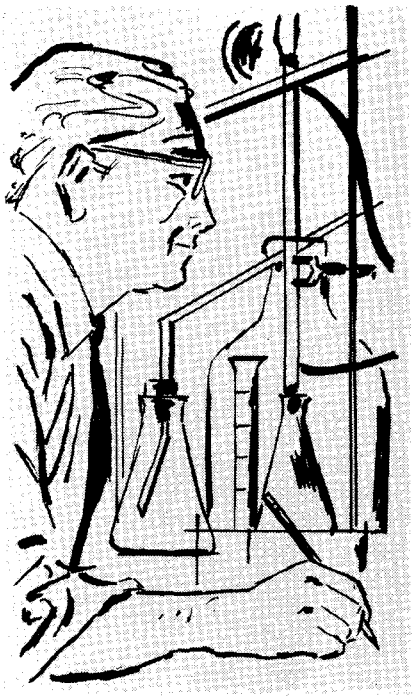
Leprosy

...a present day understanding.



When I returned to the U.S. a few years ago, after twenty years as a surgeon in India, it was a traumatic experience to discover how unconcerned the American public was about leprosy.

I think what bothered me most was jealousy—at the enthusiasm brought to the fight against polio, cancer and multiple sclerosis, while leprosy was thought of in terms of the cry that greeted Ben Hur's mother and sister, "unclean, unclean."

Perhaps part of the blame lies with leprosy organizations. Emotional appeals have been the major means used to loosen purse strings. Little wonder Americans have never been able to view leprosy as a disease, rather than a curse.

Please Don't Call Them Lepers.

The traditional use of the term "leper" symbolizes centuries of ignorance and disgrace.

This discrimination is probably the saddest example of man's inhumanity to man. Thus the social problems facing a leprosy patient are greater than the medical problems. Leprosy can usually be cured. But *superstitions* are much harder to treat.

The word leprosy itself is simply a poor Greek translation of a Hebrew word, "tsara'ath," which has no particular medical meaning. "Leprosy" could apply to any number of skin diseases.

Hansen's disease, the medical name for what we call leprosy, should be used, but too few Americans would know what we were talking about! Hansen found the bacteria to be a stubby, rod-shaped microorganism, closely resembling the tuberculosis bacteria. Both belong to the mycobacterium family, both are encapsulated, and both are acid-fast.

But public knowledge about such matters remains practically nil. For example, some people still think fingers and toes of leprosy patients "drop off."

Or that bones are "eaten away." Actually, the bacilli attack the peripheral nerves, causing loss of sensation. Sores, blisters, cuts go unheeded, and fingers and toes, without feeling, simply wear away from constant abuse.

Many times the badly deformed people you see overseas, begging in the streets, no longer have leprosy. They are "burnt out" cases. Had the first signs of leprosy been reported, and treatment begun early, they would probably be leading normal lives today.

How many people have leprosy today? No one knows exactly, mainly because most victims will try to conceal their condition. Perhaps fifteen million is a fair estimate, but even more important is the seriousness of the disease compared with other diseases. The duration is long, disabilities severe, social relations are cut off, and families separated.

A Quiet Revolution

Few people have heard about diaminodiphenyl-sulfone, (DDS). Yet this dramatic new drug was discovered here in America back in 1942! And under most conditions, it can actually *cure* leprosy.

Now, through the pioneering research of Dr. Paul Brand, it is even possible to perform surgery which will restore "claw hands" to usefulness. But there is such a shortage of qualified personnel, that few patients benefit from Dr. Brand's breakthrough.

We need physicians, occupational therapists, physiotherapists, vocational counselors, social workers, chaplains, administrators, laboratory technicians—and the funds to recruit them, train them, transport them, feed and shelter them.

What Can Be Done?

Medical research must go forward, training facilities must be updated, and reparative surgery continued. But at the same time, education of the American public must keep apace with scientific advancements.

To meet this challenge, I invite you to contribute to the work of American Leprosy Missions.

$25 will restore a hand to usefulness.

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As Others See Us

MOSCOW:

"Common Language"

THE ACCOMPLICES in aggression in Indochina—the United States and Thailand—have found a "common language," and no wonder.

Washington has vigorously pushed through its notorious Guam Doctrine—a plan for carrying out its aggressive, expansionist policy in Southeast Asia with the help of obedient regimes.

According to this doctrine, Thailand, along with the puppet regimes of Saigon and Seoul, must extend their contribution to American aggression. Well, Bangkok did not object. . . . As pay for its participation, Bangkok intends, on its part, to get a large dollar "injection," and, if possible, to profit by annexing some portion of Cambodia.

—*Izvestia.*

LONDON:

Appalling Dilemma

IN AMERICA TODAY, 6 per cent of the world's population is consuming 40 per cent of the world's nonrenewable resources, which are strictly limited. The only kind of power with a long-term future is nuclear power.

Well, the whole world is not just going to sit by and watch America use up irreplaceable resources. So President Nixon is confronted with the following appalling dilemma:

He has to face the fact that if America continues its present demographical and industrial development, with energy consumption increasing by 9 per cent a year, it is faced by ecological disaster. . . . On the other hand, if Nixon stops industrial growth, there'll be a slump on Wall Street that will make people think of 1929 with nostalgia.

So Nixon has to choose between ecological disaster and social disaster. On a lesser scale, we are faced with the same choice here in Britain. Like us, Nixon needs to reduce economic growth at a rate fast enough to avoid ecological catastrophe, and slow enough to avoid social catastrophe.

—*Sunday Telegram.*

MILAN:

U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. Relations

THERE HAS BEEN clarification, on the part of the Russians, of three points that had aroused American suspicion. There will be no Russian attempt to increase the tension over West Berlin, no installation of a Russian submarine base in Cuba, and no sabotage of the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks, which are to be resumed in Helsinki. There are, however, no solutions in sight for the two more serious problems of the Middle East and Vietnam. Gromyko does not seem to have budged from the previous rigid Soviet position, even though he gave the impression that he was ready to continue examining formulas for solutions. Only the events of weeks to come will show how much flexibility there is in the relationship between the two super-powers.

—*Corriere della Sera.*

HAMBURG:

Europe's Security and the U.S.A.

THE UNITED STATES is no longer trying to exercise direct influence on the shape and speed of European integration, whereas Russia is keener than ever to prevent European unity. Yet, as soon as this has become a political reality, the Russians do recognize the fact. The progress and scope of integration virtually have thus become the responsibility of Europe alone.

The predominance of Soviet power on the continental land mass was balanced by the universal strategic superiority of the United States. The security of Western Europe was credibly guaranteed for as long as it remained a part of this alliance with the American nuclear power. The price for greater independence from America was the risk of increased insecurity. More recent developments seem to have affected this strategic equation and put the question of the future of European security seriously in doubt once again.

A partial withdrawal of American forces from Europe is planned for the middle of 1971. The military and psychological effect of this would not be so marked if this were not the precise moment when the Soviet Union is going all out to create a kind of strategic equality with the United States.

—*The German Tribune.*

PARIS:

No Clear Reflection

WITH ITS INTERVENTION in 1965, Washington made it clear that it wanted an anticommunist regime in South Vietnam, and it is difficult not to discern the same underlying intent in President Nixon's stated willingness, on the one hand, to accept "the right of all the South Vietnamese people to determine for themselves the kind of government they want" and, on the other, his insistence that this government "should reflect the existing relationship of political forces.". . .

Mr. Nixon is surely aware that any political solution reflecting the "existing relationship of political forces" would completely vindicate, if not justify, the Saigon regime's strategy of stifling these opposition forces, and that his public appeal for just such a solution on October 7 can only encourage the regime's current campaign against various opposition leaders and the publications that serve as their forum.

The American President's total silence on the subject perhaps explains why Tran Ngoc Lieng, leader of the Progressive Nationalist Forces, acknowledged that Nixon's five points "contain reasonable principles if they are applied, but in reality include many details that do not clearly reflect American good will to end the war."

—*Le Monde.*

TOKYO:

Against Protectionism

THE UNITED STATES, taking advantage of the strength of the dollar as the key international currency, has pursued loose fiscal and monetary policies in spite of the deficits in its international payments.

Since it has continued an illusory high economic growth, the international competitiveness of its industry has weakened, with inflation and recession existing side by side.

The United States would do well to reflect on this point. It should endeavor to regain equilibrium in its international payments through sound fiscal and monetary policies, so as to fulfill its responsibility as the key currency nation, instead of choosing the easy way out through protectionism.

—*The Japan Times.*

BOMBAY:

Nixon's War Lust

THE NIXON DOCTRINE is unfolding itself. America's President is a warmonger posturing as a peacemaker, a wolf with a sheep's grin. He has planned to shift the prime center of America's war from Southeast Asia to West Asia, bringing it dangerously close to India.

The American war machine—the "military-industrial complex" of which Eisenhower warned long ago—must be

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kept perpetually going. It must make instruments of death and dump them where they are most likely to be used up soon. According to this logic, it is permissible, even noble, for the United States to build and maintain strong military bases in Greece and Turkey, but criminal and impermissible for a Russian submarine to be serviced in Cuba. It is legitimate for America to maintain a whole Navy in the Mediterranean, but an unwarranted intrusion for Russian ships to use the same ocean for transit, as indeed they are compelled to do by geography.

In the same way, Russia is guilty of a breach of an agreement to which it is not a party if Russian missiles already in Egypt are moved from one site to another. But America may pour the most sophisticated arms into Israel to prepare that tiny country for the next round against the Arabs.

Equally, duplicity is writ large in the so-called peace proposals for Indochina fathered by Nixon with carefully staged world publicity. Norodom Sihanouk has rightly pointed out that the Indochinese cannot be expected to withdraw from their own country. It is only the American invaders who must go. That alone will bring peace.

—The Blitz.

PEKING:

Against Washington

A NEW UPSURGE in the struggle against U.S. imperialism is now emerging throughout the world. Ever since World War II, U.S. imperialism and its followers have been continuously launching wars of aggression, and the people in various countries have been continuously waging revolutionary wars to defeat the aggressors. The danger of a new world war still exists, and the people of all countries must get prepared. But revolution is the main trend in the world today.

Unable to win in Vietnam and Laos, the U.S. aggressor treacherously engineered the reactionary coup d'état by the Lon Nol-Sirik Matak clique, brazenly dispatched their troops to invade Cambodia, and resumed the bombing of North Vietnam, and these acts have aroused the furious resistance of the three Indochinese peoples. I warmly support the fighting spirit of Samdech Norodom Sihanouk, head of state of Cambodia, in opposing U.S. imperialism and its lackeys.

—Mao Tse-tung, Peking Review.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Canada Like Hawaii?

THE HISTORY of Hawaii goes approximately like this: The islands belonged to Hawaiians, but over several years Americans gradually bought property and businesses and became a strong voice. Then one day they stood up and said, "Guess what? We own you."

The Hawaiian people were far from happy, but the governing body in Hawaii would or could do nothing. Does that pattern ever look familiar.

If a stupid mistake like that is made once, surely a repetition can be prevented. Will nobody wake up and see that it is also happening to Canada?

—Robert Beach, Toronto Daily Star.

Why Should Men Pay Alimony?

IN THE LIGHT of the recent discussion on divorce reform, I find it nothing less than amazing that men do not rise up in fury and see to it that the divorce laws (whereby a man is impelled to support a woman after divorce whether or not she is quite able to maintain herself) are radically changed to give them fair and equal treatment with the women.

Why should a man be expected to keep in idleness an able-bodied woman for the rest of her life, because he kept her for x years while married to her? Single women work, millions of married women work, but as soon as a woman is divorced she expects to be a pampered parasite.

The time has come for men to free themselves from this iniquitous bondage. This has been done in the three American states of Colorado, Texas, and Pennsylvania, and it is time these feminine gold diggers were made to support themselves like any normal, self-respecting person.

Unless this wrong is put right, and men become more aware of the present unjust divorce laws, the very institution of marriage will be undermined.

—P. Lewis, The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Youth's Countenance

THE NEW YOUTH CULTURE seems to have some features that may even help us to orientate past the alternatives offered by the consumer society, following different trains of thought and breaking free from the ideas of products, commodities, and ownership. The Woodstock rock festival in the United States in 1969 was in a sense a symbol of the new kind of environmental thinking developed by the youth culture. About half a million young people from all over the States gathered at rural Woodstock, in upstate New York, to listen to their favorite groups. There in the countryside a new kind of structure was formed for three days, the Instant City, built around certain common focal points.

Perpetual mobility, neo-nomadism, gathering for huge mass events, a hyperstimulating crowd sense—all these are features of the new youth culture.

—Jaako Lintinen, Look at Finland, Helsinki.

Against Pollution

I AM AN EXPERIENCED funeral undertaker in several Commonwealth countries and in my native England, and can give a firm assurance that it is well known that people die or have their health impaired in some seventy different parts and areas of the human body from inhalation of petrol exhaust of cars. The petrol car is known to be medically more dangerous than the filthiest of diesel trucks and buses. . . . It should be plain to everyone that the human body is not intended to be assaulted by pollution for twenty-four hours per day.

—Frank Mantle, The Japan Times, Tokyo.

Pornography's Value

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS to the sum of human happiness of the Danish decision to permit the publication of all forms of pornography?

Having observed the Danish experiment

for several years as a reporter, I think that its only beneficial effect has been to help stimulate a more open discussion of sexual matters. This, I feel sure, has helped sexual minorities to a better understanding of their situation, but also many other people. There must be a great many women who, through the detailed discussions of female sexuality in the newspapers, have been helped to understand their sexual needs more fully, and a great many men who have gained a greater understanding of their partners' needs. But as to the pornography itself, the more I see of it the more repulsive I find it, or most of it anyway. This, I have concluded, is because pornography reduces sex to an exclusively physical manifestation and excludes the feeling and commitment that are the basis of ordinary relationships. Pornography is in this sense degrading.

—H. J. Barnes, Encounter, London.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Story-eyed

TO BE REBORN is a constantly recurring human need, and theater that approaches material so freshly that the rebirth process is paralleled can be invigorating. Such an experience is joyously to be shared in the Broadway presentation of *Paul Sills' Story Theatre*. The show is audaciously unpretentious and simple. A bare painted stage floor, a wide back wall against which light patterns are projected, and on one side a four-piece folk-rock group unobtrusively supporting the action. With nothing more up their sleeves than their talent, eight performers in makeshift costumes right out of someone's old trunk proceed to participate at full intensity but with the utmost relaxedness in ten fairy tales of varying length.

From the beginning they make it clear that they are not doing that "children's theater" thing of illustrating the obvious externals of the story. Instead each actor pursues each characterization with his own sense of wonder. What would it be like to be a dog? Anyone who has owned a mutt will be thoroughly delighted to watch Paul Sands in "The Bremen Town Musicians" as he decides just how much to bark and howl and embarks upon other pleasures of dogliness.

Similarly, in "The Little Peasant" there is a moment when the gullible farmer must get the key to the hope chest in which his wife has hidden the parson she has been improperly entertaining. Richard Schaal and Valerie Harper make this brief confrontation into an inspiredly frenzied Thurberesque hassle in which he abruptly flings his terrified wife about like a rag doll. It is hilarious because it expresses with economical suddenness the full tenacity of both parties. And it prepares us to enjoy the absurd device used by the parson to escape. Caught red-handed, he must frighten the farmer by pretending to be the Devil. Actor Richard Libertini assesses the situation and then roars and gesticulates in a way that would fool no one. However, when the puzzled farmer half accepts the deception, Libertini gains confidence and even pokes his head back into the door through which he has just escaped to give an extra parting repetition of his impersonation.

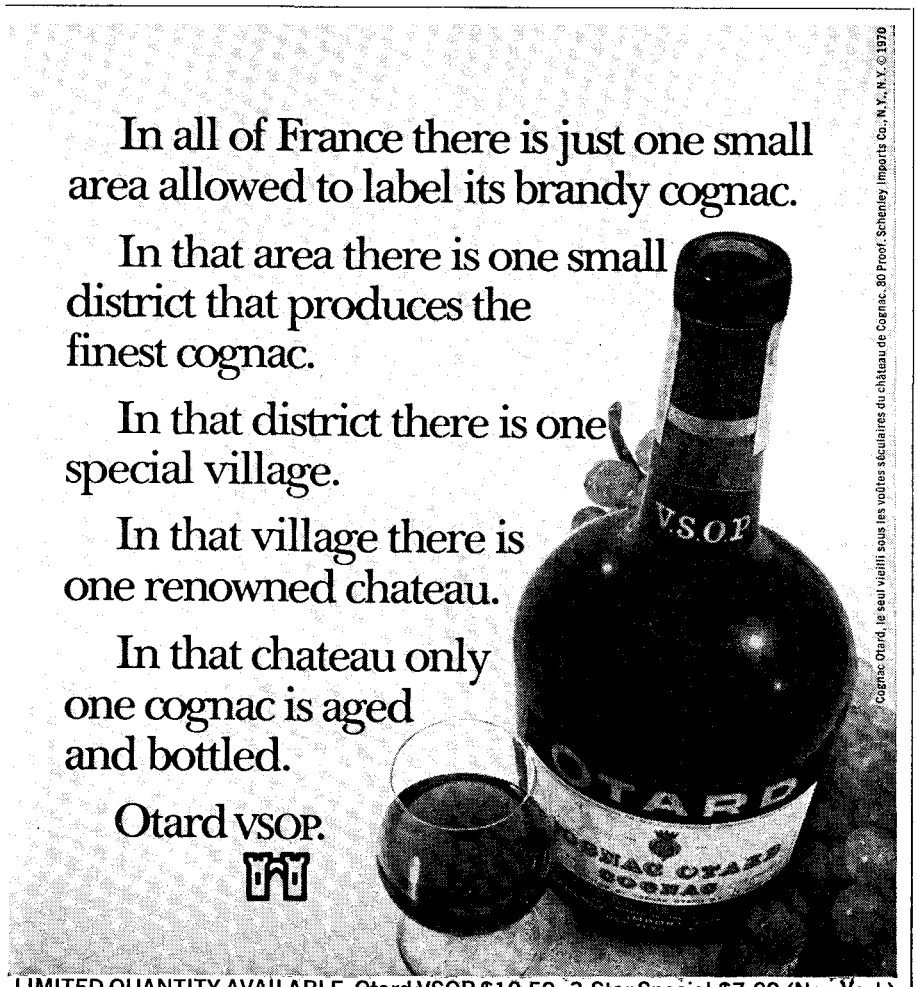
This device of adding imaginative touches that are not in the main story line works beautifully throughout the show. For instance, in "The Master Thief," after the haughty Count recovers his high-spirited horse and challenges the thief to accomplish his next assignment, the Count does not simply exit. Instead he mimes the difficulty of riding the horse while trying to retain his snobbish composure.

Sills makes the most of opportunities to get theatrical amusement from the text in ways that recognize the disparity between the ease of describing magic in a book and the impossibility of duplicating it in simple live performance. When, in "The Golden Goose," Hamid Hamilton Camp tells us, "So saying, the little gray man disappeared," the actor is momentarily confounded, and then in a burst of inspiration explodes into a flying leap offstage.

There are also nice improvised bits of added modern dialogue that take the curse off the inevitable archaicness of fairy-tale language. In "The Fisherman and His Wife," Peter Bonerz captures an effective sophisticated tone as he tells us he is no *common* flounder and preserves the fiction with his mock-balletic entrances each time he is summoned from the depths of the sea. Also very modern is the fisherman's reaction to his wife's demand that she be made Pope. He shakes his head and mutters to himself, "Pope? This is something that's beyond the flounder." And wittiest of all is Melinda Dillon, as a female version of Hadrian VII, explaining the necessity of a somewhat altered relationship with her husband. She does it in four words. "Now, *we're* the Pope."

Miss Dillon is an invaluable asset to the production because she brings to it a compelling inner life and a moving sadness. She is most touching in "The Robber Bridegroom," in which she portrays a girl betrothed to marry a man she does not love. As The True Brethren play and sing Bob Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," Miss Dillon moves exquisitely through the gruesome story, which ends in the death of her bridegroom.

Indeed this sketch reminds us that fairy tales need not all be wish-fulfillment escapades with "happily ever after" endings. Even such a story as "Henny Penny," which is played for pure fun, is here given a sprinkle of underlying seriousness by accompa-


In all of France there is just one small area allowed to label its brandy cognac.
In that area there is one small district that produces the finest cognac.
In that district there is one special village.
In that village there is one renowned chateau.
In that chateau only one cognac is aged and bottled.
Otard VSOP.
V.S.O.P
OTARD
COGNAC OTARD
Cognac Otard, le seul vieilli sous les voûtes séculaires du château de Cognac. 80 Proof. Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y. © 1970
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nying the poor animals' march on the palace with the singing of Joe McDonald's "Fixin' to Die Rag."

It would be inaccurate, of course, to impute too much seriousness of design to an evening of diverse sketches performed with such pure pleasure and delight. But beyond its technical excellence and its imaginativeness, *Story Theatre* succeeds because it also sustains an understated awareness that the world into which we are so joyously being reborn can be terrifying.

One way to make a nineteenth-century melodrama palatable to contemporary audiences is to lampoon its preposterousness but at the same time to respect the genuineness of its characters' attachment to their obsolete attitudes and codes of behavior. This is exactly what director Robert Ronan and the well-selected cast of the New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theater have done in *Trelawny of the "Wells,"* and the result is warmly entertaining and comfortably nostalgic.

Creating for us the shabby yet magical world of a British repertory theater are Nancy Dussault as the lovely ingénue, Rose Trelawny, and Sasha von Scherler, Michael Wager, Geoff Garland, Valerie French, Frederic Warriner, Elaine Eldridge, Dan Durning, and Mr. Ronan as typical members of the troupe. In humorous contrast is George Bartenieff's tenaciously outrageous portrayal of the stern tradition-bound grandfather of the young gentleman who seeks to marry Rose. Watching him being dislodged from his unbudgeable position is theater at its best. Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes also attain the marvelous balance between fun and sentiment that make this revival so pleasant a theatrical excursion.

WIT TWISTER #190

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

A clumsy hunter may
— — — — — — his guides,
Or scold his — — — — — — when
the quarry hides,
Demand a — — — — — — on his
gun, but still
Cannot conceal his own deficient
skill. —A. S.

(*Answer on page* 78)

Drugs

Continued from page 21

suit planes among them—to cut off smuggling by small planes from Canada and from Mexico. It is operating fast boats off the southern California coast, in the Gulf of Mexico, and on the lakes that separate Texas and Mexico. Lately it has introduced dogs trained to sniff out marijuana or hashish—both from the Cannabis plant—wrapped in packages or hidden away in cars and trucks.

In September 1969, Customs mounted a blitz on the Mexican border, an exercise it called Operation Intercept. For three weeks it stopped everything, backing up cars at the entry points, employing water patrol craft and even elements of the U.S. military. Operation Intercept produced a skyful of flak, as cars were tied up and the border towns, dependent upon American tourism, began to dry up. But Mexico, though well known as a producer of marijuana and hashish, also grows opium and is responsible for about 15 per cent of the heroin that enters the United States. While no American official will admit that Washington deliberately turned the screws to force Mexico into action, the Bureau of Customs points pridefully to the ideal cooperation it now gets from its counterparts below the border.

The intensified customs examinations at Kennedy, which delayed last summer's travelers, also outraged many visitors from abroad. "We've traveled all over Europe and never seen anything like this," said one irate European matron whose homeland is not yet as seriously afflicted with the scourge of drugs. From June 1 through August the Customs crackdown netted, among other seizures, fourteen pounds of heroin, less than a day's supply for the nation's estimated 150,000 addicts.

If anything, the tightening of controls at the airports has driven the smugglers to more extreme and sophisticated means. Last summer an American twin-engine plane loaded with 1,470 pounds of hashish, worth about $2-million retail in the United States, was seized on Crete. The original tip came from California; the plane had followed on a course that took it from Pennsylvania to Maine to Newfoundland, then to Greenland, Iceland, Holland, Cyprus, and Lebanon. There it landed on a new strip on the property of a deputy to the Lebanese Parliament. A shootout took place and the plane escaped carrying thirteen bags of processed hashish, leaving another 3,000 pounds on the strip.

The same day the U.S. Bureau of

—U.S. Customs

Pot sniffer—Customs now employs trained dogs to find hidden marijuana.

Narcotics in Paris revealed the capture of a Beechcraft flown by two Florida men from the East Coast to Turkey. They were on the way back home with a load of hash when they landed in Lyons. On information provided by American customs and narcotics agents, they were arrested by French police.

The profit in drug running is so great and the demand so high that smugglers can afford almost any means to try to bypass the customs net. Test runners are sometimes dispatched on strange route patterns—from Luxembourg to Nassau to Argentina to Miami, say—to probe for weaknesses in customs examinations. It is unfortunately true that only 5 per cent of the seizures made at Kennedy Airport derive from advance information. The rest are "cold" examinations. But seizures have been made on priests, on "pregnant" women who turn out to be wearing "pregnancy cages." French nationals last year set up an importing company in New York. The first shipment was 714 cases of Spanish paella in tins. Three days later a second shipment arrived. Between the two shipments agents recovered 115 pounds of heroin packed in the paella tins and arrested the "importers" and a French courier who had arrived from Europe to bring the cash to Switzerland.

While it is true that drug pushers try to cultivate new users (often to defray the expenses of maintaining their own habits), European sources do not flood the market, they supply the demand. The postwar demand in America began to accelerate in the Fifties, but it was largely ignored. By the time the problem exploded during the Sixties we seemed distracted by other, perhaps more affecting social problems. Few parents bothered to acquaint themselves with the problems of drugs so they could discuss the subject in-

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telligently in the fleeting period when they still maintain influence over their children. They were among the most surprised people when they discovered their own youngsters smoking pot, stealing pills out of the medicine chest, and, worse yet, experimenting with and courting the disastrous effects of LSD and even heroin.

Besides the oft-quoted causes of parental permissiveness and youth's rebellion, there is the theory of the drug-oriented society that tacitly condones chemically changing one's condition. A parent who takes amphetamines to control weight, tranquilizers to soothe the nerves, sleeping pills at night, and pep pills in the morning is, at least from youth's vantage point, dealing in hypocrisy when remonstrating with children for gaining a more pleasant state by puffing marijuana.

Some years ago missteps of youth might have been more easily controlled by the limits of society, says the Narcotics Bureau's John Ingersoll, a former police officer who has an A.B. in criminology from Berkeley. "When the population near the turn of the century was seventy-six million, sixty per cent of it was rural and forty per cent urban. Today we have a population of two hundred million and the proportion is reversed. When we were a rural population, young children had responsibilities on the farm. The family worked together and the father was always at home working on the farm. The external influences, such as television or radio, were few. Rural areas and small towns could count on community as well as family control to exert a concern over the welfare of a child. Now we live in cities, so closely together and in such large numbers, that this kind of community control and concern for welfare is not present. The father doesn't work in the home or on the farm—he works downtown and he travels frequently. He doesn't have much time; neither does the mother. Family ties are not what they were. At the same time there is the increase of external influences and the ease of both communication and transportation. When the fifteen-year-old son of a friend of mine ran away the other day, he left by *taxicab*. The cab took him to the airport, he flew to Canada."

In the urban America that emerged after World War I, marijuana was associated with the bohemians, those artists, writers, thinkers, and associated types who were the antecedents of the beatniks of the Fifties and Sixties. The beats became the hippies, the first introduction of a narcotic word to identify a popular group. To smoke opium the addict must lie on his hip in order to work the pipe. One who was "on the hip," or (later) just "hip," was a person involved with drugs. In the original sense, a hippie was a drug user.

Campuses were popular nesting places for pot users twenty years ago. Graduate students who journeyed from campus to campus were often the carriers of the habit. Marijuana-smoking students from big cities attending college in rural areas spread the popularity of pot to seemingly insulated parts of the nation. The hippie cult helped to popularize its use, and the emergence of musical groups as folk heroes made drugs downright stylish.

Whether the lyrics themselves promoted the glories of drug use, as some have claimed, could well be argued. The parents of teen-agers seem startled to learn that songs popular in their day also intoned the pleasures of narcotics. Two of the best known are "Amapola" ("my pretty little poppy . . .") and "La Cucaracha," sung with such gusto in the Thirties, which means "roach," the popular term for the butt end of a marijuana cigarette. Even Cole Porter acknowledged—though he decried—the popularity of cocaine among the beautiful people of the Thirties. One of his songs for *Anything Goes,* which opened in New York just thirty-six years ago, had Ethel Merman protesting, "I get no kick from cocaine./ Flying too high with some guy in the sky is my idea of nothing to do. . . ."

More important than song, in the spread of the drug epidemic, is the rebellion against the Establishment, personified on the family level by the parents. Taking drugs seemed the ultimate rebellion (perhaps even an identification with the ghetto poor, among whom the habit raged in social unconcern for years), and it provided a boldness for new acts of rebellion that required special courage, as well as dedication, to perform. Narcotics agents would sooner deal with a heroin addict who is docile and compliant than confirmed marijuana users who grow rash beyond the limits of reason and daring beyond the borders of judgment. "You pull a gun on them," says one seasoned agent with whom I toured the heavily infected drug neighborhoods in New York, "and they will say, 'Go ahead and shoot, you can't hurt me.' "

While not addicting in the physical sense, marijuana creates a psychological dependence, and its effects on certain personalities can be severely depressive. It may produce mental exaltation, and intoxication, but it can also create double-consciousness, disturbance of time and space appreciation, and a false sense of performance efficiency. There are times when the user feels he is so large he might step on people and, conversely, other interludes when everything around him is

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Very big in martinis.

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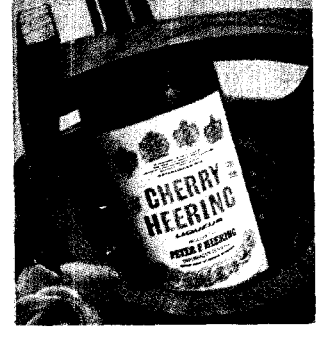
Cherry Heering.



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enormous and he is small. A pharmacologist, Dr. Vincent de Paul Lynch, has shown that marijuana smoke has produced birth defects in the offspring of pregnant mice and in the two generations of mice that followed. While the results of the experiments may not be conclusively translatable to humans, they are sufficiently sinister to suggest that pregnant women abstain from marijuana.

Whether marijuana leads to hard drugs is a question still being debated. But as Dr. Leo Hollister says in *Human Pharmacology of Marijuana*: "In many parts of the United States, especially the northern urban centers, opiate addiction is clearly related to prior use of marijuana." Hollister points out that high doses of marijuana produce the same emotional and mental reactions as LSD, that is, elated excitement, panic stress, deliriums, and depressive illnesses that resemble schizophrenia.

But marijuana can be deceiving. Some is so weak that the effects are slight. Those who use it get little reaction beyond the nervous giggles and, waking the next morning with no ill effects, are encouraged to try something stronger. Hashish, virtually unknown on the American market four or five years ago, supplies that need. Made from the resin beaten out of the flowering tops of the marijuana plant, hashish produces hallucinations that are only a step away from LSD and the deadly world of synthetics.

Many parents, eager to get their marijuana-smoking progeny on the right side of the law, are lobbying for the legalization of marijuana. Such savants as Gore Vidal would like to see *all* drugs legalized, a theory of his that *The New York Times* saw fit to print. But Dr. Nils Bejerot, Sweden's leading expert on drug addiction, particularly on amphetamines, a severe Swedish problem, offers frightening counterfacts. For two decades the number of young Swedes mainlining (injecting into the veins) drugs doubled every thirtieth month, with one exception. From the spring of 1965 to the spring of 1967, when the Swedish authorities relaxed the laws, drug use quickly accelerated, and in 1966-67 it doubled in twelve months. When the laws were strengthened again, the twenty-year-old drug epidemic began to slow for the first time.

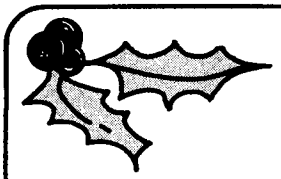
How much time is left to kick the habit? Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish political economist, has called international agreements "an absolute necessity." The U.N. General Assembly now has before it a recommendation for the establishment of a fund for worldwide drug control to be administered by the Secretariat. The plan calls for research, planning, crop substitution assistance, and technical training. But all that is coming late, perhaps even too late. Dr. Myrdal adds drug addiction to pollution, population problems, and modern weaponry as the major threats that may wipe out "half of the earth's population by the year 2000," a date now only thirty years away.

After bouncing around Congressional committees for well over a year, a major control act rewriting all the federal statutes, devised to cope with the epidemic proportions of the drug problem, and setting forth new provisions for rehabilitating addicts, has finally been signed into law. But there are other specters of drug disaster. Even if we should be successful in shutting down all the Turkish poppy fields and all the illegal heroin plants in France, we are left with the manufacture of synthetics. Chemically induced pleasure, and the artificial instinctive behavior it arouses, is extremely resistant to treatment whether the individual is unstable or not, says Dr. Bejerot. "Anyone who has tried to reduce his weight or stop smoking knows that one does not have to be a particularly weak character to lose the battle against one's own instinctive drives."

Ingersoll has warned that there are drugs now being illegally manufactured for which we don't even have names, much less antidotal cures. Bejerot sees drug epidemics as a challenge to the whole Western world. He thinks society must pull itself together and combat "these and similar forms of social dissolution" or our culture, like previous ones, will disappear into history books. "We live in a dramatic age, and everything moves far more quickly now than when the Roman Empire met its fate. I believe that at best we have ten years in which to prevent a social catastrophe; at worst it may already be too late."

Not merely a youthful frivolity to be equated with the roarings of the Twenties, not just the trappings of a new world order, not only the enlightened way of life of an untethered generation, the drug epidemic may be the shadow of an end-of-century plague. It may also be only one part—the more visible part—of a larger set of socio-medical problems: suicides and alcoholism as well as narcotism, in which few medical advances have been made. Society is reacting strongly against drugs (which in New York accounts for only one-sixth as many deaths as alcoholism) because it afflicts the young and the innocent and breeds crime.

Way ahead materially, we have done poorly in combating social diseases. As one metropolitan medical examiner has cynically said, it is a branch of medical science in which no Nobel prizes are given.



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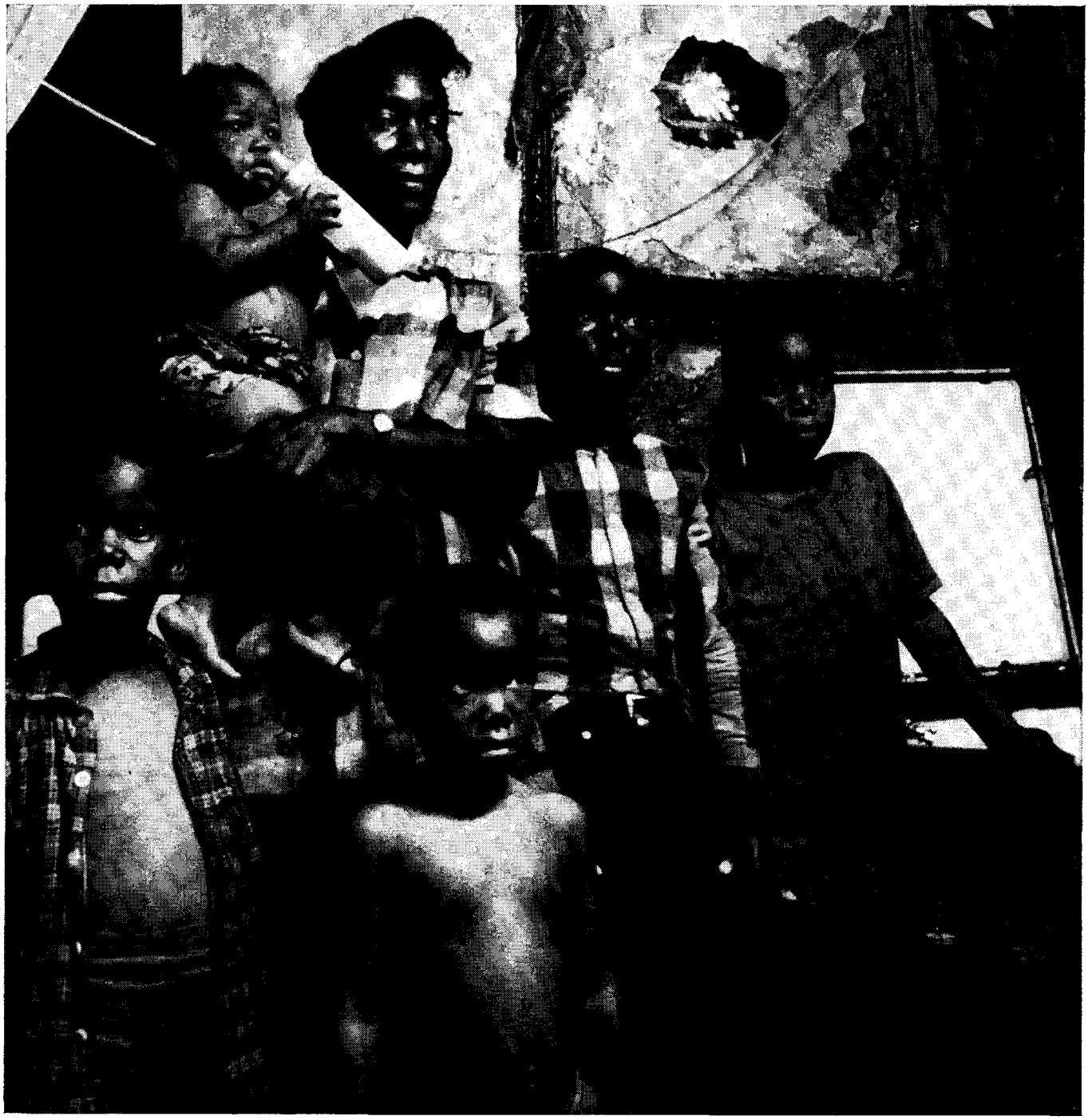

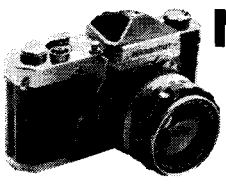

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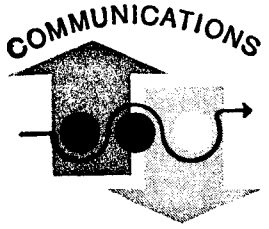

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

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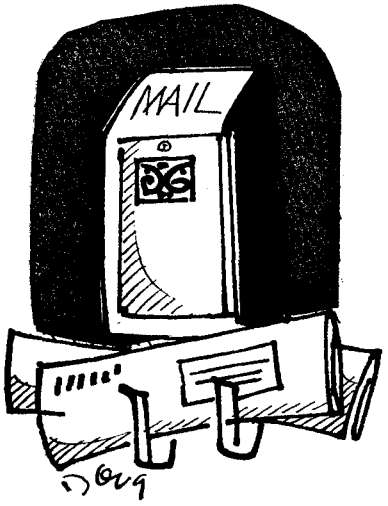

Early in 1967 the then Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien recommended that the U.S. Post Office be taken out of the President's Cabinet and reconstituted as a government corporation. There was little doubt at that time that the U.S. postal system was heading for a complete breakdown unless the basic reforms urged by Mr. O'Brien were adopted. It seemed clear then to editors of *SR* that this was probably the best way of saving a slowly dying department. We hold to the same view today now that the postal reform measure has become law.

We do not believe, however, that Congress ever intended the new postal reform bill to put out of business most of the national magazines now published in the United States. Yet this is precisely what will happen in the next few years if the federal government insists on raising postal rates for magazines by 100 per cent or more, as is now officially forecast. The burden will be especially heavy on magazines that reach most of their readers through the mails instead of the newsstands. Since most magazines are struggling to break even during this time of recession, let alone to make a decent profit, there is no way for them to remain solvent unless traditional second-class privilege rates are maintained.

Why should the Post Office be the only government agency required to break even, or make a profit? No other department of the federal government is made to pay its own way. The rest are subsidized by general taxation. Moreover, every other means of communication is now subsidized by federal monies—the trucking industry, railroads to a lesser degree, shipping, aviation. As for television and radio, the franchises are given away completely free by the federal government and with little or no return to it except for minor sales and use taxes on electronic hardware.

In any appraisal of information media it is useful to keep in mind that newspapers and magazines in this country have counterparts in relatively few other nations. The tradition of objective journalism is as truly American as baseball, apple pie, or the Declaration of Independence. In almost every other country on Earth most print media reflect the political views and news prejudices of their owners and readers; the part that America's objective periodical press has played in the development and growth of America by now is beyond calculation.

Because radio and TV must be herded into the only available channels, there soon develops a limit to the diversity of points of view and a tendency toward monopoly in the electronic field. National magazines, however, present every shade of opinion and subject available to the imagination of man. Since different magazines are edited for different groups of people, each magazine reaches a special-interest group in each community—on a national scale. That presentation is not influenced by the local popularity of a newspaper or local radio station, by time zone, or by insular point of view. The result is that the national magazine has a more diversified and flexible approach than any other form of communication. It is truly a perfect mass medium that makes a particular appeal to the more intelligent, better educated, more influential people in each community. It is a fact of merchandising that the higher one's education the more apt he is to read magazines regularly. To penalize the intelligent reader is to carry anti-intellectualism to absurdity. Another point is that the national magazine has a longer life with its pass-along circulation. The life

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of a daily newspaper is only a few hours, and radio and TV messages are fleeting. Magazines—the good ones—stay around the home for several weeks and are usually picked up many times by the average reader.

Beginning with George Washington, many of our presidents have recognized the inestimable value of gearing a postal system to quick and inexpensive distribution of information. When President Washington learned that the Post Office had canceled free distribution of certain newspapers, he wrote to John Jay that it was "extremely to be lamented that a new arrangement in the Post Office unfavorable to the circulation of intelligence should have taken place at the instant when the momentous question of a Government was to have come before the people." During the Depression year 1933, an economy campaign by Congress came close to forcing the Post Office to abandon the policy of low-cost rates on newspapers and magazines and establishment of a rate schedule by the government high enough to ensure recovery of the whole cost of handling each periodical. When it became apparent that many newspapers and periodicals would be excluded from distribution because of high postal rates, particularly to small towns and rural areas, the measure was happily defeated.

In any case, America's unslakable thirst for news and information has placed in sharp focus the importance of the national magazine and the daily press, which, aided and abetted by radio and TV, have combined to give the United States the most thorough and widespread dissemination of information in the history of mankind. No other country, not even in northwestern Europe, approaches the saturation coverage of information available virtually everywhere in the United States. And second-class privilege rates are, at bottom, what has made much of this information bonanza possible. To eliminate this traditional right by raising postal rates on magazines and newspapers at least 100 per cent makes no sense at all in a world where informed, intelligent citizens simply cannot be in short supply. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

The Coming Age of Monopoly

As a graduate student in communications, I was much impressed by the series of tenth-anniversary articles concerning news monopolies [*SR*, Oct. 10]. It is interesting to note that each article expressed an obvious dubiousness about the furthering of "Big Brotherism" in a society that fails to look beyond the present when considering the potentials of CATV. Let us hope that advertisers, the industry, the FCC, and the public heed the foreboding ideas offered herein by establishing realistic guidelines for what will surely become the major medium of the Seventies.

W. A. Heaberlin,
Huntington, W.Va.

Fred Friendly is right when he writes [*SR*, Oct. 10] that television's disease is its artificially restricted number of channels, and he is right that the cure is a "wired city." But he has fallen "asleep at the switch" when he wires his city with a coaxial cable that adds only forty picture channels to the home screen. Forty extra channels would be a huge improvement, but any finite number of channels will inevitably be controlled or regulated by someone. What we need is a system analogous to the telephone system—a network of single-channel cables linked to central switchboards, so that any subscriber could dial up any other subscriber who was equipped to broadcast. Unlike telephone switchboards, these control units would be constructed so that any number of viewers, from one to several million, could be connected to the same broadcaster.

Included among the broadcasters would be computer-access videotape libraries so that the viewer could, for example, dial up any Hollywood movie ever made. Such a system would break the network monopoly wide open and would end any excuse for government supervision of the content of programs. In fact, it would make television an even more open medium than print. Anyone could become a broadcaster by buying a thousand dollars' worth of videotape equipment, and anyone could become a "publisher" by placing a tape in one of the electronic libraries. The First Amendment would apply with no hedging to the medium that twenty years ago captured the popular imagination from print.

Thomas J. Yager,
New York, N.Y.

Nothing in Richard L. Tobin's "Publishing by Cathode Ray Tube" [*SR*, Oct. 10] dismayed me as much as the implication that "technological lightning" is probably not going to strike down that journalistic no man's land, the woman's page. Call it what you will, "soc" is a newspaper's ghetto for the inanities of life. It is suggested that anyone who does not understand the vehemence of the Women's Lib movement confine his (or her!) reading for a week to the "woman's" pages of a small-town daily. The projected gloom of 1984 is unrelieved indeed when this continuing irrelevance is promised.

Audrey Hoyt Johnson,
ex-soc editor,
Ojai, Calif.

An Official Official Scorer?

I agree wholeheartedly with R.L.T.'s editorial "Baseball, Umpires, and the Official Scorer" [*SR*, Sept. 12]. However, he devotes a great deal of attention to the intricacies of scoring while glossing over a more important point—conflict of interest. The system, as he describes it, puts the official scorer/reporter in a compromising situation. Granted, with the exception of wire service stories, the sports pages are not filled with examples of fair or impartial reporting. The reporter's conduct as scorer in the eyes of the baseball club may have a decided influence on the relations the reporter and his newspaper have with the team, players, and management, and will probably influence to some extent their relations with other sports teams in the area.

Throughout my journalism schooling and brief professional experience, I was impressed with the idea of being objective, or at least socially responsible, in reporting. Of course, the reporter cannot completely divorce himself from his news sources, but he must not become involved in situations that could compromise his ethics (if people still have them) and his ability to report honestly and fairly.

The current scorer/reporter relationship presents an opportunity for compromise. The suspicions that may develop among fellow reporters or the public could taint a reporter's credibility and honesty. Implementation of a professional scorer system by the leagues would also be beneficial to the journalism profession and the "great American writers" who might develop from today's sports writers.

Gilbert E. Kindelan,
Captain, USA,
APO San Francisco.

As a baseball fan and a former pitcher for New York University's baseball team from 1966-1968, I must differ with R.L.T. as to the ridiculousness of the winning and losing pitcher scoring rules. Yes, it is unfortunate that "Tom Seaver can throw ten innings of scoreless ball and not get credit for a run when taken out for a relief hurler who may throw half a dozen pitches and end up with the victory." However, that's baseball. After all, as long as he was not winning while pitching he did not win the game. By the same token, should he pitch hitless ball and lose one to nothing on an error by the second baseman, why not give the second baseman the loss? *C'est la vie!* In addition, there are certain rules that must be followed by official scorers when awarding a pitcher a win—such as requiring a starting pitcher to pitch at least five innings to even be eligible. No, it's not fair to pitch no-run ball for ten innings and lose, but, hell,

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even you can't argue with an ERA of 0.00. Nobody can! Agreed?

STEVEN SHARPE,
New York, N.Y.

When War Hurts Business . . .

IN HIS PUBLIC RELATIONS column of September 12 on American business leaders who now oppose the Vietnam War, L.L.L. Golden claims that "To a Marxist, Messrs. Lundborg, Connor, Watson, and McCoy do not exist." This is not only a gratuitous bit of vulgar anti-Marxism; it is plain wrong. From the simplest (and hardly incorrect) Marxist viewpoint, "splits in the ruling class" are always to be expected. But much more to the point, why did it take at least three years of increasingly murderous warfare by U.S. armed forces against the peasantry and countryside of Vietnam, plus escalating social and economic dislocation here at home, before any leading corporate business figures spoke out? I suspect that if Golden were interested in examining that question seriously, rather than chalking up polemical points against "Marxists," he would find that corporate business leaders' "opposition" to the Vietnam War did not develop until the war began to injure their economic interests. Inflation, rising interest rates and taxes, a business slowdown, and a stock market collapse caused in great part by the government's anti-inflation policies, continued balance of payments deficits, and the threat to the international position of the dollar—all have begun to hit home.

Next, if he were still willing, Golden might push one step further by asking whether those same business leaders who now favor cutbacks in Vietnam expenditures would also support full-scale disarmament—with all the redistribution of economic and political power that disarmament and dismantling of the garrison economy would imply.

RICHARD B. DU BOFF,
Bryn Mawr College,
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Hurrah for Lou

MY SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS for having published L. L. L. Golden's excellent article "Playing the Patsy" [*SR*, June 13]. The article not only displayed, as usual, Mr. Golden's understanding of the public relations assignment, but also was a timely and objective analysis of today's communications problems. The remarks by A. M. Rosenthal of *The New York Times* were especially pertinent.

DONALD B. MCCAMMOND,
Chairman of the Board and President,
Public Relations Society of America, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

Omitted Films of Excellence

STUART W. LITTLE left an important category out of his excellent article "Sponsored Films Are Better than Ever" [*SR*, Sept. 12]—those films originally shown on TV, then made available to schools. Pacific Telephone just withdrew an excellent series of Young People's Concerts featuring Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in *A Birthday Tribute to Shostakovich, A Tribute to Sibelius, What Is a Mode?, What Is a Sonata Form?*, and others. If the entire Bell System has withdrawn these, they have helped send humanities and music education programs back into the Dark Ages. Not only was there great music in these films, but as films they were unique looks at dynamic artists, filmed beautifully by Roger Englander and his dedicated staff, steeped in the joy of music life, dedicated minds, and heightened living. They are worth seeing again and again, as few sponsored films are. We loved every moment from Art Hannes's opening voice-over to the closing. Our students and we are losing a valuable treasure.

I. LEONARD FASS,
DAN THIELE,
Amos Alonzo Stagg Senior High School,
Stockton, Calif.

R.L.T.'s Subjunctive

I WAS SO PLEASED (thrilled would be more like it!) to read R.L.T.'s fine "In Praise of the Subjunctive" [*SR*, Aug. 8]. I have shown it to other middle-aged friends of mine for their enjoyment and, perhaps, for all of us to gloat over, proving that maybe "our generation" does have some worth. We, at least, were taught to speak grammatically!

I am appalled when, on occasion, young people (even college-level) help me write (my arm tires because of polio) and they can't compose, spell, or even copy an address correctly. They look at me as if I were something out of the ark when I tell them we were taught to diagram a sentence. That is a practice they have never heard of. My thirty-year-old nephew still argues that it is correct to say, "He gave it to Nancy and I," simply because his college professor condoned that mistake. I tell him such people are far from infallible.

Why should we not use our fine language correctly? I prefer informal, to stilted, speech but certainly not incorrect grammar, which seems to be more prevalent all the time. Please excuse my daring to criticize you, but, in your article, isn't "effete" used incorrectly? So many times it is used to mean "effeminate," but it doesn't. I have checked three dictionaries —one recently compiled—and the meaning of effete is "worn out," etc. Continued success to you.

DOROTHY JOHN,
Wilmington, Del.

SOCIETY IS LOWERING standards for social and ethical customs as well as for definitions of legal acts. Thus, unfortunately, the lowering of standards for English is in harmony with a modern trend. Traditional grammar may join the buttonhook in oblivion. You noted that ungrammatical English induces feelings of virility in American males; Percy Rogers noted several activities in which it fails to detract from either popularity or financial success of the people involved. Should *SR* readers want even more evidence about our jumbled language, they can get it from Roy H. Copperud's book *American Usage: The Consensus* (Van Nostrand Reinhold). Despite understandable reluctance, then, grammar buffs may have to accept reality graciously. Beauty in language is not necessarily any more relevant to the desired slope of sales curves than is beauty in the recording of classical music.

FRANCIS C. BREEDEN,
Topeka, Kan.

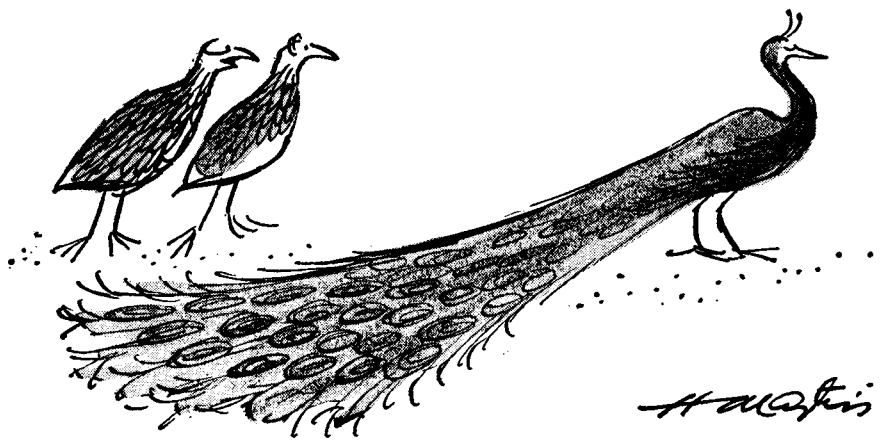
RE: PERCY C. ROGERS'S critical remarks:

Though you've taught
Grammarians' thought,
Please, have mercy,
Purist Percy.
"I wonder whether"
Goes together;
"I wonder if" 's
A spurious whiff!

J. B. MCMINN,
University of Alabama,
University, Ala.

WHAT I WOULD like to know about that Winston commercial (What do you want—good grammar or good taste?) is this: Does it really sell anything? It seems hard to believe that it would, but I presume that since the Winston people are spending their money for it, they must think they are getting something for it. Perhaps there is something to the harsh-irritant theory of advertising after all. Look at all the free publicity they are getting.

WILLIAM K. MUNN,
Oakland, Calif.



"You'll never get his nibs to agree on the unisex look."

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TELEVISION: THE SPLITTING IMAGE

by MARYA MANNES

A bride who looks scarcely fourteen whispers, "Oh, Mom, I'm so *happy*!" while a doting family adjust her gown and veil and a male voice croons softly, "A woman is a harder thing to be than a man. She has more feelings to feel." The mitigation of these excesses, it appears, is a feminine deodorant called Secret, which allows our bride to approach the altar with security as well as emotion.

Eddie Albert, a successful actor turned pitchman, bestows his attention on a lady with two suitcases, which prompt him to ask her whether she has been on a journey. "No," she says, or words to that effect, as she opens the suitcases. "My two boys bring back their soiled clothes every weekend from college for me to wash." And she goes into the familiar litany of grease, chocolate, mud, coffee, and fruit-juice stains, which presumably record the life of the average American male from two to fifty. Mr. Albert compliments her on this happy device to bring her boys home every week and hands her a box of Biz, because "Biz *is* better."

Two women with stony faces meet cart to cart in a supermarket as one takes a jar of peanut butter off a shelf. When the other asks her in a voice of nitric acid why she takes that brand, the first snaps, "Because I'm choosy for my family!" The two then break into delighted smiles as Number Two makes Number One taste Jiffy for "mothers who are choosy."

If you have not come across these dramatic interludes, it is because you are not home during the day and do not watch daytime television. It also means that your intestinal tract is spared from severe assaults, your credibility unstrained. Or, for that matter, you may look at commercials like these every day and manage either to ignore them or find nothing—given the fact of advertising—wrong with them. In that case, you are either so brainwashed or so innocent that you remain unaware of what this daily infusion may have done and is doing to an entire people as the long-accepted adjunct of free enterprise and support of "free" television.

"Given the fact" and "long-accepted" are the key words here. Only socialists, communists, idealists (or the BBC) fail to realize that a mass television system cannot exist without the support of sponsors, that the massive cost of maintaining it as a free service cannot be met without the massive income from selling products. You have only to read of the unending struggle to provide financial support for public, noncommercial television for further evidence.

Besides, aren't commercials in the public interest? Don't they help you choose what to buy? Don't they provide needed breaks from programing? Aren't many of them brilliantly done, and some of them funny? And now, with the new sexual freedom, all those gorgeous chicks with their shining hair and gleaming smiles? And if you didn't have commercials taking up a good part of each hour, how on earth would you find enough program material to fill the endless space/time void?

Tick off the yesses and what have you left? You have, I venture to submit, these intangible but possibly high costs: the diminution of human worth, the infusion and hardening of social attitudes no longer valid or desirable, pervasive discontent, and psychic fragmentation.

Should anyone wonder why deception is not an included detriment, I suggest that our public is so conditioned to promotion as a way of life, whether in art or politics or products, that elements of exaggeration or distortion are taken for granted. Nobody really believes that a certain shampoo will get a certain swain, or that an unclogged sinus can make a man a swinger. People are merely prepared to hope it will.

But the diminution of human worth is much more subtle and just as pervasive. In the guise of what they consider comedy, the producers of television commercials have created a loathsome gallery of men and women patterned, presumably, on Mr. and Mrs. America. Women liberationists have a major target in the commercial image of woman flashed hourly and daily to the vast majority. There are, indeed, only four kinds of females in this relentless sales procession: the gorgeous teen-age swinger with bouncing locks; the young mother teaching her baby girl the right soap for skin care; the middle-aged housewife with a voice like a power saw; and the old lady with dentures and irregularity. All these women, to be sure, exist. But between the swinging sex object and the constipated granny there are millions of females never shown in commercials. These are—married or single—intelligent, sensitive women who bring charm to their homes, who work at jobs as well as lend grace to their marriage, who support themselves, who have talents or hobbies or commitments, or who are skilled at their professions.

To my knowledge, as a frequent if reluctant observer, I know of only one woman on a commercial who has a job; a comic plumber pushing Comet. Funny, heh? Think of a dame with a plunger.

With this one representative of our labor force, which is well over thirty million women, we are left with nothing but the full-time housewife in all her whining glory: obsessed with whiter wash, moister cakes, shinier floors, cleaner children, softer diapers, and greaseless fried chicken. In the rare instances when these ladies are not in the kitchen, at the washing machine, or waiting on hubby, they are buying beauty shops (fantasy, see?) to take home so that their hair will have more body. Or out at the supermarket being choosy.

If they were attractive in their obsessions, they might be bearable. But they are not. They are pushy, loudmouthed, stupid, and—of all things now—bereft of sexuality. Presumably, the argument in the tenets of advertising is that once a woman marries she changes overnight from plaything to floor-waxer.

To be fair, men make an equivalent transition in commercials. The swinging male with the mod hair and the beautiful chick turns inevitably into the paunchy slob who chokes on his wife's cake. You will notice, however, that the voice urging the viewer to buy the product is nearly always male: gentle, wise, helpful, seductive. And the

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MARYA MANNES is a long-time free-lance writer and broadcaster whose most recent book is the novel *They*.

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visible presence telling the housewife how to get shinier floors and whiter wash and lovelier hair is almost invariably a man: the Svengali in modern dress, the Trilby (if only she were!), his willing object.

Woman, in short, is consumer first and human being fourth. A wife and mother who stays home all day buys a lot more than a woman who lives alone or who—married or single—has a job. The young girl hell-bent on marriage is the next most susceptible consumer. It is entirely understandable, then, that the potential buyers of detergents, foods, polishes, toothpastes, pills, and housewares are the housewives, and that the sex object spends most of *her* money on cosmetics, hair lotions, soaps, mouthwashes, and soft drinks.

Here we come, of course, to the youngest class of consumers, the swinging teen-agers so beloved by advertisers keen on telling them (and us) that they've "got a lot to live, and Pepsi's got a lot to give." This affords a chance to show a squirming, leaping, jiggling group of beautiful kids having a very loud high on rock and—of all things—soda pop. One of commercial TV's most dubious achievements, in fact, is the reinforcement of the self-adulation characteristic of the young as a group.

As for the aging female citizen, the less shown of her the better. She is useful for ailments, but since she buys very little of anything, not having a husband or any children to feed or house to keep, nor—of course—sex appeal to burnish, society and commercials have little place for her. The same is true, to be sure, of older men, who are handy for Bosses with Bad Breath or Doctors with Remedies. Yet, on the whole, men hold up better than women at any age—in life or on television. Lines on their faces are marks of distinction, while on women they are signatures of decay.

There is no question, in any case, that television commercials (and many of the entertainment programs, notably the soap serials that are part of the selling package) reinforce, like an insistent drill, the assumption that a woman's only valid function is that of wife, mother, and servant of men: the inevitable sequel to her earlier function as sex object and swinger.

At a time when more and more women are at long last learning to reject these assumptions as archaic and demeaning, and to grow into individual human beings with a wide option of lives to live, the sellers of the nation are bent upon reinforcing the ancient pattern. They know only too well that by beaming their message to the Consumer Queen they can justify her existence as the housebound Mrs. America: dumber than dumb, whiter than white.

The conditioning starts very early: with the girl child who wants the skin Ivory soap has reputedly given her mother, with the nine-year-old who brings back a cake of Camay instead of the male deodorant her father wanted. (When she confesses that she bought it so she could be "feminine," her father hugs her, and, with the voice of a child-molester, whispers, "My little girl is growing up on me, huh.") And then, before long, comes the teen-aged bride who "has feelings to feel."

It is the little boys who dream of wings, in an airplane commercial; who grow up (with fewer cavities) into the doers. Their little sisters turn into *Cosmopolitan* girls, who in turn become housewives furious that their neighbors' wash is cleaner than theirs.

There is good reason to suspect that this manic obsession with cleanliness, fostered, quite naturally, by the giant soap and detergent interests, may bear some responsibility for the cultivated sloppiness of so many of the young in their clothing as well as in their chosen hideouts. The compulsive housewife who spends more time washing and vacuuming and polishing her possessions than communicating to, or stimulating her children creates a kind of sterility that the young would instinctively reject. The impeccably tidy home, the impeccably tidy lawn are—in a very real sense—unnatural and confining.

Yet the commercials confront us with broods of happy children, some of whom—believe it or not—notice the new fresh smell their clean, white sweatshirts exhale thanks to Mom's new "softener."

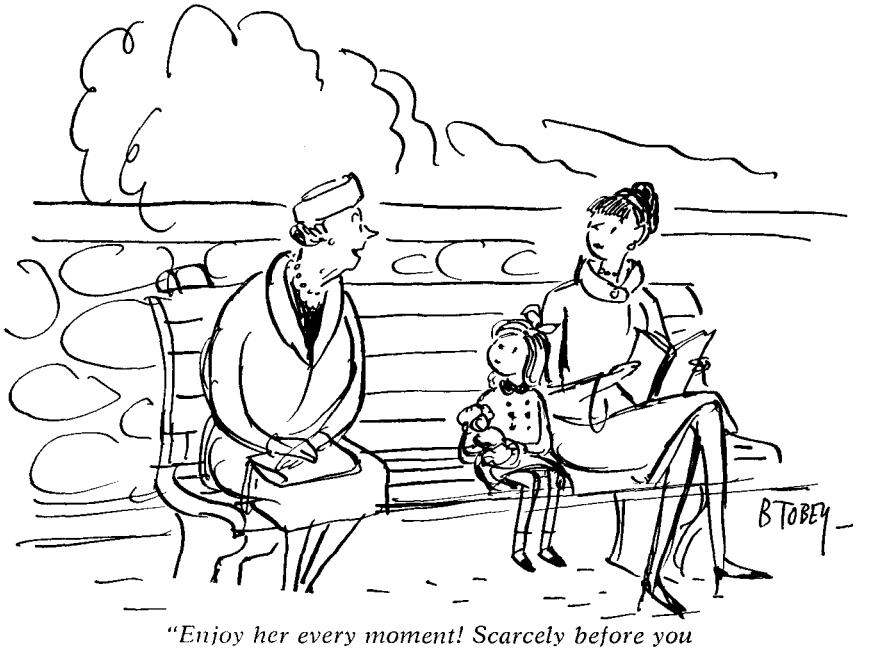
Some major advertisers, for that matter, can even cast a benign eye on the population explosion. In another Biz commercial, the genial Eddie Albert surveys with surprise a long row of dirty clothes heaped before him by a young matron. She answers his natural query by telling him gaily they are the products of her brood of eleven "with one more to come!" she adds as the twelfth turns up. "That's great!" says Mr. Albert, curdling the soul of Planned Parenthood and the future of this planet.

Who are, one cannot help but ask, the writers who manage to combine the sales of products with the selling-out of human dreams and dignity? Who people this cosmos of commercials with dolts and fools and shrews and narcissists? Who know so much about quirks and mannerisms and ailments and so little about life? So much about presumed wants and so little about crying needs?

Can women advertisers so demean their own sex? Or are there no women in positions of decision high enough to see that their real selves stand up?

Do they not know, these extremely clever creators of commercials, what they could do for their audience even while they exploit and entertain them? How they could raise the levels of manners and attitudes while they sell their wares? Or do they really share the worm's-eye view of mass communication that sees, and addresses, only the lowest common denominator?

It can be argued that commercials are taken too seriously, that their function is merely to amuse, engage, and sell, and that they do this brilliantly. If that were all to this wheedling of millions, well and good. But it is not. There are two more fallouts from this chronic sales explosion that cannot be



"Enjoy her every moment! Scarcely before you turn around, she will be living in a coed dorm."

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measured but that at least can be expected. One has to do with the continual celebration of youth at the expense of maturity. In commercials only the young have access to beauty, sex, and joy in life. What do older women feel, day after day, when love is the exclusive possession of a teenage girl with a bobbing mantle of hair? What older man would not covet her in restless impotence?

The constant reminder of what is inaccessible must inevitably produce a subterranean but real discontent, just as the continual sight of things and places beyond reach has eaten deeply into the ghetto soul. If we are constantly presented with what we are not or cannot have, the dislocation deepens, contentment vanishes, and frustration reigns. Even for the substantially secure, there is always a better thing, a better way, to buy. That none of these things makes a better life may be consciously acknowledged, but still the desire lodges in the spirit, nagging and pulling.

This kind of fragmentation works in potent ways above and beyond the mere fact of program interruption, which is much of the time more of a blessing than a curse, especially in those rare instances when the commercial is deft and funny: the soft and subtle sell. Its overall curse, due to the large number of commercials in each hour, is that it reduces the attention span of a people already so conditioned to constant change and distraction that they cannot tolerate continuity in print or on the air.

Specifically, commercial interruption is most damaging during that 10 per cent of programing (a charitable estimate) most important to the mind and spirit of a people: news and public affairs, and drama.

To many (and among these are network news producers), commercials have no place or business during the vital process of informing the public. There is something obscene about a newscaster pausing to introduce a deodorant or shampoo commercial between an airplane crash and a body count. It is more than an interruption; it tends to reduce news to a form of running entertainment, to smudge the edges of reality by treating death or disaster or diplomacy on the same level as household appliances or a new gasoline.

The answer to this would presumably be to lump the commercials before and after the news or public affairs broadcasts—an answer unpalatable, needless to say, to the sponsors who support them.

The same is doubly true of that most unprofitable sector of television, the original play. Essential to any creative composition, whether drama, music, or dance, are mood and continuity, both inseparable from form and meaning. They are shattered by the periodic intrusion of commercials, which have become intolerable to the serious artists who have deserted commercial television in droves because the system allows them no real freedom or autonomy. The selling comes first, the creation must accommodate itself. It is the rare and admirable sponsor who restricts or fashions his commercials so as to provide a minimum of intrusion or damaging inappropriateness.

If all these assumptions and imponderables are true, as many suspect, what is the answer or alleviation?

One is in the course of difficult emergence: the establishment of a public television system sufficiently funded so that it can give a maximum number of people an alternate diet of pleasure, enlightenment, and stimulation free from commercial fragmentation. So far, for lack of funds to buy talent and equipment, this effort has been in terms of public attention a distinctly minor operation.

Even if public television should, hopefully, greatly increase its scope and impact, it cannot in the nature of things and through long public conditioning equal the impact and reach the size of audience now tuned to commercial television.

Enormous amounts of time, money, and talent go into commercials. Technically they are often brilliant and innovative, the product not only of the new skills and devices but of imaginative minds. A few of them are both funny and endearing. Who, for instance, will forget the miserable young man with the appalling cold, or the kids taught to use—as an initiation into manhood—a fork instead of a spoon with a certain spaghetti? Among the enlightened sponsors, moreover, are some who manage to combine an image of their corporation and their products with accuracy and restraint.

What has to happen to mass medium advertisers as a whole, and especially on TV, is a totally new approach to their function not only as sellers but as social influencers. They have the same obligation as the broadcast medium itself: not only to entertain but to reflect, not only to reflect but to enlarge public consciousness and human stature.

This may be a tall order, but it is a vital one at a time when Americans have ceased to know who they are and where they are going, and when all the multiple forces acting upon them are daily diminishing their sense of their own value and purpose in life, when social upheaval and social fragmentation have destroyed old patterns, and when survival depends on new ones.

If we continue to see ourselves as the advertisers see us, we have no place to go. Nor, I might add, has commercial broadcasting itself.

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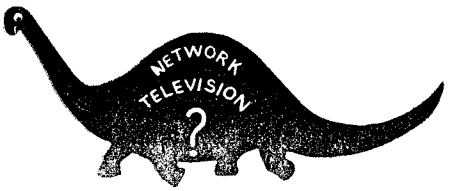
NETWORK TELEVISION'S UNCERTAIN FUTURE



by JOHN TEBBEL

A cloud no larger than an executive's troubled dream, and perhaps with no more real substance, has appeared on the horizon of network television. It is the possibility that this multibillion-dollar colossus of the communications industry may be plodding, like the dinosaur, toward extinction. There are those who believe it will happen within this decade; others think it will take longer.

No one in the industry would admit publicly to having such unthinkable thoughts. On the contrary, statistics are produced to show that broadcasting is in a healthy state and is exhibiting no significant signs of economic pallor. Nevertheless, the symptoms of unease are there. They appear in confidential discussions with people who have been in broadcasting for a long time, who know they will not be quoted when they say that some thought is already being given to planning for the decline and fall, and in the voice of a veteran newscaster who asks, "Do you notice how quiet things are in this business? It's as though everybody were holding his breath."

The quiet and the breath-holding are most apparent in the comparative restraint with which the fall season has begun. There has been the usual trumpeting about new shows, of course, but little of the unbridled enthusiasm of the past. The fact is that there is little fresh to be seen on the commercial tube, nothing to generate any excitement. New fall offerings were dutifully reviewed, mostly unfavorably, in the newspapers, but some observers in the industry think it significant that *The New York Times*, which once did a good deal of reviewing, last year and this has offered hardly any, presumably because its radio-television editor, Jack Gould, thought there was not much worth reviewing. His critical work appeared in the Sunday edition; the remainder was mostly reporting on industry events. Other newspapers have either reduced or stopped their coverage of television programs. Granted that television reviewing is probably the most ineffectual of the critical arts—in a medium where only the ratings really count—not being noticed at all can be a sign that something is wrong.

Whether television is actually losing its audience depends on whose statistics one reads. No statistics are more unreliable than those produced by people with a vested interest in something; so it is not surprising that NBC and Nielsen tell us that there are nearly sixty million television homes in the country, whose inhabitants spend an average of five hours and fifty minutes a day watching the tube for a grand per-day reviewing total of 335 million hours, while the industry's critics produce polls showing that television is losing a million or more listeners every year. Again, both empirical observation and polls indicate that the young are disenchanted and bored with television, and that relatively few bother to watch it. But the industry responds with its own statistics, which show that when the young get out of college and marry they settle into the same viewing patterns as their elders. Even the man who says he seldom watches television may do so more than he thinks, although he may never turn on the set except for news and sports.

Whatever allowances may have to be made for industry-sponsored statistics, television, if it is headed for a fall, still has a long way to go. There is no reason to doubt that ninety-five out of 100 homes in America own television sets, and that these viewers are spread over the entire economic spectrum. America has the only slums in the world where a seeming luxury like a television set is so often considered a necessity and where color shows up in 16 per cent of those households with incomes of less than $5,000 annually, according to Nielsen figures.

We have 677 television stations in America, far more than any other country, and this number has climbed steadily every year; fifteen years ago it was 411. Viewing hours show the same steady rise, year after year. In an average day, television reaches 92 per cent of all TV households and 98 per cent in an average week, for a total weekly viewing time of forty-six hours. When the amount of time spent daily with the different media is measured, television comes out well ahead, with 48 per cent of all adults. Radio is next, with 32 per cent; newspapers third, with 13 per cent; and magazines fourth, at 7 per cent.

As the other media know, a large part of the advertising dollar goes into television. The top hundred national advertisers invested more than $2-billion in television during 1969, for 62.8 per cent of the total. The awful gap is apparent in the half-billion these advertisers put into magazines, for 15.6 per cent of the total; and the slightly more than $300-million, or 9.2 per cent, placed in newspapers. In terms of total advertising, the news is also bad for the other media. This figure reached nearly $20-billion in 1969, of which television had 18.3 per cent of the total. Newspapers got 29.9 per cent, but only because there are so many more newspapers and so much more local retail advertising. Magazines had to be content with 7 per cent of the total, just above radio's 6.5 per cent. In national advertising, which accounted for nearly $7-billion of the $20-billion total, television grabbed a significant 44 per cent, measured against 15.8 per cent for newspapers, 20.7 for magazines, and 6.6 per cent for radio, including network and spot.

One could go on with this kind of statistical optimism—two in every five television homes have color; television set sales topped ten million for the fifth straight year, although nearly a million fewer were sold in 1969 than in the previous year—but it would only underline the paradox of network television's possible decline. How, it may well be asked, could such a giant, with so powerful a place in the American home, be in any danger? The answer is that the danger is not to television itself, but to the way it is organized. Network radio was once as powerful a force, in the context of its times, but its power disappeared with scarcely a trace.

There is no reason to suppose that network television is immune from the forces that are gradually breaking up other national media. It is becoming plainer every day that our population has become too large and too diverse to be reached by the conventional patterns of the mass media. Magazines are changing rapidly under the impact of this situation, and newspapers are also

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profoundly affected, although in different ways. The cry that has arisen for "access" to the media simply reflects the inability of any medium to appeal to a middle-class majority and an aggregate of large minority groups at the same time. In television, for example, the movies that are its staples are almost entirely middle-class, middle-American products, but which many segments of the population, for varying reasons, find utterly boring. The supposition has always been that the majority audience would remain large enough to support any mass medium in the style to which it had accustomed itself. That has not been the case with mass magazines, and it is wishful thinking to suppose it will be true of television.

Other factors also threaten network programing. The clear and present danger is cable television, with all its ramifications. In spite of the truly formidable difficulties that lie before it, there is little doubt that cable television, whether paid for by installation or by program or by both, offers the only feasible way to provide the diversity of programing and the freedom from commercialism that minority groups demand. It is unreasonable to expect the networks to try to do this job; they are a mass medium, serving a mass audience, and it would be economic suicide for them to do anything different from what they are doing. At the same time, those who want serious music, intellectual programing, ethnic emphasis, or other kinds of specialized fare—or simply relief from commercials—should not be deprived.

Diversity is the promise of cable television, and it is also implicit in cassette television tape, certainly the largest advance since the long-playing record and potentially even more revolutionary. When mass market prices prevail in this field, undoubtedly well before the decade of the Seventies is over, people will be able to see on their screens exactly what they pay for. What they will not be able to see, of course, is the on-the-spot reporting of events, which has been television's greatest glory.

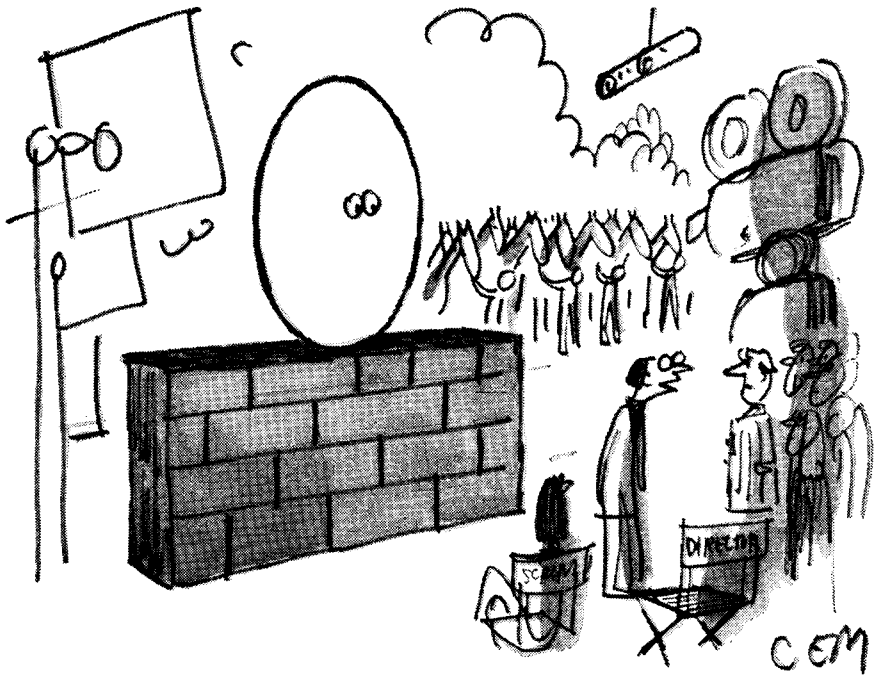
That fact brings us to a serious consideration of the consequences of network television's demise, if it should come to pass. Critics of the networks and their programing, who may be disposed to begin a dance of ecstasy on its grave even before the body is safely buried, ought to keep in mind what happened to radio. Those old enough to remember network radio will recall that it was culturally several light years ahead of radio today. The gradual fading of live, serious music broadcasts and the takeover by pop music, in its infinite variety, have made radio a jungle, as anyone on a long drive can prove for himself with his car radio. Except in the largest cities, where good music programing provides oases that, even there, are slowly being tainted, radio is full of talk and pop and little else.

In other respects, too, the disappearance of network television could be a disaster. It would be bad enough to be subjected to local programing in entertainment, à la radio, but in the case of news broadcasting, the blow to freedom of information would be severe. As matters stand, television news is already embattled by a government that clearly means to control it even more if possible. But the situation would be incomparably worse if news on television, which admittedly is not without its faults, were reduced to whatever local stations found it feasible to produce. National and international news would be confined to whatever could be taken from the news agency wires, as in the case of most current radio reportage, and presumably they would be subordinated in time allotment to local news, as on radio now. The network correspondents who have so often done such a superb job of reporting would be gone. Their removal might satisfy the Vice President and his supporters, but it would scarcely serve the cause of press freedom.

Here again one comes to the overriding paradox of this matter. Television has become the most important element among the media as far as the number of people reached is concerned and in terms of credibility, whether deserved or not; yet the government refuses to grant it the fundamental rights guaranteed by the First Amendment. If network television should disappear, the collapse of press freedom in the medium, already under heavy pressure from Washington, would be complete. The fact that responsible people, as well as those who are informed mostly by their prejudices, can take this prospect with equanimity, and even with anticipation, is a measure of how near to extinction the whole concept of press freedom is in this country.

In political life, the demise of network television would also have profound and complicated effects. Network radio once carried the President's words to every corner of the country, but it no longer does so; in New York, only a few stations carry his most important speeches. Presumably, a President, by authority of his office, could always create an instant television network on command, even if one no longer existed in fact. But how would other national political leaders fare? One has only to look at radio for the answer. The present controversy over equal time for the President's opponents would quickly become academic. There would be no equal time for anyone, and the White House would have a monopoly.

It is seldom realized how much network television binds the nation together. Broadcasts of national events, speeches by national leaders, and, most of all, the national news broadcasts provide a sounding board to which the entire country can react, one way or the other. To fragment television coverage into local interests might better serve the communities, as the egalitarians fashionably argue, but it would hardly serve the national interest, which in the end is everyone's interest.



"All the king's horses are saddled and ready, but all the king's men are calling in sick."

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THE THINKING MAN'S MEDIUM

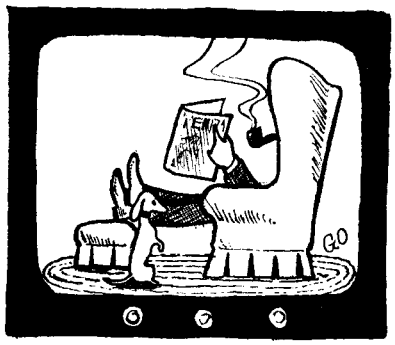
by ROY E. LARSEN

During the fifty years of my career in publishing, the function of general interest and informational magazines in American society has been radically changed by the advent of new communications media, by the rise of millions to affluence, by the vastly increased formal education of our people, and by the growing complexities of our private, national, and international lives.

When I was in knee breeches, there was no radio. I was out of college for some years before Al Jolson sang "Mammy" in the first talking motion picture. I had lived through two world wars and the Great Depression before there was television. My contemporaries and I may not have realized it fully at the time, but we were witnessing forward strides in communications comparable to the giant stride of Gutenberg five centuries earlier.

Each of these new media, of course, offered alternative means for the public to get part of the information and entertainment it wanted, and each was therefore awarded a portion of the public's attention time, which before had been devoted mostly to print media. Each of the new media prospered as it deserved, and is continuing to prosper.

The arrivals of radio fifty years ago and television twenty-five years later were unquestionably blessings for mankind—but they were also traumatic experiences for all print media, and especially for the editors and publishers of general interest magazines. After all, for about 100 years magazines had been the principal bearers of entertainment and certain kinds of information into the home. The new media that invaded our nation's castles without bothering to ring twice were regarded by some—not including myself—as interlopers and upsetters of apple carts. Our industry fought them



tooth and nail as they came, but they refused to go away. It was years in each case before we admitted that they were here to stay and that each had virtues print media did not have. Try as we might, for instance, no magazine could rival the hilarious silences of a Jack Benny on radio or the sense of participation we all felt as TV showed us man's first step on the moon.

If you will forgive what seems to be boasting—because it is—I was one of the first to use an electronic medium—radio—as a means of promoting a magazine. Some of you may remember "The March of Time"—on radio or in motion pictures—which dramatized some of the news to be found in the magazine and enticed some thousands of radio listeners to become subscribers to *Time*. As circulation manager of the magazine during that Depression period, my motto was: "If you can't beat 'em, use 'em."

Later on, as president of Time Inc., and in recognition of the great virtues of TV as a new communications medium, I recommended that our company get a piece of the new action by going into TV ourselves. We did, to the extent possible by law, and we have not been sorry. I might add that we have also invested quite heavily in the *next* generation of electronic communication, currently known as cable TV, and are seriously exploring video cartridges.

Although the competition between magazines and TV as advertising media is still going on, it seems to me that a lot of general interest magazines, including those in which I have been active, wasted a lot of effort and money during the late Fifties and Sixties in trying to meet TV head on in a battle for the advertising dollar. For a while there—too long a while, it now appears—we argued almost exclusively in terms of audience size and cost per thousand readers or viewers. We got into some pretty fancy arithmetic on that gambit, and wasted a lot of our energies in internecine warfare. Finally, it dawned on us—as it had twenty-five years before with radio—that numbers should not be the name of the game. It is true, of course, that TV is a fantastic mass medium, capable of reaching practically everyone with a set of eyes and ears. It is also true that several magazines regularly reach audiences far larger than do regular television offerings. The *significant* competitive fact, however, is not the mere size of the audience but the characteristics of that audience. It is not just the eyes and ears that count; what is between them is equally important.

Much to the joy of publishers, research has shown beyond question that the people who read significant magazines are the thinking men and women of our time. The magazine audience is a select audience, including a high percentage of people with the most resources, education, and influence. The magazine audience includes the generals and captains and lieutenants of the Command Generation—and the top revolutionaries as well. It includes a high percentage of the involved ones, the people who will lead other people wherever we are going.

We live, of course, in a participatory democracy, where all men are equal under the law and in their chances at heaven. But we also live in an Orwellian world where some animals are "more equal than others." Given the vagaries of the DNA molecule, some men seem born to lead and some to follow. Some are participators in the passing parade and some are spectators. It is to those whom chance has made more equal than others, to those who lead, and to those who participate that the better magazines particularly address themselves. No one is excluded, of course. Everyone who can stand the heat of the kitchen is welcome. But the selection of the audience for magazines is not really made by publishers; it is made by readers who voluntarily give their attention to editors because they hope to learn.

This elite audience for magazines—thinking men and women—are testifying with hard cash as to how important magazines are to them. The

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ROY E. LARSEN is vice chairman of the Board of Time Inc., publisher of *Time, Life, Fortune, Sports Illustrated,* and Time-Life Books. This article is based on his remarks delivered at the awards luncheon of the Magazine Publishers Association in September, acknowledging receipt of the Henry Johnson Fisher Award for outstanding contributions to magazine journalism.

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voluntary circulation of the better magazines, despite sharply increased costs to the reader and despite the temptations of more spectacular media, has increased steadily. Certain kinds of people want magazines because they need them, because they feel magazines can help them in their personal and professional lives.

The journalistic medium that offers the highest protein content, and to which readers bring their most serious attention, is the news-oriented magazine. Before they open such a magazine, readers know what they have a right to expect. They have the right to a hard, keen, skeptical, yet benign look at the world's performance, reported urbanely and illuminated by flashes from the past and blips from the future. They expect the correspondents, writers, researchers, and editors who have gathered and checked the facts, written them up, and pointed them up to have thrown out the fluff and the empty calories, and to have preserved the essence in its proper sweet or sour sauce. They expect these professionals to have argued among themselves about the significance and implications of what has happened, and to have had the courage at least to intimate what readers should make of it all and severally. In short, thinking people look to news-oriented magazines for the kinds of information and the sophistication of judgment they need for the strategic part of their personal planning—and often of their business thinking, too.

I do not have to enumerate the problems on which we all would probably appreciate some help and guidance. The cities. The environment. Drugs. The race problem. Poverty. The Indochina war. The war in the Middle East. The good life. The midi skirt. Boredom. Any one of us could list fifty problems of our time, each vying for the top of the list.

But events are not all that is happening. There is also occurring a kind of electrical phenomenon, something of the kind usually blamed on global fields of magnetic force, sunspots, or subtle emanations from moon rocks. Its name is polarization. In their attitudes on major questions, major groups of our people seem to have withdrawn as though by magnetism to the extremes of their positions so as not to be bothered with any such nonsense as finding a middle ground with anyone else. Parents have withdrawn to their pole and gaze frigidly out at their children raising hell at their pole, and at their own parents complaining of neglect in California. White people gather at the white pole, increasingly wrapped in snow, and black people gather at the black pole, wrapped in impatience. Other polarizations involve consumers and manufacturers, strictly private enterprisers and would-be socialists, Bible thumpers and the sons of Cain, women's liberationists and male chauvinists. I suppose the ultimate polarity is between dyed-in-the-wool conservatives and wild-eyed liberals, the one group crying for the imposition of order and the other for revolution.

Many polarized people believe they are the sole custodians of answers and that all the answers are simple. But today's problems are not simple, and they will not yield to shallow analysis and instant or emotional solutions. Whether we like it or not, life in the Seventies is unprecedentedly complicated. What seems simple is complex; what seems obvious is subtle. In fact, anything that seems to be, probably isn't.

There is considerable evidence that millions of people—especially many of our youth—have become inclined toward simplistic solutions to complicated problems, because for years they have seen problems dramatically presented and neatly solved on television within a thirty-minute period, minus commercials. Millions have been tempted to the fantasy that reality is something either black or white, good or bad, desirable or reprehensible—never anything in between. And millions are inclined to believe, on the evidence of Dan'l Boone or *Mission: Impossible,* that the good guy always beats the bad guy in the end.

Clearly, there is additional information to be provided if our society is to meet its sophisticated problems in a sophisticated way, if the people who pull levers in polling booths are to pull the right ones for the right reasons.

All media are addressing themselves to this need, and doing it well. The protein content of both radio and TV is higher than ever before; I've never seen more thoughtful beards and shining pates on the tube. The better newspapers are now concerned not only with hard news but with its soft implications. And magazines of an informational nature have become increasingly cerebral, as befits the most sophisticated medium of all.

Thought, of course, is the most sophisticated action of which man is capable. Deep thought is work, and it is done best when the mood is there, time is available, and distractions are absent. One trouble with the electronic world of Marshall McLuhan is that it does not stay put to await the convenience and the mood of the viewer; it puts on its show by the clock and goes away. Except in sports, McLuhan's world offers no instant replays, and the puzzled listener's "How's that again?" goes forever unanswered. A magazine, on the other hand, is a patient and thoughtful thing that will bide its time for the convenience of the reader. It can answer the "How's that again?" by offering replay at the flick of an eye or finger.

It would appear that our society's solution to current problems will be wise or willful, simplistic or knowing, largely in direct relation to the way in which magazines continue to help guide thinking people through the complexities of an ever-changing world.

"Yoohoo Derek! Our marriage counselor decided I should come back and be permissive after all."

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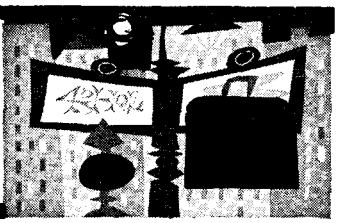
Madison Avenue



Is the Agency in Trouble?

For most full-service advertising agencies, the summer of 1970 should be labeled "A Season in the Shade," certainly a less than warm and sunny business period. Indeed, the whole year leaves scant room for exhilaration. Plagued by a recession that the government refuses to call a recession, agencies are stung by the cold winds of a slack economy whipping at them every single day. Many of the big shops are watching billings drop 5 to 10 per cent; smaller agencies even more. Worse, profits are tumbling 20 to 25 per cent. The reason? A sizable list of clients just aren't spending, and those that are do so reluctantly. Many now question whether advertising itself is worth the investment, particularly at a time when expenditures are swallowed up by a combination of media inflation and a growing audience apathy to programs and commercials. (A not-so-trumpeted report by the president of a major advertising agency belatedly confesses that recall of commercial messages has dropped year by year. This on top of a major rating service's "bomb" a few months ago which showed that the per cent viewing television in many markets has slipped as well. Put these together and you have real problems.)

Thus, in times of economic belt-tightening and re-examination, marketing managements at the advertiser level ask, logically, for proof that a communication appropriation definitely generates sales; if not, a cutback is in order. The Association of National Advertisers recently has published a book (*Measuring the Sales and Profit Results of Advertising* by Roy Campbell) advocating that *the time is now* to relate messages to sales and seek proof before the big dollars are doled out. It's a difficult task but an essential one, says the ANA.

Advertising agencies on the other hand have long argued that advertising is only one part of the marketing complex and should not be gauged by sales results. Many additional factors—pricing, distribution, product improvement, competition, packaging, sampling, trade influence, and others—can and do muddy the measurement waters. And while this is inherently true, too many agencies embrace it as a convenient cop-out rather than authenticate its rightness. The new finance-conscious managements at major client companies, however, are not sympathetic to the agencies' reluctance to seek answers. The new breed of profit-oriented money men at the client are no longer wedded to the historic, hand-holding account executive/advertising manager way of doing business. They're openly disturbed by their agencies' securing 15 per cent for something that somehow can't be proved. This then was the mood as we entered a recession year.

Now comes the summer of even bigger discontent. Selling problems increase. Money is tighter; competition becomes stiffer. As a consequence, the historic agency-client entente starts unraveling. First, Magnavox announces it's dropping its full-service agency and will henceforth use independent creative, media, research and marketing shops—on a per-project basis, for an agreed-upon fee depending on the job performed. These functions are scrutinized by new marketing talent now ensconced at client headquarters. A week later Monsanto follows suit, moving from a number of full-service shops. Then Hystron (another major fiber manufacturer) does the same two days later. Followed by a division of Dow. Followed by part of Pfizer. Others are ready to jump on the band wagon. Then, to top it all, on the last day of July the ANA announces another major study to explore the whole spectrum of agency-client relations. The tremors continue into autumn—maybe a true autumn for many agencies. Did this trend blossom all at once? Are the large agencies really in trouble? Is what happened in 1970 the wave of the future? The answers can and do change with the ever-changing pace of the American market place, but there is most certainly a movement away from a number of major agencies *as they are presently structured*, and the reasons are not really complicated, although not always obvious.

First, too many agencies have abdicated their marketing-planning obligation to the client. Either the agency doesn't care (because he is too affluent) or the client can handle the function as well, aided by an information explosion that spews out data to the home office hourly and in such great abundance that marketing problem-solving becomes the daily way of life, the principal function of the new brand manager—with less need for agency cooperation.

Yet, the change didn't happen overnight—even though a number of agencies choose to view it this way. For twenty years after the end of World War II American marketing was wrapped in a "seller's market." Almost everything produced was quickly gobbled up by a voracious consumer's desire to "own." Produce a good product and the world will beat a path to your display. Many of the products were innovative enough to develop markets almost *without* advertising—Polaroid cameras, sporty Mustangs, time-saving cake mixes, diet products, color television, jet travel, mobile homes to name only a few. The ads were "reminders," intriguing perhaps, but the product itself did the selling. The money to promote and the customers to purchase were all there, working together. Even such categories as soaps, foods, and drugs had a relatively easy time of it. And the agencies had a field day. Prepare a bright, smart slogan plus arresting graphics and the job was done. Television (an innovative miracle itself) corralled and hypnotized audiences, and the selling was easy. Few at the agency level cared to admit these facts, so the "mystique," the secret ingredient of success, became creative, the "message." The more far-out the ad, the more the attention; woo the customers out there with WOW! award-winning ads. Accordingly, most of the big agencies swung much of the emphasis over to copy.

"Be creative; be different; be unique." The Golden Age of the Agency Business had arrived, slowed down once in a while by a few postwar economic dips but minor enough to still keep the merry-go-round going. Everything was oriented toward doing splendid ads—in which, interestingly, the creator of the message became the judge of whether that ad was effective or not; after all, "you really can't measure the sales value of an ad," they said, "*attention* is all we can deliver." (A neat trick if ever there was one.) Agency volume zoomed; profits likewise. Marketing was talked about but seldom utilized. Media were tolerated, little more. There were piles of account people and service groups at the agencies, however, tolerated principally because revenues were such that they caused little financial burden. It was Creative Message Über Alles.

But within the past half-dozen years strange things began to happen. The

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economy sprang a slow leak. Truly innovative products were harder to come by; they were there all right, but the price to market them became formidable. And the audiences glued to the television sets splintered across a multiplicity of channels, sometimes becoming a bit lethargic over a scarcity of new program ideas and a little waterlogged by too many "new, new, new, amazingly new" claims. Clients recognized these trends before many of their agencies did, and they staffed to meet the different marketing decade ahead. Many agencies remained dedicated to the status quo. As this sophisticated marketing talent started to stir within the advertisers' stable they began to examine their agencies' "talents," sensing that many agencies had less than top people laboring over the meaningful problems of the day. And, most important, the problems of tomorrow.

The gnawing new questions of competition, market segmentation, product proliferation, and the like were no longer solvable by creative treatment alone. Rather, they revolved around the proper utilization of pressure relative to competition, the correct amount of promotional weight, astute "priming the trade," a proper sense of timing, and day-to-day information about sales dates coming directly into the clients' office from their own computers and the syndicated research people. "Creativity" still monopolized agency-client talk, but it no longer was the sole answer. These bright client marketing people concluded that all the creative awards given out by the agency didn't necessarily ensure sales success. In fact, the most maligned ads around—the ones done for P&G—seldom picked up an award from writers or an accolade from consumers, yet they usually contributed to sales leadership in every category they competed in. It had to be something (or somethings) else. Here then was the truly important "message," but the agencies didn't appear to have the answer (or answers). Thus the brightest marketing people continued to shift allegiance; they moved to the client's side rather than the agency's.

In that seller's market mentioned earlier, clients were manufacturer more than marketers. But now America is a buyer's arena, and marketing takes on more and more importance. Formerly, what little marketing existed was supplied by great agency leaders, such as Bill Bernbach, David Ogilvy, Leo Burnett, Rosser Reeves, and others, men who *talked* "creative only" but wisely based their creativity on a shrewd business and sales sense. They knew from a creative marketer's standpoint what ought to be right for the public's pleasure. They and others made their agencies much more than "boutiques"; they were (and still are) far more than Wordsmiths and producers of high-costing TV messages; they were marketing geniuses by intuition. Yet many who tried to emulate them in recent years see only the idea of the commercial, not the feel of "communicating." Today many agency leaders are so wound up in taking their shops public or maximizing profits within their present structure that they forget what good advertising is supposed to do—speak to the public's need in ways that the public speaks. Their insularity of the past two decades has jaded a number of these leaders to the point where they separate themselves from the public they are supposed to embrace. There are exceptions of course: Mary Wells, Jim MacCaffrey, N. W. Ayer's Neil O'Conner, J. Walter Thompson's Dan Seymour. But too many others are willing to coast, play it safe, seek the status quo. Thus the problems of this summer and the months to come.

Clients with astute marketing talent stand back and observe this trend and act accordingly; they're moving away from the shops that have moved away from the market place. They're going outside to seek help from people who are truly in tune with the times, people who are oriented to new needs and lifestyles.

As a consequence, much of the agency business will change because it will be pushed into change. (In spite of the image painted in novels and theater, the advertising agency by and large is slow to adjust.) Whether the large full-service agency survives depends upon its own willingness to adapt to bright clients who demand adaptation, clients who today are much more knowledgeable than their agency service groups. Old, tired, and rich advertising shops will not survive. They're holding the industry and maybe, in a small way, the economy back. John Gardner might have been talking about them when he wrote in *Self-Renewal*: "Most organizations have a structure that was designed to solve problems that no longer exist. A self-renewing organization, on the other hand, is one that changes its structure in response to changing needs." A good self-reappraisal and self-renewal is in order for the agency business.

Advertising is about to undergo a major metamorphosis. Manufacturers are now sitting with computer tapes that tell them exactly what sales were generated during the last twenty-four-hour period, what business the competition is doing. They want to react in a much faster way than they did. Creative campaigns now will be structured to get into the market place *tomorrow*. Sales messages will be structured to counter the claims of competition as soon as that competition moves into an important marketing area; they will be almost retail-oriented to secure business *now*. This means that agencies will have to act much faster than they have in the past, and the clients will demand this of those that work for them—or seek help elsewhere.

Will the large agencies be able to do it? Or will the specialized shops take over? It depends on whether the big Madison Avenue and Michigan Boulevard companies adjust to the changing times, the fractionated moods of the nation, and the finely honed marketing requirements of their clients. If they're not too complacent, they'll certainly adjust. A number are astute enough to be doing so now. If not, the "special order" concept will take hold, and those who drag feet will be replaced. The big agencies hold the key to their own future. Doing little about it, marking time, invites disaster. It can be summed up in a small scene from *Inherit the Wind* in which William Jennings Bryan asks Clarence Darrow, "Why are you moving away from me? We used to be so close." Darrow looks up and answers, "Perhaps it's you who's moving away from me. By standing still."

Too many big agencies have stood still for too long. The clients—like the world—have moved away from them. There's a lot of catching up to be done.

—HERBERT D. MANELOVEG.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1424

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1424 will be found in the next issue.

BCYDWEYFWD CR SFY BEIKF-

EKD; CY CR UIBQ E WEWD EIT

EVEHCIK VCWELBD SQ MPCLP

E VEI WDEBBQ REQR MPEY PD

VDEIR.

—LPDRYDWYUI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1423

Those who try to lead the people can only do so by following the mob. —OSCAR WILDE.

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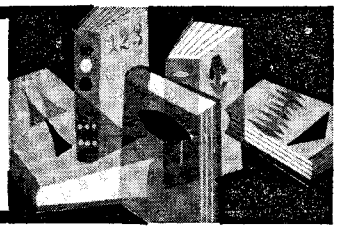
Books in Communications



Writing on the Perimeters

Conventional journalism is ceremoniously tossed overboard in Nicholas von Hoffman's book of collected newspaper columns *Left at the Post* (Quadrangle, $5.95). Without chapter headings or subheads, the material ranges radically from blues music to birth control, from sterile architecture to revolutionary talk. Impressionistic, ironic, angry in tone, it is yet all of a piece, for it is all about the nightmarish ways in which Americans in a few years—black Americans and white—have altered in their own eyes.

To deal with the generalized sense of disorientation we feel today as the old values are challenged, conventional journalism may no longer be adequate, and von Hoffman thrusts it aside unregretfully, including the old newspaperman's "W" rule for remembering to put in who, what, when, where, and why. The real who's of the moon shot were not the astronauts but the faceless technocrats back on Earth.

Objectivity, keeping yourself out of the story, and the use of statistics—the old stand-bys—are no longer to be trusted. The observed fact in von Hoffman's journalism comes with editorial comment attached. Thus, Billy Graham: "Billy, more than Norman Vincent Peale, is America's court preacher. . . . In him we can see the formal union of state, society, and religion, the working partnership between God and Caesar, not rendering to each other so much as washing each other's hands."

In his upside-down, around-the-corner vision of the modern world, not a car but a shiny $4,000 "Polluter 500" comes rolling out of the auto showroom. "When," he asks, "are the TV spots going to give people a realistic assessment of what kind of life that baby's going to live?"

In a couple of years on the Washington *Post* (the columns are all from 1969 and 1970), von Hoffman has become the *enfant terrible* of capital journalism. (Von Hoffman is not entirely immune to the sort of word labeling he blames on conventional journalism. He once casually branded Senator Russell of Georgia in a subordinate clause as an "atomic nihilist.") He came to the *Post* from an activist beginning with Saul Alinsky in Chicago. He was a reporter for the Chicago *Daily News* and is the author of the novel *Two, Three, Many More* and of *We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us Against, The Multiuniversity*, and *Mississippi Notebook*. Based on this book, von Hoffman stands forth as the most interesting and perhaps the most talented of the new journalists. In Benjamin C. Bradlee's phrase in the book's introduction, he is at home "on the outer perimeters of our times."

Notes from the Underground: In less than fifteen years, a whole new branch of journalism has grown up in diametric opposition to conventional journalism. Challenging many of the old rules, this is the do-it-yourself, nonobjective, graphic, deliberately pejorative, sometimes obscene, and, for the most part, profitless underground press. The granddaddy of the movement, *The Village Voice*, was founded in 1955, but the great rush of anti-Establishment newspapers — mostly weeklies, dependent upon photo-offset, and printed out of one-room gypsy offices—came in the 1960s. Today there are nearly 500 such papers with a total estimated circulation of five million.

In a thin volume, *The Underground Press in America* (Indiana University Press, $6.50), Robert J. Glessing has put together a fascinatingly full history of this remarkable movement. More than that, he has written a perceptive study that belongs with the sociological texts—one that, for the first time, gives the underground press its proper place in the massive student-inspired movement for the reordering of society. It is an enormously valuable work for many reasons. Glessing catalogues the better-known papers, including New York's *East Village Other*, the Berkeley *Barb*, the Los Angeles *Free Press*, the Chicago *Seed*, the San Francisco *Oracle*, and the Washington *Hard Times*. He explains the underground journalist's actual mistrust of objectivity, the hunger for emotional response and bias. He explains how the newspapers are established and how financing is managed (or mismanaged out of a total disinterest in conventional corporate procedure). The author has included a full bibliography, a useful but by now fairly standard glossary, a directory of newspapers, and good illustrations of the graphic innovations. Most interestingly, he traces swings in editorial concern and emphasis between cultural and political subject matter, between personal introspection, astrology, poetry, and prophecy, and war protest, political activism, and confrontation politics.

In 1966, Bob Dylan wrote, "The times they are a-changin'." Mr. Glessing shows us how the change has been reflected in and affected by the fast creeping, crawling, and maybe running underground press, and for this his book deserves a place in every journalistic library and classroom.

Ideas of Two Decades: In a piece on the British novelist Joyce Carey, Herbert Mitgang quotes Carey as holding that a reader has an obligation to be better educated in order to appreciate a novelist's work. That Mitgang himself has taken this admonition to heart is apparent in *Working for the Reader* (Horizon, $7.50), a collection of his informed book reviews and literary articles for *The New York Times* (on whose editorial board he serves) and other publications over a twenty-year period. They reveal and express an almost passionate effort to understand, distill, and pass on the themes and concerns of this time.

Book reviews, individually, may be only the reflections of reflections. Taken together and properly organized —if they had validity to begin with— they can prefigure a larger whole, and Mitgang's book is more valuable for its service as cultural history than mere literary summary. The structuring of the work shows this to be the author's purpose. The opening section groups his comments on war books. The design pays off. Matched against the stupidity of generals in World War I as demonstrated in Alan Clark's *The Donkeys*, which opens the "Games of War" section, is the stupidity of enlisted men in accepting military service, as is shown in the section's last piece, which is on Joseph Heller's play *We Bombed in New Haven*. Most of the wars in between are represented.

Not alone here but in sections grouping European novelists (Alan Sillitoe, Alberto Moravia, Ignazio Silone), American writers (John Hersey, Truman Capote, S. J. Perelman), and on the business of writing (there is a superb essay on Sandburg) does a mood, a tone, and a nearness to the writers and the time come through. Mitgang is unfailingly responsive, and the author's posture, as Alfred Kazin states in the introduction, is that of "the man in the middle, without the obliterating self-regard of the artist and the seemingly limitless authority of the professional literary critic."

—Stuart W. Little.

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Vietnam

Continued from page 26

strong words and back them up, and when to speak softly or not at all. It is not enough if Vietnam has merely taught us that the road from war is far more difficult and painful to travel than the road to war; or that what at first represents a valid commitment can, if misunderstood and mishandled, lead to tragic results.

Shaplen offers some pertinent questions, but not much in the way of answers. It may be a matter of taste, and possibly an unfair comment, but one would suggest that Shaplen might have written a more telling book if he had reworked his *New Yorker* articles, running the whole thing through the typewriter again. Since those articles are in the files for the researcher to see, Shaplen might have made a greater contribution had he stepped back even further and given us more of his thinking on what Americans could do "to avoid," as he says, "the pitfalls and roadblocks that Vietnam imposed upon us, and that we imposed upon ourselves."

Chester L. Cooper's *The Lost Crusade* clearly belongs in any collection of books on Vietnam worth having. It is really two books woven together. One is a competent, straightforward history of the United States involvement in Vietnam from 1940 to 1970, with the concentration on the 1960s, which Cooper calls the Decade of Vietnam. The second is a lively and informative account of his part in the policy-making and diplomacy of that involvement. His observations seem candid, and rather neatly avoid being either apologetic or overly critical. The value of the book is enhanced by an excellent chronology of events, a good bibliography, and a useful glossary.

Cooper indicates the major turning points in the American intervention, and the failure of each administration, from that of President Eisenhower through that of President Johnson, to stop, take a deep breath, and look around before moving ahead. He has some perceptive observations about modern diplomacy, especially on the art of applying "leverage."

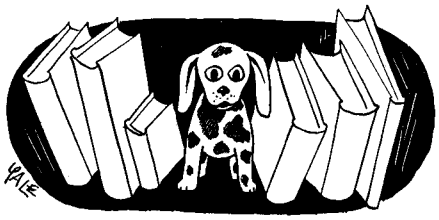
He also shows some of the lighter side of international relations. Cooper had an unexpected social encounter with Chen Yi, the Communist Chinese foreign minister, during the 1962 meeting in Geneva on Laos. Chen Yi got the idea that Cooper spoke Chinese (which he does, but not fluently), and rattled away uninterrupted for half an hour, to the astonishment of the assembled diplomats. Cooper imagines they all cabled lengthy reports of the conversation to their foreign offices, but adds: "I still wonder what, in fact, my host had said. Every six months or so I awaken with the thought that Chen Yi may have been trying to defect, or surrender all of Mainland China to the Americans, or sell me some rare Chinese porcelain."

Reasonable men may quarrel with some of Cooper's assertions. He contends, for instance, that "when all things have been said and when all that could be done has been done, one consistent theme emerges from the cacophony of American pronouncements and proclamations about Vietnam. In its most abbreviated form it is 'to permit the Vietnamese to choose freely their future course.'" Cooper argues that this objective "is at once both idealistic and realistic and therefore consistent with the traditions of American foreign policy."

For some, that would not be enough, since it stops short of "containing communism." For others, it would be too much; they would maintain that the very policy itself prevents the Vietnamese from achieving self-determination. Still others, among whom I count myself, would argue that it is a noble but not a sacred objective, since the United States has no preordained responsibility for the self-determination of other peoples; *e.g.*, the United States stood by, for good reasons, when the Soviet Union invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968. Nor would I consider Cooper's objective realistic, since it says nothing about providing for the security of the United States, which is, at bedrock bottom, what foreign policy is about.

Cooper's book is marred by two flaws. He often fails to specify the vantage point from which he was writing. He is known in Washington to have been an official in the Central Intelligence Agency, the Department of State, and the White House. The reader has the right to know this too, and to know when Cooper was in the midst of things and when he was on the sidelines, so that his words can be weighed.

Secondly, the book was inadequately edited. There are too many unanswered questions, too many points left undefined. Cooper says, for instance, that "a President can never be completely frank in foreign affairs." Why not? Undoubtedly there are good reasons, but Cooper does not give them. In writing about a National Security Council meeting, Cooper says that Assistant Secretary of State Roger Hilsman may have been there and therefore his account may reflect firsthand observations. Why not call up Roger Hilsman and find out?



Noam Chomsky has built a reputation for himself as a professor of linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and as a severe critic of American policy in Vietnam. When a scholar has written a book, even outside his own field, courtesy and reason dictate that it should receive careful consideration. Thus it is with regret that one must report that *At War with Asia* is a dreadful, simplistic, cut-and-paste job, with ideas and reports taken from other people to support a preconceived notion. It is a technique newsmen use when they think something should be said but must get somebody else to say it for them. It has the appearance of being authoritative but it isn't. It makes for shoddy journalism and equally shoddy political criticism.

Chomsky has a few original observations based on a brief trip to Indochina last spring, but they are stated in such propagandistic terms that his fire billows up all smoke and no light. He rambles from point to point without discernible sequence, making his logic as elusive as the Vietcong. Moreover, the book is sprinkled with clues that betray Chomsky's ignorance of Asia. As the Vietnamese proverb has it, "A buffalo should eat the grass in his own field."

In contrast, the paperback volume *Vietnam and the Silent Majority* is a well-conceived and well-executed handbook for activists in the peace movement when in confrontation with Middle America. Milton J. Rosenberg is professor of social psychology at the University of Chicago, Sidney Verba is professor of political science at the same university, Philip E. Converse is professor of political science and sociology at the University of Michigan. Ralph K. White, who contributes a "Postscript for Peace Workers," is professor of social psychology at George Washington University. They know their stuff and they have gotten it down on paper with a minimum of academic jargon.

The authors stay away from substantive issues, telling their readers to do their homework elsewhere. They concentrate on suggesting how to get the argument across. They say their book is "frankly partisan in its guiding purpose," but their objective is civilized discourse. They conclude that there is "one point that should be most strongly urged upon all workers for peace: *Respect for, and comprehension of, the other man's concerns is the beginning and the basis for lasting political persuasion.*"

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Books for Young People

Continued from page 39

creatures fight for survival and seek their prey. Through the cycle of the year the huge whales fatten, battle, mate, and breed, while men hunt them. A poem in prose, an essay on marine biology. Ages 12 up.

"Don't Play Dead Before You Have To." *By Maia Wojciechowska. Harper & Row.* 115 *pp.* $2.95. When Byron first comes to babysit, Charlie is five years old, intellectually superior and emotionally starved. Tough and uncouth, Byron is touched by the vulnerability of the small boy. If Byron says cheese soufflê is no good, and suggests potato chips and Coke, Charlie is all for potato chips and Coke. But as several years go by, Byron begins to think, begins to care, begins to open his mind and share his emotions. All this turmoil of inner development and meaningful relationships speaks to the young of today; but the book is markedly hampered by being written as an unrelieved monologue, covering almost four years, so that there is no foil for the intensity and sentiment Byron pours out. Ages 13-15.

For Young Adults

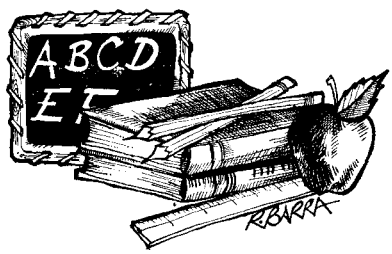
The Education of a WASP. *By Lois Mark Stalvey. Morrow.* 327 *pp.* $6.95. When Lois Stalvey lived in Omaha she was a contented housewife who fitted nicely into the suburban pattern, was accepted by her neighbors and content with her all-white world. Then she went to a meeting on Brotherhood. Her efforts to get the school to hire a Negro teacher, and her new friendship with a black couple, led to social ostracism and the loss of her husband's job. Most of her "education" took place after the family moved to Philadelphia and an integrated neighborhood: understanding of the incessant hostility met by blacks, comprehension of the constant testing of white overtures, bitter realization of the prejudice between Jews and Negroes, despair at the posturing of some white liberals. Mrs. Stalvey's sadness comes through as clearly as her candor. Often poignant, always precise and explicit, this is a book for all colors.

The Little White Book on Race. *By Judi Culbertson and Patti Bard. Illustrated by Susan Perl. Lippincott.* 159 *pp.* $3.95. "Everyone to the left of us is a fanatic," announce the editors of that supreme guide for the Racial Moderate, *White Trumpet* magazine. The book is a compilation of articles and letters from this imaginary publication. It leans heavily on sarcasm, but it's amusing and pointed. There are letters to the consultant on personal questions about race: "I just love Italians, for instance, especially when they are in Italy. . . ." "She tells me she still loves Jesus, but she is going with this colored fellow." Then there is the Gunga Din Award, presented to a British sociologist who announced that slavery makes for a perfect society. The articles satirize the untrue liberal, the preachers of brotherhood who have no time to practice, the Nice People who just wish the nasty problem would go away.

The Crofter and the Laird. *By John McPhee. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 159 *pp.* $5.75. John McPhee had for years heard members of his family talk about the Hebridean island from which their ancestors had emigrated, and he decided to spend some time there with his wife and four daughters. The laird, he finds, is English, the least popular man on the island he owns, partly because he is enforcing measures to improve the island's economy. Most of the people are crofters who feel they have lost their independence, yet they are nothing if not an independent breed. Mingled with island history, analyses of the economy, descriptions of the educational system, and sketches of some of the saltier characters, are local legends, personal anecdotes, and some delightful dialogue reported with a sharp ear for cadence and idiom.

Taking Gary Feldman. *By Stanley Cohen. Putnam.* 191 *pp.* $4.95. The kidnapping had been carefully planned. The boy's father was in Pittsburgh and his mother in Europe; the servants were in another part of the house. It was easy for Roy and Harry to pick up a frail eight-year-old and walk out. What they hadn't foreseen was coping with Gary himself. Who expects a kidnap victim to slide out of handcuffs and peel off the adhesive tape over his eyes so he can get a look at his captors? And who would expect a kidnapper to grow so fond of his victim that he'll cosh his partner and take off with the boy? The plot is not original, but the style is sprightly, the characters firmly etched, and the ending a surprise.

A Peck of Salt: A Year in the Ghetto. *By John T. Hough, Jr. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 245 *pp.* $5.95. John Hough finished college in the spring of 1968, and decided, with parental approval, to join the VISTA program. He had never seen a slum, never visited the inner city of a metropolis. His first brief assignment, working for a black community organization in Chicago, only served to disclose the hopelessness and helplessness of the project. Sent to Detroit, he was warned that there was hostility to white VISTA workers, but he moved into a black neighborhood near the school where he was to work. Most of the book is devoted to a carefully written account of the struggle to awaken response and trust in the students at a junior high school, and especially in the summer tutoring program. The record of many failures and some success is neither dramatic nor surprising, but it is candid and realistic.



Book Forum

Continued from page 28

tinguishing between a) endorsing apartheid; and b) acknowledging the sincerity of some of the people who believe in apartheid, then he is not qualified to review books written by people who can make such distinctions. There are two short passages on South Africa in the book DeMott quotes from. The one we have discussed. The other, to which he does not even allude, says: "If they [the South African whites] want to maintain a wholly white community, . . . they would be entitled to more sympathy than they now are, attempting to maintain an all-white ruling class with a perpetual menial class which is all-black." Smear DeMott indeed. I am driven to wondering whether that is possible.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.,
New York, N.Y.

MR. BUCKLEY CLAIMS that the passage quoted from his work "say[s] *one thing:* that the people in South Africa that I ran into who believe in apartheid believe in it sincerely." The passage is far from merely saying this "one thing." It flatly declares that backers of apartheid are "men and women of urbanity and culture and understanding, and of courage, who are not fooling themselves, or trying to fool the world. . . ." (How can an active supporter of a bullying, brutal policy be described as a person of "culture and understanding, and of courage"?) In the same passage he declares that Americans who don't seek to understand the psychology of supporters of apartheid are "bigots."

In yet another passage of his writing he speaks up cheerfully on behalf of South African justice (life sentences for desperate men who dared to protest): "you would think the court had just finished barbecuing St. Joan, to hear the howls from the liberal press." Other comparable passages could be cited.

Mr. Buckley does, I admit, put himself forth as "against" apartheid—while arguing that those who are for it are courageous, understanding people. He also says he's against perpetuating a menial all-black class—while hinting he's capable of sympathizing a little with a program to "maintain a wholly white community." (No questions raised about how, in the past, racial purity has been sought.) But I believe the net effect of his writing on this subject—writing he authorized to be reprinted only a few months ago—is to direct toward persecutors sympathy that clearly belongs to the persecuted. This was the original point of my criticism: that fretting about the woes of misunderstood advocates of apartheid is like weeping for Eichmann's toothaches—a perverse, ultimately amoral act. Mr. Buckley's determination to fake further outrage while obscuring my point, to go on speaking simultaneously from opposite sectors of the compass while pressing an essentially inhuman overview, seems to be disingenuous in the extreme.

BENJAMIN DEMOTT,
Amherst, Mass.

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Movies

Continued from page 53

and abasement. If she weren't so capable, one might suspect a bit of nepotism in the production, for she is married to the screenwriter, Robert Bolt. However, it is doubtful that anyone could have played Rosy better.

One can, however, imagine other candidates than Robert Mitchum for the retiring, gentle schoolteacher who doesn't do well by Rosy in the bedroom. Lean was again following standard practice in using star names (others are Trevor Howard and John Mills) with which to buttress a huge budget. Less standard was the notion of playing Mitchum against his type. And his role, in this case, is a thankless one. Using Christopher Jones for the weary, shell-shocked, young officer was another gamble, and Lean gives him some lavish pictorial treatment, setting him against stark, brooding land- and seascapes, constantly building the romantic aura with which Rosy surrounds him. Jones may not be as yet much of an actor, but in Lean's hands, he has large presence on the screen, and his dialogue has been kept to a minimum.

If it was Lean's intention to film an "intimate love story," as he has said it was, *Ryan's Daughter* is probably the biggest intimate story ever made. For one thing, Lean built the whole town of Kirrary. He also has a storm scene (when the Germans try to land guns and explosives on the beach) that just about outstorms any storm ever filmed. It is not so much that Lean thinks big—a habit of which he has been frequently accused—but that he thinks in terms of affecting the audience. For this, he uses pictorial effects, enhanced by sound, and, of course, that omnipresent music. A lot of it works, and some of it doesn't, for Bolt's script has some rather sorry contrivances, most of them supplied by the character of the village cretin (played grotesquely by John Mills), who is always around just at the wrong time. One merely has to see him hobbling about, and one knows that another crucial crisis is about to occur.

Even so, *Ryan's Daughter* has the kind of visual impact and emotional range during its more than three-hour length that audiences may well be pining for. Hardly a work of cinematic art, it does tell an involving story of the kind that even some critics have been saying we've all been missing lately.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 59: berate, beater, rebate.

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(Continued on page 80)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 79)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1910

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Strongly binding (comp.)	6 14 24 82 105 146 160 183 203 217 35
B. Laboriously fatiguing or difficult	41 51 78 89 106 112
C. Morally or physically degenerate (4 wds.)	127 133 150 154 166 174 189 197 3 21 46 209 12
D. Vigorous, robust, exuberant (3 wds.)	19 23 33 37 43 65 131 136 140 171 194 216 54
E. Largest tributary of the Hudson	74 79 91 176 187 11
F. Common, gray old-world warbler	67 92 111 132 13 95 108 184 34 49
G. One who lacks intellectual sophistication	52 63 88 179 202 16 103
H. Effort	104 141 155 211 7 29 56 76
I. Patron saint of youth	81 121 157 57 73 93 97 116
J. Zealous, impassioned	206 9 28 39 80 86 98 124
K. Fettering	137 159 147 152 210 215 25 45 165 5
L. Major tea-producing city in Anhwei prov., China	42 60 173 18 115
M. Abominable	167 169 188 204 64 72 102
N. Common loons	113 163 191 10 15 128 145 180 31 87
O. Magnifying glass used by jewelers and watchmakers	129 178 185 40 118
P. Act of asserting as valid	213 61 84 138 153 200 53 99 142 192 47
Q. American dramatist (1896-1955; "The Road to Rome")	143 198 22 38 109 119 193 205
R. "That rarest gift/_____; Common Sense." (2 wds.; Meredith, "Modern Love")	135 201 214 26 68 126 144 101
S. Miserly	117 130 2 158 100 195 71 207 172
T. English breed of sheep with dark face, ears and legs (2 wds.)	190 20 30 120 123 212 1 85 182 27 96 8 177
U. King of Messina; grandson of Perseus	50 156 114 75 134 122 199 181
V. Mingle socially; associate (2 wds.)	139 17 55 32 69 59 164 77 161
W. Hebrew form of Astarte (var. sp.)	58 196 168 107 162 125 149 151 110
X. Site of a dam on the Victoria Nile supplying power to much of Uganda and Kenya (2 wds.)	48 170 148 186 62 66 70 208 94
Y. He was elected mayor of New York in 1886	36 83 175 4 44 90

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 T	2 S		3 C	4 Y	5 K	6 A	7 H		8 T	9 J	10 N	11 E	12 C	
13 F	14 A	15 N	16 G	17 V	18 L		19 D	20 T	21 C		22 Q	23 D	24 A	25 K	26 R	27 T	
28 J	29 H	30 T	31 N	32 V	33 D	34 F		35 A	36 Y	37 D		38 Q	39 J	40 O	41 B	42 L	43 D
44 Y	45 K	46 C	47 P		48 X	49 F		50 U		51 B	52 G	53 P	54 D	55 V	56 H	57 I	
58 W		59 V	60 L	61 P	62 X	63 G	64 M	65 D		66 X		67 F	68 R	69 V	70 X	71 S	72 M
73 I		74 E	75 U	76 H		77 V	78 B	79 E		80 J	81 I	82 A	83 Y		84 P	85 T	86 J
87 N		88 G	89 B	90 Y	91 E		92 F	93 I	94 X		95 F	96 T	97 I	98 J	99 P	100 S	101 R
102 M		103 G	104 H	105 A	106 B	107 W	108 F		109 Q	110 W	111 F	112 B	113 N		114 U	115 L	116 I
	117 S	118 O	119 Q	120 T	121 I	122 U		123 T	124 J	125 W	126 R	127 C	128 N	129 O	130 S	131 D	
132 F	133 C	134 U		135 R	136 D	137 K	138 P	139 V		140 D	141 H	142 P	143 Q	144 R	145 N	146 A	147 K
148 X		149 W	150 C		151 W	152 K	153 P	154 C	155 H		156 U	157 I	158 S	159 K	160 A	161 V	
162 W		163 N	164 V	165 K	166 C	167 M		168 W	169 M		170 X	171 D	172 S		173 L	174 C	175 Y
	176 E	177 T		178 O	179 G	180 N	181 U	182 T		183 A	184 F	185 O	186 X		187 E	188 M	189 C
190 T		191 N	192 P	193 Q	194 D	195 S	196 W	197 C		198 Q	199 U	200 P	201 R	202 G		203 A	204 M
205 Q		206 J	207 S	208 X	209 C	210 K	211 H		212 T	213 P	214 R	215 K	216 D	217 A			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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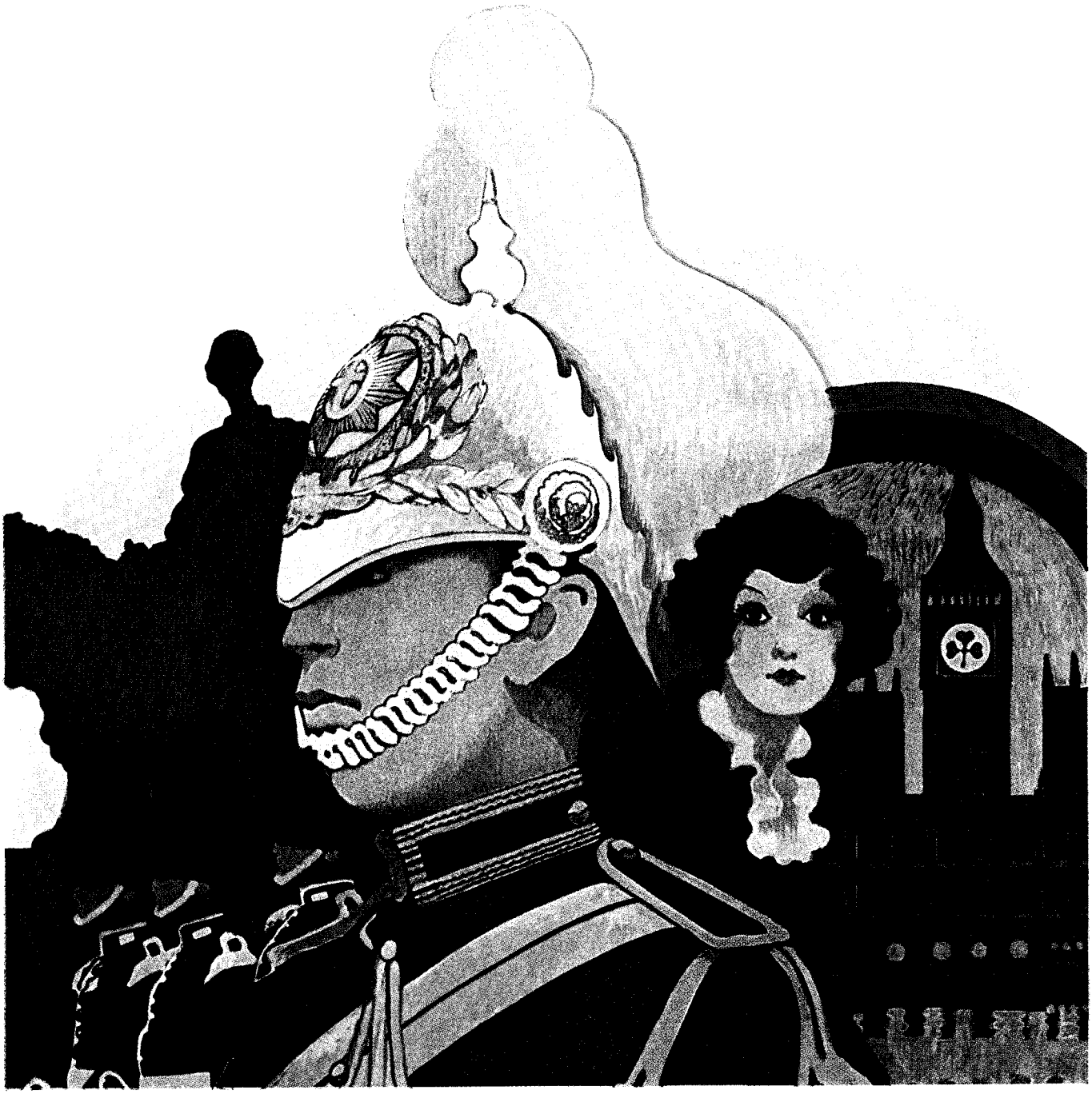

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THE PALMA, 25″ (Diag.) MODEL B4746DE

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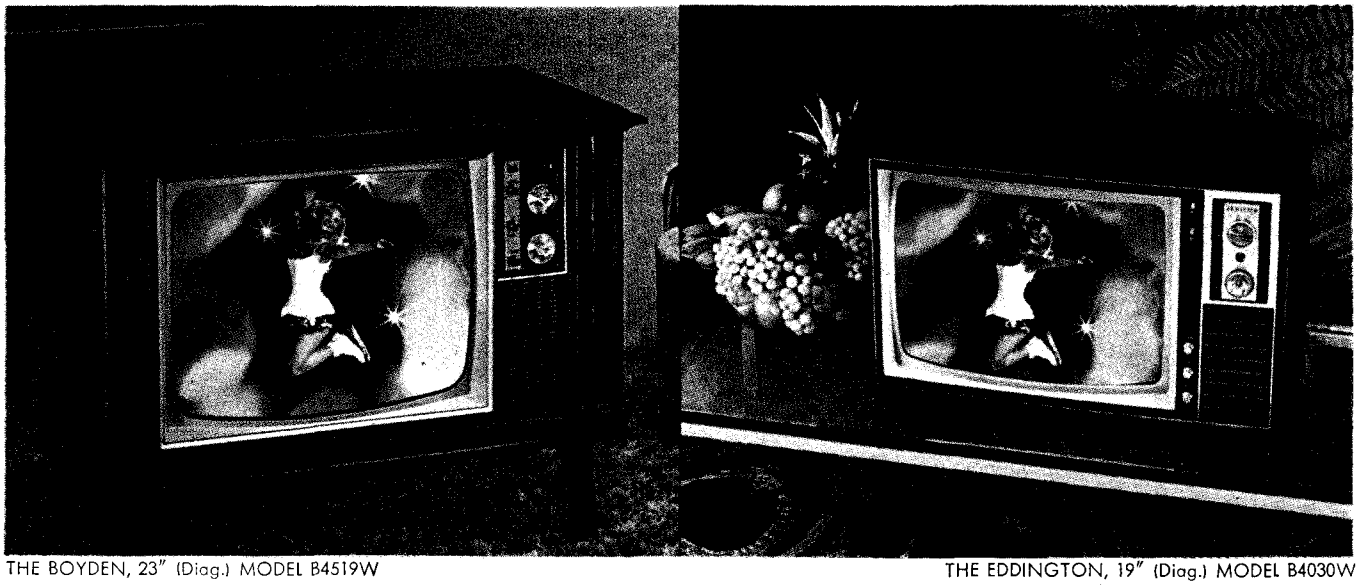

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